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Canadian Political Affairs

The Navy Problem in its Broadest Aspect—The probability of general European war augments with every hour of hostilities between the Turkish and Balkan Nations. Possession of strategically important Constantinople by any power more vigorous, and more inclined than the Porte to develop naval strength, might be of huge menace to Great Britain. Was the possibility that she may occupy the adjacent waters stated to Mr. Borden as one great factor in the "emergency?" That Canada, by dependency on Great Britain, is in grave danger of being soon involved in war, seems plain on the very face of the European situation. Surely the Ottawa statesmen should cease the petty business of playing for position at the next general elections, and hasten to agree on defence plans in such circumstances.—
E. W. Thomson.

By Edward William Thomson

MANY incidents have incited the present Contributor to an explanation which the Editor of "MacLean's Magazine" might not make without some risk of seeming to advertise "No connection with the House over the Way." One of those incidents consisted in the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, formerly of Sir Wilfrid's cabinet, rallying the writer with—"I have read your Navy article in 'MacLean's.' I was surprised to find the Magazine more favorable to the Borden plan than W. F. is himself!" Mr. Lemieux was newly surprised when told that Mr. W. F. MacLean, M.P. for South York, has no sort of business or other connection with this Magazine, which is the exclusive property of another of that name—Colonel J. B. MacLean. This avowal does not indicate any lack in proper estimation of the energetic, experienced, radical chief proprietor of the Toronto "World." Of course he cannot wish to be credited with responsibilities which do not pertain to him. Yet it might be as awkward for him as for the Editor of this periodical to correct publicly an error which I have found prevalent in many places between Victoria and Halifax. Some may be reminded of the good old

story about Sir Allan Macnab, well known throughout the Canadas of from forty to seventy years ago. He resided at Hamilton. When the Chief of his clan visited that town he called on Sir Allan, who chanced to be out. On getting home he found a card inscribed "The Macnab." Hastening to reciprocate the civility he found the Chief absent, therefore, left for him a card inscribed "The Other Macnab." The other MacLean — Mr. W.F. — has surpassed even his wonted activity this session of parliament. Partisans watch him with new and fearful interest. Opposing Leaders can never feel sure as to what course he and his bright "World" may take in regard to novel affairs. The orbit of that independent Comet continues incalculable by political regulars. These might behave in a more edifying way if they could count no more on safety from the impact of any other luminary of the daily Press.

Some wise men hold that the most important February event was the London Privy Council's decision that a certain confiscatory Act of the Alberta Assembly is *ultra vires* of any Canadian Province. The importance consists in relieving Canadian credit from grave



A representation of a Spanish Man-of-War bring on the Flotte Schwesingen "Hoe" and "Blackburn" off the coast of Vancouver in 1866. Jerrard P. Wells, son of an Ontario Chief Justice, was captured in the engagement and condemned to death as a pirate. The manner in which he was saved from death and later from imprisonment, through the efforts of his father, who risked the courts of Europe in his behalf, is related in the article, "How the Son of a Canadian Chief Justice Became a Hero," appearing on page 46 of this issue.

danger. If ought closely resembling repudiation of contracts and seizure of private trust-funds were declared *ultra vires* of the provinces, they, and the Dominion which includes them, could not but be regarded as dangerous customers in money markets. Let us briefly review the Alberta case. In the general provincial election of March, 1909, the Rutherford Ministry sought public approval of a railway policy which included most prominently the building of a road from Edmonton to Fort Macmurray, 350 miles, by the Alberta and Great Waterways R.R. Company, whose bonds for \$20,000 per mile, and \$400,000 for terminals, were to be guaranteed by the province. Because I was then in Alberta I know that the Charter, Scheme, Company, and Guaranteeing Act were fully placed before the electors. They approved the Rutherford Ministry by electing thirty-nine of its supporters to an Assembly of forty-one representatives all told. Thus the people most emphatically backed the A. & G. W.W.R.R. project. Lawyers make small account of this fact, which to me seems highly important. So it appeared to W. R. Clarke, an American banker, who had organized and was President of that Company, as he is still. As soon as he had been convinced that the voters liked his scheme, and would stand by their Government's guarantee of the same, Clarke hastened to England. There he soon induced the Morgans of London House to agree to buy his Company's provincially-guaranteed bonds at par. These are for fifty years, bearing five per cent. interest payable half-yearly. Obligation to pay can now come on the Province unless the Company default, in which case the Province would automatically become owner of the Company's road, funds, total possessions. Alberta endorsed, as it were, the Company's note, on condition that the proceeds should be placed with trustees, whose duty would be to pay out the money to the Company by instalments, each instalment coming due when ten miles of railway should have been completed and certified to by

an engineer of the Alberta Government, payment to be then authorized by the provincial treasurer. The company alone could get the money, but could get none of it without building equivalently. When the company's bond had been duly and formally guaranteed by Alberta's Government the Morgans paid \$7,400,000. This was deposited in Canadian banks having Edmonton branches: \$400,000 in the Dominion, \$1,000,000 in the Union, \$6,000,000 in the Royal Bank. These Banks took the money as trustees, agreeing to pay 3½ per cent. interest, being bound to pay to the company only as specified above. President Clarke hastened preliminaries to construction. He alleges his company's outlay to have been more than one million dollars, largely for clearing the line, buying timber, ties, and sundry supplies. In March, 1910, he was stopped by the Rutherford Ministry, whose existence was threatened by revolt of a "liberal" faction consisting of about half of all the representatives elected one year earlier to support that Ministry and the A. & G. W. W. R. R. scheme! The revolt is alleged to have been contrived by a rival railway concern hungry to get control of the banked \$7,400,000. Be that as it may, the Rutherford Ministry resigned. Chief Justice Arthur Sifton then came down from the Alberta Bench "to save the party."

Mr. Sifton had been out of politics for years. He was by residence a South Albertan. His region did not favor the A. & G. W. W. R. scheme. He himself seemed unaware of the pressure of Immigration northward, and of the probable early need for a railway from Edmonton to Macmurray. He regarded the project as premature. So did the Laurier Ministry, who refused to grant it the usual Federal subsidy of from \$3,400 to \$6,800 per mile. This may in some degree account for the amusing course which Premier Sifton pursued. He induced the Assembly to pass legislation which purported annulment of the provincial guarantee as applied to the company bonds, and purported also to convert the \$7,400,000 of com-

pany money, held by the trustee bank, to the general funds of the Province! An eminent Toronto K.C., speaking on a political platform, described this as worse than any confiscatory proceeding by Castro of Venezuela. Mr. Sifton described it as "foreclosure." Yet the R.R. company had neither defaulted nor received any formal notice of an intent to "foreclose." Mr. Sifton refused even to hear Mr. John Moss, K.C. in protest on behalf of the company.

On strength of the Confiscatory Act the Provincial Treasurer drew cheques on the trustee banks for the whole of the money. As the banks stood in a fiduciary relation alike to company, bondholders, and Alberta, they refused to honor the cheques. Then the Sifton Government proceeded, on the sicketty basis of their own Confiscatory Act, to sue the banks. The Union and Dominion Banks paid their \$1,400,000 into court, pending final judgment. The Royal judiciously retained its \$6,000,000, and contested the legality of the grab at it. An Alberta judge ruled favorably to the Sifton contention. The Alberta Court of Appeal sustained that judge. The Privy Council decision reverses that of the Alberta courts. This judgment declares *ultra vires* of a Province such attempt as Mr. Sifton made to convert to general provincial uses money deposited with trustees for a specified purpose. Other points against the Confiscatory Act were left undecided. One excellent result is assurance to the World's money-markets that Canadian provinces have no such "sovereign" powers for repudiation and confiscation as the Alberta lawyers alleged.

Now for the political and practical effects. To some observers it appears that Alberta has not only been mulcted in all the costs of lengthy and expensive litigation, but saddled with obligation to pay 5 per cent. for fifty years on \$7,400,000, of which the provincial treasury can get no sort of use. Were that view correct the electors of Alberta would probably turn the Liberals out as the next general elections, now not more than a year distant, though the Sifton Ministry, since Mr. C. W. Cross

joined it, has been exceedingly progressive. But the specified view is incorrect. An effect of the London decision is to put the A. & G. W. W. R. R. Company where it stood before being assailed. Its charter is in full force. So is the provincial guarantee of its bonds. So is the obligation of the trustee-banks to pay out money for every ten miles of completed road. The project was a sound one from the start. Its completion will develop great and valuable tracts not of arable prairie only, but certainly of asphalt beds and probably of petroleum—to say nothing of the predicted allurement of tourists and sportsmen by the great game and fish region en route to and neighboring Fort Macmurray. In short, the enterprise will pay the company. Hence the company will be able to pay interest and principal of the bonds. Hence the provincial guarantee will never cost Alberta a cent.

I am glad to find the accomplished Editor of The Financial Post in substantial agreement with my view of the A. & S. W. R. R. L. enterprise. In a communication he says:—

"Undoubtedly the rock which obstructed the consummation of the Rutherford-Cross railway policy in Alberta was the issuing of the bonds of the railway company guaranteed by the government on a five per cent. basis and the marketing of these at par. This was done at a time when the Province itself could dispose of four per cent. at par. Very naturally the holders of Alberta securities became perturbed. This heterodox financing aroused a storm out of which grew the most searching enquiry to which any railway proposal was ever submitted. All the weaknesses of the deal and none of its virtues were brought to light. The whole bent of the enquiry was towards discovering some graft—some infidelity to the province. None was proved. No transaction can be drawn or entered into that is not capable of being ill-constructed or susceptible to having read into it motives other than intended. It was the fate of the Alberta-Waterways agreement to be misread. In reality it was as good as any agreement of its kind

ever entered into. Virtually it was the same as practically every other agreement between the western provinces and railroad companies with the solitary exception that it provided for a guarantee of five'a instead of four's. This was the point of the inquiry that shouldered in the Rutherford-Cross government, the weaknesses common to agreements under which railroads are built by bonds of companies with provincial guarantees behind them."

Premier Sifton's way out of the troubles he has created seems plain. He can repent, then hasten to enable Mr. Clarke's Company to build the railway. The trustee-banks are bound to liberate the cash for that and no other purpose. If Premier Sifton be too obstinate to bring forth fruits meet for repentance his party can easily depose him. The Premiership would then naturally go to Mr. C. W. Cross, Attorney-General of Alberta. He helped to promote the A. & G. W. W. R. R. when he was in the Rutherford Ministry. He has now been proved right as business man and lawyer from the start.

One point of the bungled affair should be noted. Alberta suffers from the negligence of two Ottawa Cabinets as well as from the arbitrariness of her Premier. The Confiscatory Act might have been disallowed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Ministry in 1910, and by Mr. Borden's last year. The federal veto power on provincial legislation was established for the avowed purpose of enabling Ottawa to stop precisely such Acts as Mr. Sifton tried to establish. Sir John Macdonald was true to the design of Confederation in using the veto. He was not afraid to work to the idea that the power representative of the Canada should control provincial legislatures as fully as the Fathers of Confederation and the London Parliament intended. Sir Wilfrid Laurier worked on the so-called "liberal" theory that the federal veto should be employed only when a province clearly encroached on Dominion fields, or legislated in such wise as to provoke trouble with some foreign nation. On the latter ground it would appear that the Sifton

legislation should have been vetoed at Ottawa. It attacked citizens of the United States, on whose behalf Washington must have intervened had not the London Privy Council saved them. For the Borden Ministry's refusal, in January of 1912, to disallow the Edmonton Act no reason was or can be given consistently with Sir John A. Macdonald's view of duty and constitutionality in such matters. It appears true that Sir Wilfrid refused disallowance because his party friends wished him to abstain, and that Mr. Borden refused lest he might be charged with intervening against his party's opponents. Alberta has to pay a long score partly incurred by the negligence of two Ottawa Cabinets.

THE NAVY ENCORE.

Voluminous misrepresentation of Mr. Borden's "Navy" programme has come almost as much from his friends as from his opponents. Many of the former seem as desirous as all the latter to proclaim his scheme "jingoish," one of "tribute" or permanent contribution to London armaments, one designing no ship-building in Canada nor defence of the Dominion's coast cities, coal mines, settlements. He has wisely maintained almost perfect silence, let his introductory speech be interpreted all ways by all disputants, waited in patient hope to get one chapter passed before producing a second. The contending speechmakers and writers remind one of critics wrangling as to how a novel or play will end after they have read or witnessed only the first part or act. Such wrangling, superfluous as it usually is, would be silly if the publisher or manager had explained the plot publicly. Why not take Mr. Borden's introductory speech as one of good faith? The House might pass the \$35,000,000 vote as one authorizing the Ottawa Ministry to expend the sum in building three battleships for loan to London until called to Canada by Ottawa. Then the Premier could reasonably be asked to produce his promised plan for establishing Canadian shipyards for the building of small cruis-

ers, etc., and also a sufficient scheme for defending our coasts by torpedoes, floating or submerged mines, etc. Would not that be the proper Opposition course if the Opposition were sincerely bent on securing that Canadian defence which prudence requires, and not primarily bent on obstruction with intent to force a general election soon?

That they and the people at large may properly demand an early general election seems to me true, because the House is not truly representative of the electorate according to the census of June, 1911. The House cannot be replaced by a truly representative one before passage of an overdue Redistribution of Representation Act. Mr. Borden might well hasten to propose a Redistribution Act, whose passage would set him free to appeal to the electorate on his Navy programme. This certainly would not be less popular if he disclosed the remaining or purely Canadian-defence chapters thereof. He would be newly esteemed for candor did he take that course. Moreover, his Navy scheme, which still seems to me sound, could be then no longer misrepresented by either friends or opponents. He now runs risk of being suspected, as Sir Wilfrid often was, of evasion, shiftness, designing what he dares not specify. He seems seeking to hold on arbitrarily to office in order to effect ends presently kept dark. Moreover, his quite-Canadian Navy scheme tends to become unpopular by lack of complete specification. If the electors become persuaded that his delay of a Redistribution Bill comes of fear to arrange voting lists on which he might be promptly challenged or forced to appeal to them, they may newly incline to turn him out when they get the chance. Thus his good Navy scheme, which is essentially of more value than any party's tenure of power, might be or might seem to be rejected by the country as an incident of his defeat. There are good reasons for calling a plebiscite on any Navy plan.

One curious delusion has been manifested throughout the Navy debate by speakers on both sides. All seem ob-

essed by a belief that Canada could not be defended against German invasion, or Japanese invasion, if the Old Country's fleet had no existence, or were destroyed in the North Sea. Certainly a Canada without any more armament than the Dominion now possesses could not be defended. But this Dominion, if duly prepared with armaments, is singularly capable of defence against any or all possible enemies, for the United States, our brother English-speaking country and firm friend, Captain Reid, of the Royal Engineers, (the Army's scientific corps), wrote on this matter last February to the Montreal Gazette:—"So far as the Eastern Maritime Provinces are concerned, excepting the case of the important shipping town of Halifax, there is no need for the presence of a fleet of battleships. Mine fields in the narrows of Belle Isle and at Rimouski, thickly strewn in the passage between Cape Ray and Cape Breton, and in the Bay of Fundy, will afford ample protection from a hostile fleet. In addition, there is, during the winter months, the fell guardianship of 'General February.' The great cities of Canada are therefore perfectly immune from attack by sea." He went on, "No fleet in the world can venture far from its coal base. . . . Neither the British, nor the French, nor the German, nor the United States fleet will ever venture singly across the Atlantic to their opposite shores bent on a hostile errand. A coal-less battleship is as helpless as a shrouded whale. Moreover, where on a hostile continent is a badly injured dreadnought to be docked and repaired? Must she risk the Atlantic passage again homeward deep in the water."

Take down the map of Canada. Look at both coasts. Consider what Captain Reid specified. You will see that no matter how great the German fleet attempting invasion of our Eastern coast its ships could be easily kept out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy by merely sowing the entrances with mines. The German fleet could not risk its bottoms when three thousand miles from a base of coal and re-

pairs. It could not effect a blockade. It would have to turn round soon after arrival off our east shore, where nothing except Halifax and the east coast of Nova Scotia would be attackable. That city and coast could be perfectly protected by forts, guns, mines, etc., at no great cost. A high authority in the Canadian Marine Department told me lately that the St. Lawrence route could be amply protected against any hostile fleet by merely taking away the lights and buoys! To British Columbia shores Capt. Reid's method of defence can be swiftly and inexpensively applied against any attacking fleet, such as that of Japan, which would be thousands of miles from its coal and repairs bases. Look again at the map. Observe that Dixon Entrance, (opposite the G.T.P. terminus of Prince Rupert), Skidegate Channel, Hecla Strait, Queen Charlotte Sound, Juan de Fuca Strait, Straits of Georgia, are all sufficiently narrow to be closed to any hostile overseas fleet by mines, etc. Certainly it would be well to have battleships, cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats and ship-building plant on our coasts. But these are perfectly defensible at a cost well within the paying powers of Canada, whose land forces should all be organized with design to back up coast defences, instead of as now on the foolish presumption of danger from the United States.

It is monstrous and contemptible to suppose or allege that some eight million Canadians, if duly prepared, could not beat off both Germany and Japan at once. It is ridiculously alleged that, were Great Britain's fleet shattered in the North Sea, we could escape invasion and annexation by the victor only by begging Washington to save us and annex our country to the Republic. That is both. It postulates that we are to go on without any more preparation for self defence than we have now. That is not Mr. Borden's idea, nor Sir Wilfrid Laurier's idea. They intend defensive local armaments. The sooner we get them established the better. If such were amply provided, Canada

could stand off the European and Asiatic worlds. We have been so long accustomed to rely on the Old Country for defence that few of us seriously consider the truth that we can defend Canada far more effectively from Europeans or Asiatics than Great Britain can. Canadians who say that we must depend on either Motherland or Brotherhood for safety on both Ocean shores might well be invited to "go hang a califin on those recent limbs."

Mr. Borden, in that part of his scheme which has been formally disclosed, seems to ask Canadians to defend not themselves, but Great Britain. If that were all his scheme surely it would appear surpassingly foolish. For the British power may be smashed, no matter how great its superiority in ships and guns, by flying and submerged dirigibles, or by some such long chapter of disaster as ruined the great Armada of Spain. This is the danger against which Canadians have to guard. By way of helping to avert it the Premier proposes to add three big ships to the King's fleet overseas. Is not that wise? But no such addition to that fleet can insure victory for it. Defeat is conceivable, nay, very possible. It is against that contingency that the Laurier scheme might provide, if it did not include a dilatory proposal that we stay defenceless until we can build ships, etc., in Canada. Last month it was here bared that the two party Chiefs would put their heads together and combine their schemes. Several important Liberal M.P.'s have since urged this. It seems improbable they would do so except by Sir Wilfrid's privity and consent. At time of this writing the Premier has not, apparently, held out hand to accept the ~~new~~ olive branch. There is still some hope that he may cease to be obdurate. Perhaps the Opposition may soften his heart by letting the \$35,000,000 vote pass soon. If ever there was a case in which the Royal Governor-General might well privately endeavor to bring politicians to agreement, this is one.

Aunt Jane's Reminiscence

Dr. Abbott was in a philosophic and reflective mood when he wrote the little sketch which we produce herewith under the title "Aunt Jane's Reminiscence." The strength of the story lies in the fact of its close relationship to life. It might easily be true; scores of readers will recall persons of their own acquaintance of whom a similar sketch might be written. And the clear a story once to striking real life—the common, ordinary sort of existence—the better it is.

By Dr. Charles C. Abbott

"JOHN, Henry, William, Ellis, Peter, Daniel, and little Anthony—and then came me. Folks used to say Father had a fine family o' boys and Poor Jane. I s'pose they were tired o' havin' babies."

"Just as though one girl was one too many! One day I heard one o' the neighbors say, speakin' o' me, that I was like the boards and bricks left over after the house was built—not much account. I never somehow could forget them words, and yet I couldn't see what they meant, but now, turned o' eighty, I'm plainer. They're all gone, and here am I, good for nothin'." Then things that's least account, you know, never get lost or broken, and it's what we set most store by that's soonest taken from us."

For a few moments Aunt Jane rocked slowly in her old chair and half closed her eyes.

"When I was a bit of a girl," she continued, "somehow I was only in the way, and got pushed into the corner. It wasn't that anyone was real unkind, but only too busy just then to bother with me; but I grew up, spite o' all, and not one of the boys but found me helpful when they'd families o' their own. I've no real cause o' complaint, but somehow, when I got to thinkin' things over, it seems to me they might 'a' been different."

"The folks used to laugh when, at last, I'd a young man droppin' in o' evenin's, but, spite o' all, it would a' come to somethin' hadn't some folks

talked too much, and, tellin' what wasn't so, spoilt all for me. How folks can deliberately lie and murder a neighbor's peace o' mind and go unpunished, I can't see. There's trouble enough for 'em if they murder a neighbor outright, as if peace o' mind wasn't somethin' to consider. But, then, why tell all about it now, when everybody's dead and gone, and better all round what I could tell should die with me?"

"But tell me about that young man," I urged. "It will do no harm."

"Nor no good. Ephraim was a well-built lad, and, what was better'n' good looks, he would look you right in the face and say straight out what he had in mind. I don't mean to say he was handsome-like, for he wasn't, but his face was good. To be sure, his hair was sort o' red, and his nose spread out like, and there was freckles; but then them eyes o' his made up for it all. I can see 'em yet. He sort o' didn't look at you, but into you, and it was the real thought talkin' to what you thought all the time. You couldn't 'a' fooled him, had you tried. He was a risin' farmer at the time, and more'n' one, seem' that, considered his money more'n' an offset to his looks and set their eyes. I had the lead, much to everybody's wonder, when Abigail Taylor said she always heard I wasn't all right, and the family all said so, and that the doctor shook his head when he heard about Ephraim, and said it all so she knew it would get to Eph's ears, and, sure enough, he fell off comin'. I

was broke up about it, but too proud to let on, and then sickness came on me, and when I pulled together again and got around I wasn't much more'n a shadow, they said.

"It was all fixed between Abigail and Ephraim, and I was plucky enough to congratulate him one day, but what I said and what I thought didn't see very well.

"Ten years after—oh, it was a long wait—Ephraim called at brother Henry's where I was livin' then, and said to me, when nobody was 'round, 'Jane, I've been a fool!'

"'Yes,' says Eph. 'I was a fool. Such a life as I led!'

"'You shouldn't say nothin' agin' the dead,' says I.

"'It's so,' says Eph, 'I shouldn't, but Jane—'

"Here I didn't let him go on, but says I, 'Eph, I can't take up with a fool in my old age, whatever I might 's done when I was younger.'

"Now, you ought to have seen Eph look. But his wits come to him in time, and says he, 'Why, Jane, I never asked you nothin'.'

"Sure enough, comin' to think of it, he hadn't, and it's a puzzle to me to this day how I happened to say out what I did. I s'pose I really was so wishin' he would speak that I got the notion he had, but la! it's almost fifty years ago, and here am I, turned o' eighty, still a-wonderin'."

Auntie Jane's was no longer the tireless tongue of younger womanhood. I was fortunate to have learned what I did. For a full half-hour I left her to herself, and then ventured to ask one more question:

"So, then, Ephraim was the only man in the world for you?"

"Yes, the only one. Anyhow, no one else ever came, but I think now that was 'cause my brothers frightened 'em off. I was always wanted to look after their babies. Ephraim tried once more—I think, to make me change my mind and marry him, even if he was once a fool.

"He happened in one Sunday afternoon. It was a May day, and the apple-trees all a-bloomin'."

"Jane," says he, after some ramblin' talk, 'I don't see why, because our partners are took away early, a man need to be mis'rab'le the rest of his days.'

"'Nor I, Ephraim,' says I.

"Then, Jane, why not—"

"'No, Eph,' says I, pert-like, like a sassy child; and Eph, he got up out o' that garden bench, real red in the face, and walked down the path, never sayin' even good-by.

"I watched him a-goin' for a minute and then couldn't stand it no longer. 'Eph!' I called, but he didn't stop. 'Eph! Eph!' I called louder, 'come back a minute!' but he just walked on out o' sight.

"I waited pretty near all summer for Eph to come back, but he didn't, so says I one day to brother Henry, 'I'm goin' to Daniel's for a visit.' They been a-sakin' me to come, and I went; and here I am with Daniel's children, and my next movin' will be my last one. I never saw Ephraim again. Now, sometimes, when I'm sittin' by the fire, and when it's spring and the apples is in bloom, sometimes I can see Ephraim walkin' down that path and can 'most hear myself tollin' to him. But la! here am I, an old, worn-out woman, and talkin' in this way. I hadn't ought to do it."

The Achievements of the Oslers

The following article is the second of a series of family sketches which will be published in Maclean's from time to time. The main purpose of the series is to tell the story of the notable success achieved by some prominent Canadian families in the professions and in business enterprises, and to present the underlying factors and elements which have contributed to their success. In this article the achievements of the Oslers are reviewed.

By W. A. Craick

IT HAS seldom been given to the members of any one family to achieve the individual distinction gained by the sons of the late Rev. Featherstone Osler of Bood Head and Dundas. Rarely indeed have talents been so equally distributed over so many brothers or have the fruits of success been so uniformly divided. Instances are by no means rare where brothers have shared in the work which has made a family name famous, but it is usual to find that some one of their number, by special gifts or aptitudes, has surpassed the rest in his achievements. In the case of the Oslers this is scarcely true, for it would be hard to institute comparisons as to the relative success of any one member of the family.

In law, in finance and in medicine, the name of Osler is to-day as conspicuous as it was in theology fifty years ago when both the father and the uncle of the present generation were notable figures in the councils of the Church of England in Canada. The eldest son, an ex-jurist of repute, who might to-day have been Chief Justice of Ontario had the fates been kinder; the second an advocate whose brilliant pleading thrilled many a court-room; the third, a financier whose name has long been honorably associated with the business life of the country; the youngest, a physician of international fame—these four have upheld the family tradi-

tions and added fresh distinction to the name.

In this new land of Canada it is frequently the case that the men most prominent in business and the professions have sprung from humble origins or, as it is more commonly expressed, have been self-made. That this is not so of the Oslers is perhaps one reason why the members of that family have preserved in their days of prosperity a certain gentleness of manner and refinement of disposition that is oftentimes lacking among men who have been rapidly translated from the cabins or shacks of the proletariat to the seats of the mighty. Their father as already mentioned was a clergyman of the Church of England and an honor graduate of the University of Cambridge. His father before him was a wealthy stipendiary of the port of Falmouth in Cornwall, while his paternal uncle was a physician of more than local celebrity. The Oslers of Cornwall were indeed an old family before the Cambridge graduate migrated with his bride to the backwoods of Canada and through them an aristocracy of birth and breeding, if not of title, has been the heritage of the Canadian branch.

The Rev. Featherstone Osler, born in a seaport town and the child of a seafaring race, was naturally attracted as a youth to the life of adventure on



the ocean wave. In 1817, at the tender age of twelve, he received his commission as midshipman and was sent aboard the *Cynthia*, and later to the famous "*Victory*." He served in the navy for several years, but chancing to meet with a slight accident and fearing that a change of government, which

he continued to take a keen interest for the remainder of his life.

During the 'thirties the Bishop of Quebec was actively engaged in the old land in securing recruits for the mission fields of Upper Canada. His appeal, for volunteers met with a response in the breast of the young Cornishman,



Rev. Featherstone Osler, father of the Osler family.

had taken place about the time of his misfortune, would interfere with his chances of promotion, he relinquished his naval ambitions and enrolled himself as an undergraduate at Cambridge. Here he took up the study of mathematics with avidity, a pursuit in which

who then and there determined to enter the Church and devote his life to the service of the pioneers in Canada. He was duly ordained by the Bishop and in the early part of 1837 sailed for the *New World*, accompanied by Mrs. Osler, whom he had married on Febru-

Fig. 1.

ary 6, 1837, just prior to their departure. She had been a Miss Ellen Free Pickton, a native of Kent, whose parents had died while she was an infant and who had been brought up as an adopted daughter by her uncle, Captain John Britton, of Falmouth.

Thither the young clergyman pursued his way, taking up his residence in the little settlement of Bond Head, where he was destined to spend the next twenty years of his life.

The country was rough and unsettled, the roads were corduroy, the nearest



Mrs. Osler, wife of Rev. Featherstone Osler, and Mother of the Osler family.

The charge to which Mr. Osler found himself directed on his arrival at Quebec was located in the almost unbroken forest to the north of Toronto and in the vicinity of Lake Simcoe. It was composed of the township of Tecumseh and the townships immediately adjoining, and formed a parish of im-

Fig. 2.

clergyman of his own denomination was at Barrie and to reach Toronto involved a journey of three days. In the midst of these crude backwoods conditions, Mr. Osler set bravely to work to perform the duties of his calling. His first services were held in a driving shed at Bond Head, while in order to cover



The Anglican church at Bond Head, at which Rev. Featherstone Osler was rector for twenty years.

the parish he had to undertake long journeys which kept him much away from home. As the years passed, however, matters improved. A church was built, population increased, the country became more habitable and the parish was divided. At the rectory, children had been born and in the early training of his sons and daughters the worthy clergyman took much delight. Concurrently, his superior education had been requisitioned to instruct a class of young men in divinity, there being no theological college available for the training of such as wished to take holy orders.

During the twenty years that Mr. Osler remained at Bond Head he endeavored himself to his parishioners by many acts of kindness and helpfulness. Himself extremely fond of gardening and well versed in agricultural lore, he took a personal interest in the efforts of such of his flock as tilled the soil and was not averse to showing even seasoned husbandmen how to improve the

quality of their product. In another direction, too, he appealed to their favor, for he was particularly careful not to weary them with long discourses. His sermons were short, sensible and always to the point.

From Bond Head, Mr. Osler was transferred to Dundas in 1857, where he became rector of Ancaster and Dundas. Here he remained for twenty-five years, when he retired from the ministry and spent the rest of his days in Toronto, passing away in 1895. Mrs. Osler survived him for twelve years and her death in her one hundred and first year was widely chronicled at the time. Of the latter years of the couple it is unnecessary to write in detail. The important period, when the characters of their children were being formed was the twenty years of residence at Bond Head, and it is because of this that a more than casual reference has been made to the conditions under which the Osler boys spent their earlier years.

Born of such parents, blessed with

such an ancestry, trained in a home where piety was mingled with a love of learning and a sensible regard for the necessary interests of life, it is small wonder that the various members of the family have become men and women of worth and distinction. The rectory at Bond Head witnessed the birth of six sons and three daughters. Of this numerous family, four sons and one daughter survive and there is today a lengthy list of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

The eldest son of the family, the Hon. Featherstone Osler, is now an old gentleman considerably past the psalmist's three score years and ten. Of gentle, retiring disposition, he has not made his personality felt with the same degree of aggressiveness as his younger brothers, but at the same time he has not been lacking in that wonderful brain power which has distinguished the members of the family. He selected the law as his vocation and after re-

ceiving his primary education at a school kept by a Mr. Hill, a Cambridge man, at Bond Head and at the Barrie Grammar School, he took up the study of law in Barrie.

From 1860 to 1879, he practised in Toronto, having at various times as his partners, the late Chief Justice Thomas Moss, R. A. Harrison and Sir Charles Moss. Confining himself to chamber business he made a name for himself as an able and painstaking practitioner. He was particularly kind and helpful to the students who were articled in his office, among whom Sir Allan Aylesworth was probably his favorite, for the latter succeeded to his practice when he was elevated to the bench in 1879.

From 1879 to 1910 Judge Osler was a familiar figure at Osgoode Hall. Until 1888 he sat as a puisne judge of the Court of Common Pleas and for the rest of the time he was on the bench as a judge of the Court of Appeal. He



The Osler home at Bond Head, where the members of the Osler family were born and reared.

was always a great worker and on his shoulders fell the burden of preparing many of the important judgments of the Court during the time he was one of its members. He was distinguished for his courtesy, the thorough knowledge of the law which he possessed and the clear statements he made.

In 1910 Judge Osler retired from the bench after more than thirty years' service and shortly afterwards succeeded



SIR EDMUND OSLER,
The Canadian Senator and Parliamentarian.

Dr. John Hoskin as president of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. He is still interested in his old profession, as he retains the chairmanship of the commission having in hand the revision of the Ontario Statutes, but for the most part he is spending his declining years in quietness at home. On his retirement, the bar of Ontario took steps to have his portrait painted and hung in Osgoode Hall and last summer he visited Great Britain, where he sat to Sir James Guthrie, president of the Royal Scottish Academy for that purpose.

The second son of the family, the late Britton Bath Osler, whose death occurred in 1901, was probably the most remarkable figure of them all. During the 'eighties and 'nineties his name was almost a household word in Canada, on account of the conspicuous part he played in numerous sensational murder trials. As crown prosecutor he seemed infallible and the intimation that B. B. Osler would conduct the prosecution in any particular case was taken as a sure indication that it would go hard with the accused.

It was of this great criminal lawyer that the late Goldwin Smith, a man not addicted to lauding his contemporaries, proclaimed that some of his speeches might well stand as models with those of Cicero and Demosthenes, while on a more recent occasion Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking in Toronto, said that, if Osler had been a French-Canadian, his jury addresses would long since have been collected and published and would be studied with eagerness by every law student in the province.

B. B. Osler was born on June 16, 1839, and attended school with his elder brother at Mr. Hill's establishment in the village and later at the Barrie Grammar School. When the family removed to Dundas he continued his studies at the Dundas Grammar School and from there matriculated into the University of Toronto, whence he graduated in 1862. Taking up the practice of the law, he first established himself in Dundas, but on receiving the appointment of county crown attorney for Wentworth, moved to Hamilton. In 1882 he became a member of the firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin & Creelman, Toronto, and from then until the time of his death resided in the Queen City.

Those who once set eyes on B. B. Osler in the court room would not soon forget him. He was a man of striking appearance. An enormous brain dome surmounted a face which bore vivid scars, the result of a gas explosion which occurred in his house in Dundas. The eyes were large and black and of a strangely hypnotic character. The



HON. FEATHERSTONE OSLER.

The eldest of the family, who has had a notable career on the bench and in Assize.

shoulders were slightly stooped. There was that about his expression and the ring of his voice that led Oliver Dowd Byron, the play-wright, to say that, had he gone on the stage, he would have been inferior only in histrionic ability to Edwin Booth.

This was the man who thrilled court-rooms, swayed juries, and blanched the faces of hardened criminals. He triumphed not so much from his ability as a lawyer, though that was superlative, but from the strength of his personality. He was big-hearted and kindly, intensely human, witty to a degree, and he appealed to juries as man to man. He had a habit when he reached the climax of his addresses of walking up and down before the jury box, standing before each jurymen in turn and speaking intimately, as it were, to each one.

The influence which he exerted over the minds of jurors may be illustrated by an incident which occurred at Sarnia. The court had adjourned at 6.30 on a wet and disagreeable evening and was to resume at 8 o'clock. As he emerged from the Court House, Mr. Osler no-

ticed that it was raining and paused for a moment on the steps. A young man who had come out behind him, offered him his umbrella. The lawyer demurred but the young man insisted saying that he had an overcoat and anyway did not require an umbrella as he intended to drive out into the country to bring in his father. "I want father to hear you win the case, Mr. Osler," he added. Mr. Osler thanked him and said he hoped he was a good prophet.

When the court resumed at the appointed hour, it was found that one of the jurymen was absent. The minutes passed and still no jurymen appeared. At last at about a quarter after the missing man hurried in and took his place. To the astonishment of Mr. Osler it proved to be the identical young man who had loaned him the umbrella.

Cross-examination Mr. Osler regarded as a very dangerous weapon and he avoided it as much as possible. He preferred the ancient mode to the modern rapier. His examination of witnesses was photographic and illuminative, as his addresses to juries were cus-



THE LATE BRITTON B. OSLER.

The noted criminal lawyer, for many years a leading figure at the Canadian bar.

tomarily a series of effective word pictures. He did not strive to involve witnesses in contradictions or subtleties of the law, but took the simplest course to the desired end.

On one occasion he found to his surprise that a doctor, who had been associated with him in many prosecutions, had been secured as a leading witness



An intimate view of Sir Edmund Osler. (A)

for the defence, with the object of giving the cue to a number of local practitioners who had also been summoned as witnesses. Mr. Osler's handling of his erstwhile colleague was immense. Instead of proceeding to cross-examine him alone, the lines expected by the defence he treated him as an utter stranger and simply asked him a number of personal questions about his name,

where he lived and how long he had lived there. At each answer from the perplexed doctor, he interjected some remarks that were calculated to impress the jury with the fact that the doctor was some obscure individual unknown to Mr. Osler, though he came from the same city.

During his later years Mr. Osler was a prominent figure in a long series of criminal actions, of which probably the most famous was the Birchall case at Woodstock. It will be remembered that this trial created a great sensation at the time. Apart from the inherent interest of the case, the circumstance that one of the jurors was supposedly opposed to capital punishment, added zest to the proceedings and on the strength of this, odds were taken that there would be a disagreement.

On this occasion Mr. Osler made one of the greatest speeches in his career. He rose to address the jury as evening was closing in. In the dusk of the ill-lighted court-room, he had a dramatic setting in which to perform his part and he played that part with an intense conviction that the prisoner at the bar was guilty. At two points in his address he rose to a height of eloquence seldom heard in a court of law—once, when he questioned the whereabouts of the prisoner at the time of the murder and abruptly turning towards the box demanded, "Let him answer," and again when he appealed directly to the jurymen who objected to capital punishment and quoted the Mosine law that by man shall the shedding of man's blood be avenged. The Birchall trial attracted widespread interest in England and on the Continent and the addresses of counsel were culled to the London Times and some Continental papers.

There were other notable occasions in B. B. Osler's career as a crown prosecutor, when the same forces were brought to bear on the jury. He was a man singularly gifted and was able to play on the feelings of jurors to an amazing extent. His knowledge was profound and embraced a wide sweep of subjects, of which probably botany

was his favorite pursuit. A hard worker, he neglected to take that relaxation so essential as a counterpoise to intense application, with the result that on February 5, 1901, following a nervous breakdown, he passed away. The last

The third son of the family, Edward Lake P. Osler, and the fifth son, Frank L. Osler, have failed to attain the special distinction enjoyed by their brothers. The former, like his two elder brothers, became a lawyer and was a



Sir William Osler, one of the world's outstanding figures in the realm of medicine.

entry in his little fee book made on April 21, 1900, has a pathetic interest in this connection. "At this point," he wrote, "the engine breaks down on the track and has to go to the repair shop for rebuilding and overhauling."

harrier in practice in Selkirk. The latter possessed a streak of the old seafaring spirit and as a boy went off to sea. Of more recent years he has taken up fruit ranching in British Columbia.

Sir Edmund Boyd Osler is the fourth

son, and in him the family glory is well maintained. He was born in 1845. Instead of becoming a lawyer, he took up banking and in 1862 entered the service of the old Bank of Upper Canada. The institution was in shabby condition at the time and in 1866 it closed its doors. Sir Edmund was a paying teller when the end came. He well remembers how the specie in the bank vault dwindled down until it amounted only to thirty thousand dollars, of which twenty-eight was composed of coppers done up in boxes containing two hundred dollars apiece: The coppers were offered to the bank's customers but there was not much inclination to accept them. One old lady, who had driven in from Thornhill, was not so sceptical, however, and went off triumphantly with one of the weighty cuses.

Sir Edmund remained with the bank after the failure until its affairs had been wound up and then joined the late Henry Pellatt, father of Sir Henry Pellatt, in the brokerage business, under the firm name of Pellatt & Osler. Ever since he has been engaged in finance and with uniform success. In 1882 he dissolved partnership with Mr. Pellatt and formed the firm of Osler & Hammond, which is to-day one of the most important brokerage houses in Canada. His partner was the late Mr. H. C. Hammond, who had been previously general manager of the Bank of Hamilton.

The financial interests with which Sir Edmund Osler is to-day connected are sufficiently extensive to admit of his being classed among the twenty capitalists who are accused of owning the country. He is probably best known as president of the Dominion Bank and one of the two Toronto directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In addition he is on the directorate of at least a dozen other companies. The idea that he is a cold, calculating exploiter of the country's resources with a keen eye for franchise-grabbing is entirely at variance with the character of one of the most unassuming and lovable personalities in Canada. Of retiring dis-

position, he is a man of wide human sympathies and his benefactions have neither been few nor small. Though he devotes himself with diligence to the affairs of the various companies with which he is associated, he does not thrust himself into prominence, and it is probably safe to say that less is known of him than of any of the other big men of the country.

Sir Edmund has always been a loyal member of the conservative party and has represented West Toronto in the House of Commons since 1896. His voice is not often heard in the chamber at Ottawa, but when he does speak in his quiet way his remarks command attention. Had he cared for office there is little doubt but that his services would have been welcomed by Mr. Borden when he was faced with his difficult task of cabinet-making in the fall of 1911. The qualifications of the member for West Toronto for the portfolio of finance were unquestioned. Instead, however, of becoming Minister of Finance he then Mr. Osler accepted a knighthood from his sovereign.

By the irony of fate it is in the youngest son of the family that the name, Osler, has been established through the instrumentality of an hereditary title. Of course it is recognized that Sir William Osler, despite his notable services to medicine, derives the preponderating portion of his fame from the somewhat invidious circumstance that on a certain occasion he is supposed to have advocated the chloroforming of all men over the age of sixty. This chloroform doctrine, if such it may be termed, has become a fixed appendage to practically every reference to the learned doctor and he will doubtless be compelled to carry it with him to the grave and be remembered for it in future generations. But it was not for this that in 1911 the King bestowed a baronetcy on the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. Rather was it in recognition of his unobdurate services to the advancement of medical science.

Sir William Osler is probably the most widely known member of the

family. The sphere of his activities has not been limited to one country, but has embraced England and the United States as well as Canada. He is a cosmopolitan figure and is as highly esteemed among the members of his profession on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. Born in 1849 the salient features of his career are that he attended Trinity College School and Trinity University and at the age of twenty-three graduated in medicine at McGill University, that for ten years he was a professor on the staff of his alma mater, that in 1894 he became professor of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, that in 1889 he went to Johns Hopkins University in the same capacity and that in 1904 he was appointed Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, a chair which he still occupies.

He is a fine personality. To a profound knowledge of his craft, he adds a wide acquaintance with the literature of all ages; to a skill in the diagnosis of disease, he unites a power to inspire his students with high ideals; with a devotion to his profession, he combines a capacity for fine living, high thinking and the abundant exercise of hospitality. He is an inspiring teacher, who stands for breadth of culture. It was he who advised his students to devote half an hour each evening to the reading of standard books and to keep a volume open on their dressing table in the morning, and for this course of home education he prescribed the Old and New Testaments, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Plutarch, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Religio Medici, Don Quixote, Emerson and Holmes. He has himself written some fine books in which medical lore is pleasantly intermingled with a variety of other knowledge.

At the same time Sir William is no pedant and his conversation is by no means completely made up of wise sayings. He is a good raconteur and has a fund of stories, many of which are pointed at himself. He will relate how on one occasion he was asked to pre-

scribe for a friend of his, who was a club man and bon vivant. He advised him to stop drinking alcoholic liquors and go to some place for a rest. The man went to a popular seaside resort, from which he wrote to the doctor in the course of a few days, "Dear Doctor: Have been here for a week. Have not taken a drop of your medicine but have had a julep every morning and feel like a new man." Sir William telegraphed back, "Congratulate you on your cure. Give my compliments to your resident physician."

Another favorite story of his is that of the dyspeptic who was instructed to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning. The man came back to the doctor in two or three days and on being asked how he was getting on, replied, "I can't work that hot water business. It's impossible for me to keep it up for more than fifteen minutes at a stretch."

The younger generation of the Oslers, overshadowed in a sense by the fame of their fathers, are content to live in a worthy endeavor to hold up the family name. Judge Osler has three sons, all of whom are lawyers in practice in Toronto. The eldest, Henry Smith Osler, and the second, Britton Osler, are both members of the firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin and Harcourt, and are counsel of some standing in the profession. The third son, Edward Glyn Osler, is connected with the firm of Blake, Lock, Anglin and Cassels.

B. B. Osler left no children. Edward Osler has no sons, but Sir Edmund Osler has three.—Francis Gordon Osler, associated with his father in the Toronto office; Edmund F. Osler, now engaged in farming near Oakville and Hugh F. Osler, with the Winnipeg office of Osler, Hammond and Nanton. Frank Osler has one son, Ralph F. Osler who is now in the office of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy in Montreal. Lastly Sir William Osler has one son, Edward Revere Osler, who will in the course of nature succeed his father in the baronetcy.



"He did not sleep. He had been long enough in the Gossamer Purgatory to expect anything. He simply bowed his head a little lower on his long and his distracted hand moved slowly to the key."

The Reinstatement of Dixon

Dixon, the hero of this story, starts out as a railroad operator, is banished to a remote station as the result of being blamed for a freight wreck, figures in a particularly thrilling hold-up, and wins recognition and reward at the hands of the head of his company. Incidentally the element of romance is introduced, just to lend a little interest to the story. The interest is always there and the thrill is also quite realistic.

By Archie P. McKishnie

WHEN Dixon was a youngster in skirts he built trains out of spools and played railroad. When he was ten years old he made himself sick on his father's pipe, playing locomotive. When he was attending the collegiate he played hooky to snoop around the roundhouse of the P. & H. road; and when he graduated from college he accepted a position as telegraph operator in the company's head office. Dixon was in many ways a fool, but he was a born railroader.

During the first year of his life as a full-fledged operator he did at least two things worthy of mention, neither of which, however, pointed in the least degree towards his promotion. He won the esteem and love of Nellie Rose, the division superintendent's daughter, and the hatred of Snively, the rat-haired, ferret-eyed chief despatcher, for being able to do it.

One night a through freight, shooting down grade at terrific speed, ran into an open switch and pitched some thousands of dollars of the P. & H.'s money into oblivion. Somebody was to blame. Somebody must suffer. An investigation was held. It ended in inability to fix the responsibility on anyone in particular; but someone must be censured, so Dixon got it, and Snively hugged himself in secret ecstasy.

When Dixon was called upon the carpet he took his medicine without a quiver. He was to be banished to Tug-

wah, a tiny station that swooned on a burnt spot of God's loneliness, sixty miles in all directions from civilization. The division superintendent called the banishment of Dixon "transferring him." It was all the same to Dixon. He listened to the long lecture read him by the big man with well-bred patience, and when the superintendent was through the operation quietly informed him that his daughter Nellie had consented to become his (Dixon's) wife as soon as he made good, and he hoped to be reinstated before long.

The father was so overcome by surprise that he as much as promised he would do his best, and shook hands with Dixon. Then he woke up and showed himself a real railroad man by qualifying Dixon and all his generation in a manner that made the red-eyed Snively, listening at the key-hole, linger sufficiently long to receive a left ewing from Dixon's powerful arm as he passed out. The chief operator went down all in a heap in one corner of the room. The superintendent opened the door and saw him there. Then he closed the door and went back to the desk grinning and chewing hard on his cigar.

II.

Dixon sat in the little hot-box of a station, his feet on the table and a dead pipe between his teeth. He had been at Tugwah for two months now, and in

spite of his determination to grin and bear his unmerited punishment the big loneliness of the place was penetrating his soul.

All about him stretched dreary desolation; scraggy poplars, sickly sycamores, stunted pines; while here and there a putrid swamp or dead lake, with charred stumps protruding above its scummed surface, grinned through the stricken timbers like a hollow-eyed skull.

Sixteen miles eastward lay the little town of Sablepit, and the same distance westward slept the village of Slabtown. Here Dixon boarded, coming in on the morning mail train to relieve the hollow-cheeked night operator, who lived in Sablepit.

Dixon and Robinson had not had a chance to exchange many words. They were, however, companions in a common affliction and felt for each other a feeling akin to friendship, only deeper and more sympathetic in a way. It was rather a tie of brotherhood which prisoners under restriction feel for each other. The big loneliness and swamp-mists were killing the night operator, just as they were trying to do for Dixon. There was nothing to relieve the death-like monotony of the life. Two trains stopped at the little station every twenty-four hours; the morning and evening mail trains. One of these dropped Dixon off in the morning and the other picked him up in the evening.

At ten o'clock every morning the cannon-ball express grumbled up from the wilderness, and flinging around a curve, shot eastward through the Dead Land Woods, as though fleeing from the ghostly swamp mists clinging above the skeleton limbs of the stricken pines. At night the fast mail crashed westward, its yellow eyes winking derisively at the little station, as it sped past.

This was all there was to relieve the dreary sameness of Tagwah. The telegraph instrument seldom clicked a message. For whole days at a time it was silent. So Dixon had little to do except keep from going crazy with the big emptiness, or sick with the swamp fever.

He bought writing materials, and cartridges for his Smith and Wesson. When he was not writing long, cheerful letters to the girl who believed in his innocence and hoped for his early restoration, he was crumpling up long inquisitive rats, which, before his coming, had practically owned the little station, board and blind.

Splintered perforations, here and there, in the floor told their own stories; and with the passing of the rats Dixon had turned his attention to bigger game. Sometimes a baleful-eyed lynx crept up from the shagland, and lifting its round head above the grading, would lay back its tufted ears and snarl Dixon a challenge. It was invariably accepted, and on the hoard walls of the hot-box station were stretched several yellow-gray pelts, which told tales.

Sometimes the operator would hang a piece of rock by a string and start it swinging slowly like a pendulum, and try how many times out of six he could hit the moving target. It did not occur to him for a second that he was training his hand and eye for a purpose. He shot simply to engage his mind and keep it from traveling back to the little world he had lost.

As he sat now, feet on the table and square jaw clenched on the stem of his unlit pipe, the face which had lost its color and roundness smiled as his eyes were alight with a joy one sometimes observes to flash across the face of a prisoner when a reprieve is handed him. In his fingers he held a letter from the girl who loved him, and for the twentieth time that day he read it over.

"Dear Jack" (it ran), "Father is going to C—— to-morrow, and he is allowing me to go with him. By the time you receive this we shall have started. We stop for a night at M—— which I understand is only fifty miles below Tagwah. I find there is a mail train passing your station at seven in the evening. Could you not take it and go through to M——? It would let you in an hour before the express arrives, and you could meet me there."

There was much more in the letter, unnecessary to transcribe here.

Dixon folded the closely written sheet and put it in his pocket, smiling as he reached for a match. He was still thinking of the girl when he opened the drawer of his desk and took out his revolver, which he dropped into his hip pocket. In twenty minutes the night operator would arrive to relieve him, and then good-bye for a time to the gripping loneliness of Tagwah. In the meantime he would practice a little with the revolver.

He whistled happily as he flung his feet from the table and stood up. As he walked towards the door he became suddenly aware that the day was darkening. Up from the westward and seeming to bounce from spear-tipped crag to crag, a dark cloud came rolling, spitting streams of jagged yellow flame and muttering low threats as it advanced. Dixon shrugged his shoulders and turned back into the station. The humid heat of the late day was almost overpowering, but he closed the door and the little windows, and sitting on the corner of the table, watched the storm approach.

Suddenly his call sounded, and with a start he turned towards his instrument. He caught this message:—

"Robinson dead. Remain on duty until relieved. Official."

Dixon, white of face and jaw dropping, sat staring straight before him. Suddenly above the wind that heralded the advancing tempest he heard the whistle of the approaching mail train. Mechanically he reached for the battered dinner pail and made for the door. Then he remembered that he was to remain on duty; and dropping into his chair he sat with clenched hands until the train crashed past.

So he was not to have a respite after all; he was not to meet the girl who would never know the reason of—

Then Dixon sat up, and, leaning across the table, placed his finger on the telegraph key.

"To hell with 'em," he grated. "I'm through with the P. & H. and all their

damnable system. I'll tell 'em so. I'll resign right now."

But even as his fingers pressed the key his own call clicked loudly and insistently again.

It was the operator at Junkwalkee, sixty miles east, calling.

"Walton gang held up No. 250 this morning. Killed four and secured eighty thousand cash and bonds. Supposed to be hiding in Dead Land Woods."

Dixon arose slowly from the table and walked to the window, against which the rain was now beating in torrents.

"I can't leave now," he muttered, "I simply can't. It would look like running away." He walked back to his chair and sat down.

Outside, the storm raged and poured its deluge on a smitten world of desolation. Long zig-zag flashes of blue lightning split the lowering clouds and the detonation of the thunder rocked the tiny station. Dixon, one arm outstretched towards the instrument, sat with chin on his breast, unconscious of his surroundings.

His eyes were fastened to a piece of cracked mirror attached to the wall.

Suddenly his dreaming faculties became awake and active. In a darting flash of lightning the little mirror had revealed to him a masked face looking in upon him through the small window.

He did not start. He had been long enough in the desolate Pugwah to expect anything. He simply bowed his head a little lower on his breast and his outstretched hand moved slowly to the key.

"Junkwalkee, Junk——" he clocked. Then, "Walton gang here. Am——" Then the instrument sank dead. Dixon knew the wires had been cut.

He arose slowly, yawning and stretching his arms. He must play his part. He looked at his watch. "Too late," he thought. "The express has already left Junkwalkee. She will be here in twenty minutes. And," he murmured, "SHE will be on the train—good God!"

With every nerve strung, and mind working like lightning, Dixon passed slowly up and down the narrow floor. What could he do? What could he do? he kept asking himself.

Suddenly the door opened, and two men wearing black masks across their eyes entered. Dixon turned quickly, and the taller of the two spoke quietly:—

"Now then, son, all we ask you to do is keep quiet, and do as we tell you. We want you to light your little red lantern and come along with us."

"What for?" asked Dixon, feigning wonder.

"Never mind what for. That don't concern you. You do as I say if you want to live, that's all."

Dixon reached for the lantern and lit it.

"What time is that express due, youngster?" spoke the other man.

"In fifteen minutes," answered Dixon. She doesn't stop here."

"Well—you've got to stop her. Come along, now, move quick."

Dixon found himself outside the station, and walking down the track between the men, rain beating in his face. As they reached a cleft of rock standing close to the track three more men, wearing masks, slipped out like shadows and stood beside the leader. Far down across the moaning firs there sounded above the storm the low rumble of the approaching express, and then, as her deep whistle sounded, her white headlights flashed about the distant curve and cut the night's blackness like a probing eye.

"Now," said the leader, gripping Dixon's arm, "when she whistles for the station you signal her, and if you try any funny work I'll bore you full of holes, you—"

Dixon twisted away from the grasp of the man, and, swinging the lantern high over his head, sent it hurtling far into the underbrush.

What happened next was never quite clear to him. He remembered dropping on one knee as he saw the arm of the man shoot outward, of feeling a

red-hot flash near his scalp, and of tasting damp, pungent powder. He heard the low whistle of the express, and saw the lantern, which had been recovered, raised on high; and then he remembered jerking his own revolver from his pocket and shooting at the red steaming globe of the lantern, and of seeing it shiver to bits as the train crashed past; of returning the fire of the foiled desperadoes. Then came oblivion.

He opened his eyes in a new world. He was lying on a clean cool sheet, and knew from the motion that he was on board a train. He attempted to sit up, but his shoulder cried sharply to be still, and with drawn face he noted that his left arm was bandaged and in splints.

Dixon closed his eyes again, only to open them wide when a soft, cool hand was laid upon his forehead.

"Nellie!" he whispered in amazement, his right arm sweeping upward and holding prisoner the smiling face bending over him.

She laid her moist lips against his powder-blackened ones.

"You mustn't talk," she said gently. "Father is outside, writing messages, and if he knew you were awake he would come in and make your good arm as bad a cripple as the other by wringing it, Dickie. Do you know what you are now, boy?" she asked. "You're a hero! To-morrow all the morning dailies will have your picture in them, and underneath it, in grand, bold type: 'Brave Operator Captures daring Gang of Train Robbers Single-handed.'"

"But," murmured Dixon, "I didn't did I? What did I do, Nellie?—it's all hazy to me now."

"It seems," she explained, "that the agent at Juncaloke received your message just after our train had passed his station, and he and five railroad men, armed with rifles, followed us on a freight engine after wiring to T——."

"At T—— our train was stopped and matters were explained. Father had them back up to Tugwah, and there we found that you had held the robbers

single-handed until relief had come from an unexpected quarter. Three of the bandits were wounded, and the other two surrendered rather than take to the swamps of the Dead Lands. You were unconscious, and after a surgeon had fixed you up father made them put you aboard this private car—and here you are."

Just then the divisional superintendent poked his burly head in at the door.

"Hello!" he grinned, his big fat cigar wobbling as he spoke. "You're yourself again, I see, Dixon. Now I just want to shake hands and tell you —"

The girl interposed her slender person and pushed the large man away. "He is quite willing to believe all you say without the hand-shake, daddy," she said. "He only has one good arm, and——" blushing, "I don't want that one crippled too."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the superintendent. "So that is how it stands, eh?" He sat down close beside Dixon and

laid a big hairy finger on the young man's wrist.

"I've just wired headquarters that you are promoted, young man," he frowned. "You are chief dispatcher, in place of Mr. Snively, who, I learned this morning, was responsible for the offence for which you have suffered. That's all now," he added as Dixon attempted to speak. "I'm going to stop at Fargo to get these messages away, and I'll talk to you further after dinner."

At the door he turned and glanced over his shoulder at the girl, who had slipped back into the room, and was sitting on the edge of Dixon's berth.

"Seeing that you are so solicitous of Dixon's good arm, Nellie," he said drily, "it might be a good idea for you to guard against his overtaxing it in any way." Then the big man smiled a real fatherly smile on the young couple and passed out chuckling softly to himself.

Enlarging the Home Market

CANADA'S home market is growing, as the immigration returns continue to surpass all previous records. During the nine months, April 1st to December 31st, 1912, 334,983 immigrants arrived at ocean ports and 113,798 from the United States. These figures show an increase of 53 per cent., as compared with the number of arrivals of the corresponding months of 1911, which were 185,151 at ocean ports and 107,356 from the United States, making a total for the nine months' period last year of 292,516 persons. During the month of December, 12,025 immigrants arrived, 7,282 from ocean ports and 5,763 from the United States, as against 10,724 for December, 1911. A great number of these immigrants have brought substantial sums of money, which will be spent for farm implements, clothing and furniture. They must buy the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, according to their means.

How the Son of a Canadian Chief Justice Became a Pirate

That the days of story-book romances have not been left very far behind, will be realized when the following extraordinary story of the adventure of a former Chief Justice of Upper Canada and one of his sons is read. The incident has been quite forgotten with the passage of the years, but the recent discovery of an old manuscript in the hand of the Chief Justice himself, has brought the whole story to light again. In recording it fully in these pages, the editors feel that they are providing their readers with material of the deepest interest.

By Arthur Conrad

IN THE annals of Canadian history few stories of a more romantic turn are to be found than the so-called piratical adventures of Jeremiah Dummer Powell, fourth and youngest son of William Dummer Powell, one of the earliest chief justices of what is now the Province of Ontario, with the subsequent narrative of the judge's efforts to save his son from the penalties incurred by his rashness. The whole incident reads with almost the same consuming interest as some exciting novel, introducing daring passages on the high seas, ultimate capture and conviction, followed by remarkable experiences among ambassadors, nobles and great ladies at the courts of England, Portugal and Spain.

It is hard to realize that the events occurred little more than a hundred years ago and that they concerned a family living in the tiny settlement of York, the beginning of what is to-day the city of Toronto. One is prone to think that the early settlers of Canada were entirely absorbed in the affairs of their own country, with its wars, its political struggles and the stern work of pioneering, and that there was practically no personal connection with the great outside world. Yet here was a young man engaging in a hazardous adventure in the West Indies and a backwoods jurist tasting something of

the intrigues of courts and beholding the faces of kings and princes.

Chief Justice Powell was born in Boston in 1755 and educated in England. Apparently he came to Canada about 1789, and after practising law for a short time was created a judge. He became a person of considerable importance in Upper Canada and is remembered as the founder of one of the good old families of the town of York. At the time his son went on his filibustering expedition Mr. Powell was only a puny judge, his appointment as chief justice not being made until 1815.

In the year 1805, this scuppage son of the family who had been sent to New York to commence a mercantile career, was induced to cast in his lot with a number of pirates who, among other contracts, had undertaken to furnish munitions of war to the black emperor of Hayti. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the Powell family than this most questionable project and Mrs. Powell immediately set out for New York to endeavor to dissuade her son from such a rash step. However, the young man had taken his departure and Mrs. Powell could but wait for his return in the spring.

Meanwhile there had arrived in New York in November a mysterious personage, travelling under an assumed name,

who presently made it known that he was a Spanish-American patriot interested in securing the freedom of the South American States. As a matter of fact he was none other than Don

Ogden, who provided him with money to fit out a ship, called the *Leander*. With the connivance of the surveyor of the port, the *Leander* got away from New York on February 2, 1806, well



Portrait of Chief Justice Powell taken from an old oil painting.

Francisco de Miranda of Caracas, a gentleman of fortune, who had already been mixed up in several revolutionary proceedings. To make a long story short he secured the support of a wealthy New York merchant, Samuel G.

equipped with arms and ammunition, with 200 men on board, offitted by "gentlemen of crooked fortunes."

Where and how, young Powell fell in with this motley crew is not recorded but he evidently ran across them,

while they were cruising around in West India waters. At any rate he became one of them and was given an officer's commission by Miranda. Two small schooners, the Bee and the Bacchus, were secured and manned by the Leander crew and on one of them the young Canadian was placed.

The principal object of Miranda was to assist the patriots of Colombia in their efforts to cut off the Spanish yoke. A plan was devised to capture Puerto Capello and on the evening of April 27 the little fleet lay off the coast preparatory to landing in the morning. Meanwhile a couple of Spanish ships had appeared upon the scene and when morning broke, the crew of the Leander beheld their consorts being attacked by the Spaniards. Without making any attempt to come to their rescue, the Leander put out to sea. The Bee and the Bacchus were easily captured and their crews totalling sixty men, were promptly lodged in the prison at Puerto Capello. Charged with piracy on the high seas, all the officers were condemned to death and the men sentenced to the chain gang.

When news of his son's plight reached New York in July, 1806, Judge Powell was constrained to hasten at once to meet his wife, upon whose health he feared the tidings would have a serious effect. A century ago the journey between the two points was not to be accomplished with the ease and comfort of a one-night trip over a water-level route. It was a much more arduous undertaking. Crossing to Niagara on July 19 aboard the yacht, "Toronto," he arranged his circuit work with his eldest son, then clerk of assize, and sailed the same day for Kingston. The trip down the lake occupied twenty-four hours, which was considered a short passage. From Kingston he crossed into the United States on the 22nd and engaged with the owner of a travelling wagon to carry him to Utica. Arriving at the latter points on the 26th, he continued his journey on the 28th to Ballston Springs, where he learned from his third son, who was practising

medicine there, that his wife was leaving New York that day in a sloop for Albany. Judge Powell accordingly proceeded to Albany and there met Mrs. Powell six days later. The pair, with their travelling companions, after spending a few days at the Springs, returned to Canada by way of Niagara, reaching York about August 17.

"This first step," writes the Judge, "occasioned me a journey in and out of near one thousand miles and an expense not short of three hundred dollars." It had occupied close on to a month. Meanwhile he had learned that there were hopes of his son's life, though none of his liberty without strong exertion.

The fate impending over a member of the family produced such gloom and distress in the household at York that Judge Powell determined to make another effort in his behalf. He was absolutely without friends and had no credit with his banker, but he recalled that he had once known a Mr. Stoughton, who had held the post of Spanish Consul in Boston and to him he decided to appeal.

Obtaining six months' leave of absence and borrowing four hundred dollars from the Chief Justice, the worthy Judge concluded his circuit at Cornwall and on October 5th crossed into the United States. He travelled by way of Lake Champlain, catching the mail coach for Boston at Burlington, and arriving in "the great town, the place of my birth" on October 15th. Here he was doomed to disappointment; Don Juan Stoughton, proved to be a person of no influence. However, he had a daughter, who had been educated by his brother Don Thomas, the Spanish Consul at New York, and had married an officer of high rank and credit at the Court of Madrid. To get in touch with these people he determined to proceed to New York, a journey of six days.

Again defeat dogged his footsteps. He was able to procure an introduction to Don Thomas, but to his dismay was informed that his niece's husband was

then in Majorca and nothing could be done through that channel. He was directed to apply to the Spanish Minister to the United States, the Marquis Yrujo then resident at Philadelphia.

To secure access to the Ambassador was no easy matter. Fortunately some kind friends appeared on the scene, through whose instrumentality the Judge was given a letter of introduction to the Minister.

Meanwhile good news had arrived in New York. An American vessel which had been at Puerto Capello at the time of the trial of the alleged pirates had reached port. In its log it was recorded by an Irish interpreter that young Powell, by means of concealing his commission as an officer, had escaped with his life, but had been condemned instead to endure ten years slavery at Omoa on the coast of Honduras. Fortunate young man! Ten of his companions were hanged on July 21, their heads severed from their bodies, and stuck on poles by way of warning to the discontented.

Tidings of the escape were thankfully received but the information that the young man would have to spend the term of his sentence in the unhealthy climate of Honduras filled his father with apprehension. If he could only secure his removal to the Island of Porto Rico, he would feel greatly relieved.

With the intention of making this plea to the Spanish Ambassador, Judge Powell went to Philadelphia and sent his letter to the Embassy. In a few hours the Ambassador's secretary waited on him at his hotel and showed him a letter which his master had written to the Governor-General of Venezuela, soliciting him as a personal bond to remove young Powell to Porto Rico until the King of Spain's pleasure could be known. Further than this nothing could be done in America but the Ambassador had no doubt that anything might be expected from the humanity and liberality of his sovereign if solicited in person.

It was now apparent that only a per-

sonal visit to the Court of Spain could have any effect on the situation. Judge Powell immediately made up his mind to carry his case across the Atlantic. Securing such letters as he could from influential people in America, he sailed with one fellow passenger, a Mr. Burnley, of London, on board the ship, "Science." The rest of the story may well be told in Judge Powell's own words.

"After a rough passage of 30 days we landed at Deal and proceeded the same day to Canterbury. Mr. B. pursued his route to London. I rested two days in a state of mind not to be envied. I had drawn 160 pounds at New York, had no more funds, and saw no direct prospect of making friends in my route to Madrid. I had however dressed up a letter to the Prince of the Blood and the Secretary of State though with faint prospect of access to either. A few days after I reached London, I waited upon the Under Secretary of State, who spoke me fairly and did not oppose a proposal from Mr. Gordon, the second clerk who had the Colony correspondence, to pay me the residuum of the Chief Justice's salary as a compensation for being sole justice for two years. This produced a supply of £15 pound sterling which sensibly relieved me. The Secretary of State's private secretary had been at school with my son at Norwich and cordially gave his aid in an official introduction to the Transport Board which had the charge of correspondence on the Subject of Prisoners of War and retained an agent at Madrid, through whom and a similar agent in London, Don Manuel De Torre, to whom Mr. Windham also introduced me, all communication between the natives passed.

"Just at this moment Bonaparte's Decree declaring prisoners of war all English in Territories of his allies rendered it impossible for me to procure a passport to Madrid. I was therefore unfortunately constrained to await the success of a semi-official application made to the Court of Spain through the Transport Office and Don Manuel. In the meantime I was not idle. I renewed an old acquaintance with Mr. Brook, a Spanish merchant who was in habits of close intimacy with Mr. De La Torre; I waited on the Spaniard and finding that he had given slight attention to the communication from the Transport Board, obtained a private compliment from the Secretary of State which had its

effect and the Don represented to his Court that the Government took a deep interest in the success of the application to remove my son to Porto Rico. In the interval of an answer being possible I visited my sisters in Sussex and in Dorsetshire, near which last residence I visited the convent of La Trappe removed from Auvergne to the east of Mr. Weld.

"I had opened also a correspondence with Dr. Jenner, whose high reputation as author of the vaccine practice, had enabled him to address Buonaparte directly and obtain the release of a prisoner, in vain solicited by Government. This gentleman promised me a letter of solicitation to the King of Spain and the Prince of the Peace. Another channel of favor through the Governor-General of Venezuela was opened to me by my friend Major Robertson in an introduction to General Masland the Governor of Grenada, who had had an occasion of rendering services to the Spaniards. To him I transmitted a staid case and three hundred pounds to defray the charge of conveying the young man to Porto Rico should that be the only obstacle. At this period I attended the trial of Sir Home Popham at Portsmouth in hope of ascertaining some light on Miranda's connection with Government, which might be serviceable in distinguishing my son's case as a British subject from piracy.

"Having received through Sir Rupert George, President of the Transport Board and in duplicate from Don M. De La Torre the answer from the Court of Spain to Mr. Hunter, the resident agent for prisoners, intimating that in compliance with the solicitude of His Britannic Majesty's Government, orders had been given to the Captain General of Venezuela to report upon the circumstances of Mr. Powell's case in order that His Catholic Majesty might make such order thereon as he might be induced by his desire to meet the wishes of the English Government. Although Don Manuel was pleased to add that he thought this a favorable answer and implying eventual success, I persuaded myself that so more would be said on the subject unless pressed upon the spot by some person interested. I decided upon a journey into Spain, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances of Buonaparte's Decree.

"Providence seemed to favor my views. A very proper letter to the King was drafted by Dr. Jenner and accident threw me in the way of Colonel D'Almeida whom I had known in Canada, an associate of Count Joseph De Ponsas. This gentleman had known and admired my son and spoke of

his misfortune in a circle where was present the Countess of Donsenhaus, sister of the Marquis D'Al, and mother of the Countess Da Exa, actively ambassador of the family from the Prince Regent of Portugal to his father-in-law, the King of Spain. This lady, banished from the continent by the will of Buonaparte, was in correspondence with the despoiled to the French and kindly proffered the interest of her family.

"My friend Major Robertson had also mentioned my errand to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent who commanded my attendance at Kensington Palace and there observing that he had no personal interest in Spain, introduced me to his brother the Duke of Sussex and his guest the Duke of Orleans. The two last warmly engaged in my service. The Duke of Sussex promised me a letter to the Duke de Infantado, to the Count de Exa and to M. Dalmajre, the Portuguese Premier, adding that if those failed, his brother the Prince of Wales would write to the Princess Regent to ask my son's release from her father and that he would prepare the Marchioness de Pembal to second it with her influence which was very great with the Princess. His Highness the Duke of Orleans regretted that his alliance with the King of Spain did not admit of his addressing himself to the King or the Prince of Asturias, which he said usual circumstances could not be done with propriety, but was pleased to add that he would procure me a letter to Madrid that should be useful.

"On my return from Kensington I called upon the Earl of Solihull whom I had entertained at my house in Canada. He also had heard of my pursuit and finding that I now only wanted an introduction to the Prince of the Peace, who was then sovereign in Spain, his lordship was pleased to make me known to Lord Holland who was personally known to the Prince and had in time of peace been in correspondence with him. Lord Holland readily promised me a letter not only to the Prince of the Peace but to the papal nuncios at Lisbon and Madrid, through whose influence a Spanish gentleman, vice consul for the English, conceived of translatable correspondence with Admiral Nelson, had been pardoned or at least saved from death.

"Thinking it proper as I was upon leave of absence to obtain permission from the Secretary of State to pass into Spain, though I could not have a regular passport, I first visited Mr. Munro, the American Minister, with a request to be made the bearer of a dispatch to the American Min-

ister at Madrid which might serve to procure me a passport from the Spanish Ambassador at Lisbon, and this Mr. Munro politely promised that he would do, without committing himself by any certificate of my nationality.

"As I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Gordon at the Plantation Office, he observed to me that I must in furtherance of my object acknowledge myself at Madrid and that they had thought of a means of procuring my admission into Spain as an English subject, the particulars of which I would learn by waiting in his name on Mr. Gordon, of Gordon & Murphy, in the City. I hastened to the Counting House of this gentleman who was prepared to see me by Mr. Gordon and had received, as he said, the commands of the Duke of Sussex, to lend me every aid in his power. That his partner Mr. Murphy resided at the Court and was in habits of perfect confidence with the Prince of the Peace in extensive contracts connected with the importation of treasure from S. America. Owing to the present state of war, the Spanish Government, Mexico had entrusted to a frigate loading specie at Carthagena, an accumulation of several years of public correspondence with the Government of Madrid. That these papers securely lodged in the Secretary's of State's office, were to be delivered over to him as the acknowledged agent, to be transmitted to the Court. That he had engaged a young Spaniard lately returned from Lima to take charge of them, but at the desire of his friend Mr. A. Gordon, and in obedience to the wish of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex he would put them under the joint care of M. Landeche and myself with authority to retain them unless permitted to deliver them in person to his partner, Mr. Murphy in Madrid. That he would give me a letter to that gentleman which would insure as much exertion in my behalf as if I was his brother.

"I pause at this period of my narration to review the singular manner by which an obscure individual in the wilds of Western America, without a single link to connect him with any interest in Europe, from step to step attained such an introduction to the court of Madrid as could certainly not be exceeded; when it is considered by what accidental circumstances these successive advantages were procured, the mind is lost in wonder.

"Armed then with all these potent implements and personal introductions from the Countess of Donsenhaus to her brother and friends in Portugal, I left London in company with Don Pedro De Landeche

and nine packages of dispatches in the mail coach for Falmouth. My agent had advanced me 200 pounds for the journey, part of which I gave to Mr. Gordon for a credit on Madrid and left the rest with the Fox at Falmouth for a credit on Mayne & Co., of Lisbon. We embarked in the packet and the tenth day landed in Lisbon. Among the passengers was a Mr. Buller, son of a rich merchant in London, formerly resident at Bristol. This young gentleman who had travelled and was well received in the best homes in Lisbon, advised me not to go into the city with Don Pedro, but to take my quarters in Rua Ayres, as more healthy, pleasant and respectable. Mrs. Windham, Lady of the Secretary of State, had with great kindness put me on a good footing with the English envoy by a letter from his most intimate friend, Mr. Byng and Mr. Buller, who was known to Lord Stanley, accompanied me on my first visit to his lordship.

"The Spanish Ambassador was with the Count de Madrid and as Don Pedro Landeche was known to the Secretary of State, Don Pedro De Castro, we proceeded to that convent in a hired conveyance.

"It is impossible to convey to an Englishman any idea of the wretchedness of the accommodation on the route to this royal residence. Our impatience did not permit us to search out the Secretary, but we desired ourselves to be announced to the Ambassador as soon as he should rise from his siesta. His Excellency received us with cordiality, but declared his utter inability to grant a passport to an English subject under any circumstances. His Excellency added, however, that he was about to dispatch a courier, and if we would call at his hotel in Lisbon the next day, he would state my case to the Minister and solicit the necessary permission, the fate of which we should learn in ten days. This check disturbed me much, especially as Landeche had the dispatches in his custody and, being a subject of Spain, I was apprehensive he might be induced to deliver them as proposed by the Ambassador.

"We returned to our wretched stable where, divided only by a plank from the mules, we sapped upon a cold chicken and a bottle of champagne, which we had had the pretension to bring from Lisbon. The next morning I visited the convent, a magnificent pile of buildings, capable of receiving the whole court, consisting of several thousand persons. The chapels and colonnades are magnificent, adorned with a profusion of sculpture in marble, but no

paintings. The library was also a magnificent apartment delightfully airy and high, containing many thousand volumes of well-chosen books.

"We returned to Lisbon in the evening and the next morning I waited on the Nuncio with Lord Holland's letter. The old count, who was nearly allied to the royal family of Portugal, received me with the cordiality of a parish priest. He spoke in warm terms of the English nation, and of Lord and Lady Holland, and promised the most active assistance of his influence and that of his colleagues, the Nuncio of Madrid. When he heard my desponding account of my visit to Mafra, he consoled me by saying that the Count could not do so, because, taken so by surprise, that he was not in the habit of business, that he was a great, rich and powerful nobleman who gave his name to the Embassy, but that the Secretary was the man of business; that he had the happiness of being well acquainted with Don Pedro Castro, whom he should see that evening and prepare accordingly, and that he would wait upon the Ambassador in the morning. If I would trust myself among so many dergymen to eat my soup with him the next day at two o'clock, he assured me that he should wish me joy of having conquered the difficulty of the passport, and that he would do his utmost to bring the affair to a happy close.

"Revised by the Nuncio's cheerfulness, I enjoyed a cheerful dinner at Mr. Pitero's, whom Mr. Buller had brought to our quarters to see and invite me. The party was English, chiefly naval, with the exception of a young Russian, an élève of the Russian Embassy. The lady of the house was also a Russian, distinguished by her talent for the living languages, of which she spoke as correctly as the natives, Russian, English, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. We adjourned in the evening to the opera, the principal entertainment of which I could not appreciate. The orchestra seemed to me numerous and excellent, the singers indifferent, the dancing disgusting, from the excessive nudity of the females. The room was spacious, but not so well lighted as the English theatres.

"The next day, before I went to dinner, I visited the royal carriages and bazaar.

"At the Nuncio's I met, besides his family, consisting of five or six ecclesiastics, a bishop whose title I forget, and two laymen of learning and respectability, both Romans. The Nuncio's reception was gracious to an extreme; he cordially congratulated me upon having succeeded with his friend, Don Pedro, and assured me that my passport would be expedited without delay. At table he politely apologized to the Bishop for having placed me above him, by calling on his aid to honor his stranger guest in affliction. The conversation was very general and conducted by the few speakers with liberality and spirit, principally in Italian and French. It was an agreeable dinner, at the close of which, whilst taking coffee, the good Archbishop said to me: 'After the siesta, I shall devote the evening to my letters for you.'

"The next day I had an audience of the Court, in which I readily perceived the effect of the Nuncio's friendship and the Secretary's influence. His Lordship was gracious and almost affectionate, assuring me that he had communicated my story to the Minister and to his particular friends, with the hope of serving me, and wished me the most ample success. Don Pedro led us from this audience to his apartments, where a note was taken to fill up our passports, and though in the French interest, Don Pedro politely said, in referring to my frankness and courage in the explicit account of myself I had given to the Ambassador, that the English were all candour, but as that virtue was not so general in the Peninsula, he should forbear to excite curiosity by giving any addition to my name in the passport, in which I should be considered as in joint trust with Landecheery as bearer of the royal dispatches.

"From him we proceeded to the police office to visa our passports, and I accompanied Mr. Buller, by invitation, to the English Hotel. There was a select party of eight at Lord Slayford's table, where the conversation was gay and cheerful. His Lordship took occasion before we parted to propose a bumper of Burgundy to the success of my journey to Madrid, by which I found that the guests were acquainted with my errand, as they all cordially joined in the wish with expressions of a lively interest. We adjourned to the opera.

"The next day was spent in preparation for our journey. A coche de ordinales was engaged to put us down in seven days and a half for three hundred dollars. Mr. Buller dined with Landecheery and myself at our lodging. The next morning at six o'clock a messenger from the Nuncio delivered his packet with a polite and most friendly note. At eleven we embarked below the Exchange for Aldea Gallega.¹²

The rest of the story is soon told. Arrived at Madrid on the seventh day. Judge Powell lost no time in delivering the packets of correspondence to Mr. Murphy and presenting his letters to the Nuncio and the other personages of influence at the court. At the same time he prepared a petition to the King, which was duly placed in the hands of the Prime Minister on the 6th of June. On the 9th of June Mr. Murphy accompanied him to the levee of the Prince of the Peace, to whom he presented his letter from Lord Holland, together with a copy of his petition to the King. It was graciously received and the same evening a card was sent him stating that the Prince had just given orders for the release of his son. This was followed the next day by a formal message, conveying the royal decree for the unconditional release of the prisoner.

Thus the obscure justice from the very outpost of civilization was made the friend of princes and potentates; was received with cordiality by nobles and prelates; was assisted by the most powerful influences and was enabled in the end to gain his purpose. Congratulated on all hands by those who had taken an interest in his mission, he was not long in leaving the Spanish capital, making all haste possible to return to America. From Lisbon he sailed to England where he immediately got into communication with the Lords of the Admiralty, who were pleased to expedite an order to the Admiral at Jamaica to send down a war ship with the dispatches and to receive the released prisoner and give him a passage to England if desired.

Judge Powell himself sailed for New York and proceeded at once to Philadelphia where he informed the Spanish Ambassador of the result of his journey. The latter ordered a sloop to sail at once to Carthagena, in which young Powell embarked in due course and returned in health to the home of his family.

The subsequent career of the lucky youth, who had escaped by the skin of his teeth from a most precarious position, was unfortunately of the briefest duration. Shortly after his return to New York it is recorded that he became engaged to a Miss Eliza Bard, then but fifteen years of age. Their subsequent marriage was delayed by his receiving a lucrative appointment in the West Indies. He embarked from New York to visit the place of his future residence but never reached his destination. The ship on which he sailed was lost with all on board.

One little human touch alone remains. During the time he was incarcerated in the Spanish prison at Ormaiztegui, he employed his time in carving with his knife an elaborate set of chess men. These were presented to Miss Bard on their engagement and were preserved by her until the day of her death in 1840. Then by a series of singularly fortuitous circumstances, they were conveyed to Jeremiah's mother, the widow of the Chief Justice, then residing in Toronto, in her eighty-fifth year.

The Strategy of Hezekiah John

The Strategy of Hezekiah John is written by a woman. No man could write such a story. It requires the finer and more sensitive hand of a woman,—and the heart and head as well. It is a story of children and presents a phase of child life as interesting as it is charming.

By Clara Odell Lyon

IN the matter of nomenclature, Mrs. Gibbs was strictly just. "The first boy named after your father and mine, John; the first girl, after your mother and mine—a name from each family," she had said to her husband. So when the initial baby made his appearance the naming of her was quickly accomplished. The same impartiality was shown with the two succeeding daughters, Mrs. Gibbs being not at all disturbed by the strange combinations resulting from sentimentalism on the one side and religion on the other. She liked to do things easily, and what method could be simpler than the one she had chosen? Why, she had known some people worry a full six months over finding a suitable name for a child—as if it mattered! She shortened Pearl Hepzibar, Cordelia Mary, and Arebusa Ruth to Leppy, Corney, and Thusee—reserving the long names for greater force in maternal speakings-to—and was satisfied.

When the longed-for boy arrived, however, Mrs. Gibbs decided that he must bear the full weight of his name, Hezekiah John, and even in his earliest infancy she never spoke to him in any other way.

Not so Leppy, the ten-year-old sister. She crooned pet-names in his ear when she rocked him to sleep; she turned a threatening twist of rosy lip into a smile with her terms of endearment, and lavished on the baby love-words without stint. Perhaps that is why, at six months, Hezekiah John's little fists went out at sight of Leppy, and his bobbing head could find no comfortable

place to cuddle for a nap save in the small crook of Leppy's arm.

He was a satisfactory baby—most tractable. At Leppy's request he never refused to "put-a-cake," or "show-how-big-you-are," or point with his dumpling finger to his dah of a nose. And his readiness to perform these infantile accomplishments, as well as his bright blue eyes, round cheeks of delicious pink and white, and his curly fuzz of golden hair, made him beyond a doubt the show-baby of the tenement.

Leppy's pride in him was without measure. So sure was she of his undisputed first place, that she could and did, when occasion offered, praise the small charges of her friends.

"Nice thick hair, Willy's got," she would remark condescendingly to Mamie Wibben, knowing full well that straight, heavy black locks on a nine-months' child offer no comparison to rings of gold.

Or to Maggie Martin of the great infant struggling in her arms, "Ain't he strong, though!" To which Maggie, who found small matter of pride or comfort in the wriggling twenty pounds, would reply:

"Ain't he! He'll be walking soon, and I'll be glad. He can stand alone now by a chair."

Next to Hezekiah John in Leppy's affections came Miss Adams, the teacher of the fourth grade. She stood to the little girl for all that was lovely and good in womanhood.

"When I grow up I'm going to be just like Miss Adams," she often told herself, and even at eleven she began

to copy her in matters of dress, showing one day a very stubborn preference, as her mother thought, for a piece of blue serge over the bright plaid selected for her. But when first she wore the sober dress, Leppy was raised to a delirium of delight to have Miss Adams remark:

"You look like my little sister today."

Being a sympathetic teacher, Miss Adams knew much about Hezekiah John. From September, when he was but four months old, all through the school year, she learned of his advancement in the arts of babyhood. New teeth, his successful wrestlings with colic and croupy colds, his first "lul, lul,"—advertisements for Leppy, without a doubt—were all promptly reported to her for congratulation. She knew, too, of the comparative slowness of the other tenement babies, and how "the heavy lump of a Martin infant" had not a single endearing trick to commend him. Yes, Miss Adams heard and was interested, and after some particularly good bit of news would say, "I must come to see that baby some day." Then Leppy would float off in a cloud of happiness, from which she could see, as in a dream, a rosy gold-ringed cherub, doing wonderful feats before a wondering and admiring teacher, while about stood the other small nurses with their respective charges, who would of course receive some attention—Miss Adams not being given to hurting any one's feelings—but—

One Friday afternoon, as the children were passing out, Miss Adams laid a detaining hand on Leppy's shoulder, sending thereby shivers of delight through the child's small frame.

"Leppy dear, will you and the baby be at home a week from to-morrow? I think perhaps I will come to see you and some of the other little girls in your house."

"Oh, yes'm, we'll be home," answered Leppy, her eager, flushed face showing Miss Adams how welcome she would be.

"I want to see Hezekiah John, you know. I haven't heard anything of that

wonderful baby for quite a while. I suppose he's walking, too. Maggie's baby took several steps yesterday, she told me. Aren't they cunning when they first learn to toddle?" went on Miss Adams innocently.

"Yes'm," stammered the child again.

"Well, good-by, dear," smiled the teacher. And Leppy went off, her joy drowned in the fierce waves of jealousy that surged through her. Hezekiah John could not take a step—not a step—and that Martin baby—that—that dumb, stupid, lump baby that never could do a thing—was walking! And Miss Adams had said they looked so cunning when they toddled. A great determination seized her. Before the week was out Hezekiah John should learn to toddle.

It was a hard week for the baby. To begin with, his sister developed a surprising firmness and a remarkable inconsistency of behavior. It commenced when she stood him by a chair, and after he had with considerable difficulty acquired a comfortable balance, so that he could amuse himself with the cord of the cushion, she immediately pushed the chair a little, so that the balancing had to be done all over again. And this she repeated at frequent intervals the whole of one day, paying no attention to the many beseeching looks he sent her. His legs were tired, oh, so tired, when night came, but he was glad, thinking of the next day, that the balancing was becoming less difficult.

But the next day brought new trials. Leppy stood him alone in a corner. And when he remained there, sweet and obedient, she frowned. If he slid to the floor, he was immediately jerked—yes, jerked—up again. If he made ready to cry at this unkind treatment on the part of his Leppy, she would show that her love for him was still unchanged, by producing a cracker or a lump of sugar.

Once he was so tired he could endure it no longer, especially with his sister and a peppermint stick a few feet away. He tried to come out of the corner where Leppy seemed determined to keep

him, and took a step in her direction—when, to his surprise, she seized him and covered him with kisses, as though she was glad to have him in her arms again. Very foolish of her, when all she had to do was to pick him up and be happy.

After various experiments, Hezekiah John found out that leaving the corner, not by sliding to the floor and creeping out, but by making a lunge in the direction of his sister, was invariably rewarded; and matters then became considerably easier for both of them. For, as stated before, Hezekiah was a tractable baby, and, when he found that Leppy preferred three or four steps to two, before he tumbled, he tried to do as she desired, and even succeeded in a few days' time in taking five.

Miss Adams's sense of self-importance, if she had any, would have been much gratified, could she have known of Leppy's preparations for her coming. Mrs. Gibbs had a business engagement which took her from home every Saturday, so her oldest daughter was left in charge, and from early morning till noon Leppy cleaned — the floor, the windows, the little girls, and herself. The baby's scrubbing was left to the last minute; and just as the clock struck two—Miss Adams having thoughtfully set an exact time for her visit at quarter past—Leppy thrust Hezekiah John's fat arms through the sleeves of his best white dress, and his fat feet into a pair of new shoes, which were her crowning achievement, the purchase of which had required the greatest diplomacy on her part. Then, with the baby held tight in her arms, she took her place at the window to watch for teacher's coming.

Scarcely less excited were the little sisters, who hardly waited to announce, "Here she comes!" before they were off and down the stairs, that they might lose as little as possible of the happenings of the day. As Miss Adams made her ascent from apartment to apartment, they made flying and breathless trips to report their observations to the waiting Leppy.

Mrs. Ellerboet had on her new dress. Willy Martin was wearing Freda's lock-

et, but his dress wasn't near so nice as Hezekiah John's. Teacher had a thing to take pictures with—yes, and an umbrella with a silver handle. The Martin baby walked all the way from the table to the door to meet the teacher—and she kissed him.

Leppy listened with complacency. And indeed Hezekiah John fully justified his sister's faith in him. He was a model of infantile behavior, and Miss Adams was fervent in his praise, warming Leppy's heart to the very core. "And now let me see him walk. Or no, can't we take him up on the roof? I want to take his picture, and must have strong sunlight."

Miss Adams picked up the heavy baby, who settled down contentedly in her arms, and followed the guidance of the three little girls to the broad flat roof of the tenement. Here Hezekiah John was put down in a sort of corner in an irregularly built chimney.

"I must take a picture of him walking," said Miss Adams. "He has done everything else—and now for his latest accomplishment."

It was a great moment. The baby poised, ready, against the chimney; Leppy, expectant, a few feet away to the right; Miss Adams, all attention, to the left.

Leppy held out her arms invitingly. "Come, honey-bun," she enticed. "Come to your Leppy." Honey-bun smiled and wriggled his little body on his turned-in toes.

"Oh, wait till I fix his feet," and Leppy sprang to correct this defect in arrangement. The small squares of patent leather were turned duly out, as offering a better balance to a diminutive person of instability, and Leppy crawled hopefully back to her former position.

"Come, sweetest, come get the candy sister's got." But neither the sardonic appellation nor the sardonic offering moved Hezekiah John.

Miss Adams parried her entreaties, too, but all were unavailing.

Well did Hezekiah John know what was expected of him; but he knew, too, the impossibility of success. It was a strange world! Why, if Leppy wanted

him to walk—why had she put stiff new shoes on his feet, when everyone knows that walking is the hardest thing a baby has to do? Better no attempt than an ignominious failure.

Now Hezekiah John had one accomplishment of which Leppy had never taken much account. A packer of lips with the lower thrust out, and a sudden wrinkling of his face meant tears, and tears argued unhappiness. But, nevertheless, there never was a baby who could send out a curl of rosy lip with a whimper so deliciously as Hezekiah John.

It was all that remained to him to do, and he would do it as best he could. The only way to end the torture was to cry. The rough chimney walls were giving way beneath his outspread palms; the smooth floor beneath his clippery shoes. He raised one patent-leathered foot in protest, a curve of dewy red shelled out, and Hezekiah John's face puckered in an adorable whimper. Then he sat down very suddenly, and gave vent to an expression of grief and abused babyhood.

But not before Miss Adams had seized her black box and snapped it at him; not before Leppy, her heart bursting with wounded pride, broke down and cried. Then, to her amazement, she heard her teacher's voice, laughing in delight, and Hezekiah John's answer—

ing gurgle. Truly, it is a strange world! Leppy thought so. The same thing, too, had sometimes occurred to Miss Adams.

"Oh, Leppy, this adorable baby! You didn't see him, did you? Never was anything so utterly dear. I got his picture, Leppy. I'm going to use it for the article I'm writing. In a magazine, you know—his picture in a magazine."

Miss Adams was in an abandonment of joy. She was sitting on the roof, hugging and jumping the gurgling baby, who crowed and kicked his feet, now liberated from the offending shoe.

"They hurt him so, the darling, no wonder he couldn't walk. Here, dear, he wants you."

She balanced Hezekiah John on his crumpled cotton feet, and the baby without more ado took two steps and fell in Leppy's lap—a lesser triumph swallowed up in the greater.

Hezekiah John that night was rocked to sleep by a happy Leppy.

"Just think, lovey dear, to be in a book some day — your picture in a book!"

Hezekiah John gazed into his sister's face with knowing eyes; a knowing smile was on his baby lips.

"Oh, honey-bun," exclaimed Leppy in sudden enlightenment, "I believe, I do believe, you did it all on purpose."

The Message of the Dew-Drop

Why art thou sad? I heard the dew-drop say.
Why is thy spirit weary at the break of day?
Seest thou not the sun? In glory doth he rise,
To me he bringeth death, but life to all besides.
Should I then lament, my feeble hours repine?
Ah no, my loss is gain if still through me he shine.

Well spoken little dew-drop, the answer now is plain.
What others reap in blessing, we often sow in pain.
Let me too be unselfish, in shelter I'll not stay,
If my poor transient comfort keep others from the day.

—W. J. Holliday.

The Age of The Business Man

Elbert Hubbard, the writer and lecturer, and Editor of the *Pra and Palestine*, has joined the staff of MacLean's as a regular contributor. Each month he will write an article specially for this magazine, probably along business lines. The opening contribution on the "Age of the Business Man," is presented herewith.

By Elbert Hubbard

THE Honorable Mark Anthony made a little speech at the funeral of the late Julius Caesar, wherein he paid a great compliment to his subject.

Among other pleasant things reported by the press, Mr. Anthony said, "He brought many captives home to Rome whose ransoms did the general coffers fill."

Julius Caesar knew only one way to make money, and that was to hold somebody up. He knew how to use the taxing power of the State, and if the parties taxed did not respond he knew how to go after them and collect the amount due.

He fined one concern in Gaul twenty-nine million sesterces, and collected it on a body attachment, vulgarly called kidnapping. Julius Caesar was a lawyer, and, as a rule, a lawyer knows only one way to make money—and that is to get yours.

The business man of to-day is a creator, a builder and an economist. He who thinks otherwise is a Marxian Socialist and a small-bore petty diplomat.

The only way to make money is to render a service for humanity: to supply something that people want, and to carry things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed.

He who confers the greatest service at the least expense is the man whom we will crown with honor and clothe with riches.

Any other policy is running on its rim on the high clutch, headed for the cliff.

We live in an age of business. Economics is fast becoming a science.

There is only one sin, and that is waste.

And disease and misuse are both forms of waste.

The best brains of the world are at work now endeavoring to eliminate lost motion and take up the economic slack.

The men who are making the biggest fortunes are making their money out of by-products.

That is to say, the thing that was once thrown away and discarded is now being coined into cash.

Half of the population in America are engaged in farming. Farming is a primal need, because we get our food out of the soil. Next to food, love is the chief requisite, and no man is loving, lovely or lovable who is on half-rations.

Richard Cobden put this concisely when he said: "The ratio of marriages keeps pace with the price of corn." Only well-fed people are capable of love, and a corn-fed product is always prosperous. Next to farming in importance comes transportation, because a thing has to be at a certain place at a certain time in order to possess value. The railroads bridge time and annihilate space.

The third most important thing in the world is manufacturing, which is taking raw products and combining them into forms of use and beauty.

The fourth most important thing is distribution. Our great cities are centres where vast warehouses are located, and these warehouses gather together the products of the farm, the factory, the mine and the sea, and distribute them to the millions who need them.

The fifth most important thing in the world is banking. The banker is one who takes the savings of the people and loans out again a certain per cent. of these savings to the people who can use money to make more money. Statistics show that, with a fair capital to start on, the banker can safely loan out 85 per cent. of his deposits, and at all times stand ready to meet the checks of his customers.

Banking is a great move in economics, as it keeps money active instead of allowing it to be stored away in the ginger jar and in the unsafe and unsanitary clock, where the mice and cockroaches do congregate and thieves break through and steal you to a standstill.

The sixth most important thing in the world is advertising, and advertising is telling who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer, and such a person is a dead one—whether he knows it or not. For him, Chiron's mud-scow is grating on the sands, and the boom of the surf can be heard just beyond the harbor-bar.

Held Up

This little story, "Held Up," is from the pen of one of the most popular of American short-story writers—a writer whose work appears frequently in the leading publications. The entire action centres around a wedding present—a substantial check—but the honor and happiness of two families are involved, to say nothing of the contrasting parties of the marriage. The unusual way in which the crisis is met provides ample scope for a tale both clever and romantic.

By Thomas L. Masson

KOYTE, engaged to the richest girl in the town, was supremely happy.

Not necessarily because she was rich, but because he loved her. They were to be married to-morrow.

For several weeks before a man is actually married—especially when he is marrying a very popular girl—he is more or less of a nonentity. But upon this eve of the ceremony there had come a lull. Everything had been arranged; everybody was waiting; and she had telephoned him to come up and see her and to have, as she expressed it, "a quiet half-hour all to themselves."

She came into the room almost breathlessly a moment after Koyle himself had entered in obedience to her summons.

"Isn't it grand, Jack?" she said. "Just look at what Papa has given us for a wedding present!"

She showed him a check on a leading bank for fifty thousand dollars made out to her order.

Jack Koyle was himself by no means a poor man, his father having long held a very comfortable berth in one of the largest trust companies; but he staggered a little at the sight of the check.

"That's splendid, Margy!" he exclaimed. "The governor has always been good to you, hasn't he? But then, we really didn't need it. You know," he added proudly, "I can always support you, although possibly I may not have so much—"

She put the check over his lips.

"Don't say another word, Jack," she said. "It's all right. We'll take this money and put it away for a rainy day. You had better take it yourself. Here."

She ran over to the desk and wrote her name on the back and handed it to him.

"You take it," she said, "and put it in the bank. I don't know anything about those things; and you had better have charge of it for the present."

Jack Koyle hesitated. He felt diffident about accepting the responsibility. She saw his embarrassment and anticipated it.

"Don't worry," she said. "I will ask you for it again; but I'm so excited about this whole affair that I don't want to think about that just now. I've had an awful time with the bridesmaids. You know the colors didn't match, and at the last moment—"

Koyle stopped her with a kiss. For him there was more important business than the details of a wedding ceremony, which he regarded from his man's point of view as being entirely superfluous, any way. Besides, his time was short.

An hour later he walked up the steps of his own home. Everything was quiet inside. He went upstairs to his room for a moment, and then came down again. He heard voices in the library. He recognized them. He entered.

His father and his mother were sit-

ting together somewhat closer than usual, and talking in low voices. Jack, absorbed in his own happiness, didn't notice anything unusual. He didn't see that his father's head was slightly bent.

"Well, what do you think?" he exclaimed. "Maybe Margy's governor hasn't done the handsome thing! By Jove, I can't get over it! Of course I know he would give Margy a nice present; but just look at this!"

He threw the check down on the table.

His father turned his head quickly and his eye fastened on the check. Then he looked at Jack, who for the first time suddenly realized that something had happened.

"What's up?"

Jack's mother spoke.

"Something terrible," she said quietly. "You had better tell him, Arthur," she said, as she turned to her husband.

Jack looked at them wonderingly. He had never seen such a look upon his father's face.

"I am ruined," said the old man.

"Ruined?"

"Yes. And that isn't the worst of it either. I've disgraced you all."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I got involved in a deal the other day. It was a put-up job. I can see it now that it is over. At any rate, I used some of the bank's funds, and I couldn't make good. To-morrow morning they are bound to discover it, and it will be all over."

"Is it true?" asked Jack, looking at his mother.

"Yes. Your father tried to keep it from me when he came home, but —"

"I couldn't," said the old man.

He went on, slowly telling the details of the transaction. Jack listened mechanically. He was so paralyzed with the news that he hadn't recovered his faculties. But when his father had finished, he said:

"Does any one know about this?"

"Not a living soul except you and your mother."

"But don't some of the directors sus-

pect it? Isn't Margy's father on the board?"

"Yes; but it would be impossible for anybody to know about it, as the loss isn't even suspected. But to-morrow afternoon the papers will contain everything. I can see the headlines now."

So could Jack.

There was a silence.

The old gentleman nervously moved his hands back and forth and twitched his chair. His eyes wandered. Suddenly they went down on the check that Jack had placed upon the table. It was upside down. He saw an endorsement. He straightened up a little and looked at his son.

"Did she endorse that check to you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What's the amount?"

"Fifty thousand."

There was another silence.

The great ornate clock over the mantel ticked solemnly.

At last Jack spoke.

"How much would pull you out of this hole, Dad?" he asked.

"Fifty thousand."

The old man turned and looked at him steadily for half a minute. Only for an instant did his gaze relax, when it rested rather furiously upon the face of his wife. Then he said:

"I don't suppose you could get married, Jack, after this thing comes out. You see, we can't keep it longer than to-morrow morning, when the exchange opens. If you thought of that?"

"Yes."

Jack looked at his mother.

She got up.

Jack had seen the same look upon her face when, during his boyhood, she had had occasion to punish him; or when she had discharged some servant.

"Well, it's a good thing I was here!" she said sharply. "I declare, if you men are not all alike you haven't got any more courage than a couple of scarecrows. Why, I actually believe that you would have done it!"

Her husband looked at her, his hand trembling slightly as it lay on the arm

of the chair. His aristocratic old face began to show reproach.

"Now, Mary," he protested feebly, "you know perfectly well that I had no such thought."

"Nonsense! You don't suppose I have lived with you all these years without knowing you. You always did have a weak spot in you, any way. Now, you would have taken that check and used the money and saved yourself. But you, Jack—"

She held up her finger at her son. "I had expected better things of you. You would have let your father use that money and help him out as you could get married to-morrow."

Jack's blood began to mount to his face. He had a strain of his mother's temper.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "you have no right to say a thing like that! Of course, I shouldn't have done anything of the sort! Absurd! Preposterous!"

His mother went to him and put her arms about him.

"Do you suppose, my boy," she said, "that I don't know what you are? Haven't I been fighting that particular thing in you all your life? Oh my! but I'm glad I caught your father when he came home to-night and got it out of him! If you two had met without me—well—"

"But what do you expect me to do?" said Jack defiantly.

She took up the check, folded it carefully, and handed it back to him.

"You go right back to Margy, return this check to her, and tell her the truth. Then if she wants to marry you—"

Their eyes met.

Jack took the check and sidled out

of the door. He went down the steps to the corner, got a taxi cab, and in fifteen minutes was ringing the door-bell at Margy's house. It was nearly midnight, and he had to wait. But at last she came—an animated interrogation point.

"What is the matter?" she said. "I came to bring you back this check. My father is mixed up in a financial transaction, and the whole thing will be disclosed to-morrow. We shall unquestionably be disgraced, and I've come to explain the whole thing to you so that you won't have to marry me. I simply had to do it to-night."

In reply, Margy went up to him and put her arms about his neck.

"You silly old thing!" she said. "Don't you suppose we knew all about that? Father found it out. That's the reason he gave me the check and told me to turn it over to you. You see, he's one of the directors, and he realizes that it wasn't your father's fault; but of course he had to save him at this critical moment."

Jack straightened himself up. The same look of reproach came over his face that his father had displayed a short time before toward his mother. His voice rang stern.

"You don't think there are any circumstances under which I would accept that check, do you?" he said. "I would die first! How can you think such a thing?"

Margy laughed.

"Well, of course I knew you wouldn't," she replied, "because I have such faith in you; but, to save my life, Jack, I couldn't tell you the truth! I was just dying to see how you would really act under such circumstances."

OUR NEW SERIAL

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

IX—(Continued)

Sheep as black as the gristone on the Peakshire hills were feeding there, scattered all about us—lower down an old white-haired shepherd was trying to collect them; his dog, one of the shaggy, long-haired, black-and-white English breed that drives and guards sheep, seemed not to know its business. Bertham spoke of that; and the shepherd explained in his petois that the dog was not his, but had been borrowed of a neighbor—a misfortune had happened to his own. It had got the worst in a desperate fight with another dog, a combat a outrance, fought perhaps in defence of its master's sheep; it was injured past cure; he thought he would fetch up a cord later, from the farm whose thatched roofs we could see down in the valley below, and put the unlucky creature out of its pain. We thought we might be able to do something to prevent that execution, so Bertham and I went to the shed, an affair of hurdles and poles and bunches of heather, such as our Breton shepherds of Finistere and the Cotes du Nord build to shelter them from the weather. . . .

"The dog was lying in a pool of blood on the beaten earth floor. A shoulder and the throat were terribly mangled, a fore-leg had been bitten through; one would have said the creature had been worried by a wolf rather than a dog of its own breed. And she was sitting on the ground beside it, holding its bloody head in her lap."

De Moulney's eyes blinked as though the Director's blazing beds of gilliflowers and calceolarias, geraniums and mignonette, had dazed them. Hector asked, with awakening interest in a story which had not at first promised much:

"Who was she?"

De Moulney stuck his chin out, and stated in his didactic way:

"She was the type of *jeune personne* of whom my grandmother would have approved."

"A young girl!" grumbled Hector, who at this period esteemed the full-blown pouty of womanhood above the opening rosette. He shrugged one shoulder so contemptuously that de Moulney was nettled.

"One might say to you, 'There are young girls and young girls.'"

"This one was charming, then?" Hector's waning interest began to burn up again.

"Certainly, not Fur," said de Moulney authoritatively, "to be charming you must desire to charm. This young girl was innocent of any thought of coquetry. And—if you ask me whether she was beautiful, I should give you again the negative. Beauty—the beauty of luxuriant hair, pale, silken brown, flowing as a young girl's should, loosely upon shoulders rather meagre; the beauty of an exquisite skin, fresh, clear, burned like a nectarine on the oval cheeks where the sun had touched it; beauty of eyes, those English eyes of blue-grey, more lustrous than brilliant,



banded about the irises with velvety black, widely opened, thickly lashed—these she possessed, with features much too large for beauty, with a form too undeveloped even to promise grace. But the quality or force that marked her out, distinguished her from others of her age and sex, I have no name for that!"

"No?" Hector, not in the least interested, tried to look so, and apparently succeeded. De Moulin went on:

"No!—nor would you. Suppose you had met the Venerable Jeanne d'Arc in her peasant kirtle, driving her sheep or cows to pasture in the fields about Domremy in the days before her Voices spoke and said: 'Thou, Maid, art destined to deliver France!' Or—what if you had seen the Virgins of the Temple at Jerusalem pass singing on their way to the tribute surrounded with telescopes, where while the Morning Sacrifice burned upon the golden Altar to the fanfare of the silver trumpets, they besought God Almighty, together with all Israel, for the speedy coming of the Saviour of mankind. . . . Would not One among them, draped in her simple robe of hyacinth blue, covered with the white, plainly-girdled tunic, a veil of Syrian gauze upon her golden hair, have brought you the conviction that She, above all women you had ever seen, was destined, marked out, set apart, created to serve a peculiar purpose of her Creator, stamped with His stamp?"

The hard blue eyes, burning now, encountered Hector's astonished gaze, and their owner barked out: "What are you opening your mouth so wide about?"

Hector blurted out:

"Why—what for? Because you said that a raw English girl nursing a dying sheep-dog on a mountain in Peakshire reminded you of the Maid of Orleans and Our Blessed Lady!"

"And if I did?"

"But was she not English?"

"A Protestant? . . . a heretic?"

"Many of the Saints were heretics—until Our Lord called them," said de

Moulin, with that fanatical spark burning in his blue eyes. "But He had chosen them before He called. They bore the seal of His choice."

"Perhaps you are right. No doubt you know best. It is you who are to be —" Hector broke off.

"You were going to finish: 'It is you who are to be a priest, not me! . . .'" de Moulin said, with the veins in his heavy forehead swelling, and a twitching muscle jerking down his posting underlip.

"I forget what I was going to say," declared Hector mendaciously, and piled Ossu upon Pelion by begging de Moulin to go on with his story. "It interested hugely," he said, even as he struggled to repress the threatening yawn.

"What is there to tell?" grumbled de Moulin ungraciously. "She was there, that is all—with the dog that had been hurt. A pony she had ridden was grazing at the back of the shed, its bridle tied to the pommel of the saddle. Bertham approached her and saluted her; he knew her, it seems, and presented me. She spoke only of the dog—looked at nothing but the dog! She could not bear to leave it, in case it should be put to death by the master it could serve no more. . . ."

Hector interrupted, for de Moulin's voice had begun to sound as though he were talking in his sleep:

"Tell me her name."

"Her name is Ada Mertling."

Even on de Moulin's French tongue the name was full of music; it came to Hector's ear like the sudden sweet gurgling thrill that makes the idler straying beneath low-hanging, green hazel-branches upon a June morning in an English wood or lane, look up and catch a glimpse of the golden bill and the gleaming, black-plumaged head, before their owner, with a defiant "tuck-tuck!" takes wing, with curious slanting flight. The boy had a picture of the blackbird, not of the girl, in his mind, as de Moulin went on:

"True, the dog seemed at the last gasp, but if it were possible to stop the

bleeding, she said, there might be a chance, you know? It had occurred to her that cold-water applications might check the flow of blood. 'We will try, and see, Mademoiselle,' said I."

De Moulin's tone was one of fatuous self-satisfaction.

"A rusty tin saucepan is lying in a corner of the shed. This I fill with water from a little spring that trickles down the cliff behind us. We contribute handkerchiefs. Bertham and I hold the dog while she bathes the torn throat and shoulder, and bandages them. Remains the swollen leg. It occurs to me that fomentations of hot water might be of use there; I mention this idea. 'Good! good!' she cries, 'we will make a fire and heat some.' She sets to collecting the dry leaves and sticks that are scattered in a corner. Bertham makes a pile of these, and attempts to kindle it with fuses." A smile of ineffable conceit curved de Moulin's flabby pale cheeks and quirked the corners of his posting lips. "He burns matches and he loses his temper: there is no other result. Then I stepped forward, bowed. . . . 'Permit me, Mademoiselle, to show you how we arrange these things in my country.'" De Moulin's tone was so infinitely arrogant, his humility so evidently masked the extreme of bumpiness, that Hector wondered how the athletic Bertham endured it without knocking him down?

"So I hollow a fireplace in the floor, with a pocket-knife and a piece of slate, devise a fire at each corner, light the fire—which burns, one can conceive, to a marvel. . . . She has meanwhile refilled the rusty saucepan at the little spring; she sets it on, the water boils, when it occurs to us that we have no more handkerchiefs. But the shepherd's linen blouse hangs behind the shed-door; at her bidding we tear that into strips. . . . All is done that can be done; we bid Mademoiselle Mertling go to rest. She will ride home presently when her patient is a little easier, she says. We volunteer to remain; she declines to allow us. She thanks us for

our aid in a voice that has the clear ring of crystal—I can in no other way describe it! When I take my leave, I desire to kiss her hand. She permits me very graciously; she speaks French, too, with elegance, as she asks; where I learned to make a fireplace so cleverly?

"We are taught these things," I say to her, 'at the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction, in my Paris. For we do not think one qualified for being an officer, Mademoiselle, until he has learned all the things that a private should know.' Then it was that Bertham made that celebrated *coq-à-l'âne* about its being bad form to do servant's work well. You should have seen the look she gave him. *Sapristi!*—with a surprise in it that cut to the quick. She replies: 'Servants should respect and look up to us, and not despise us; and how can they look up to us if we show ourselves less capable than they? When I am older I mean to have a great house full of sick people to comfort and care for and nurse. And everything that has to be done for them I will learn to do with my own hands.' My sister Viviette would have said: 'When I grow up I shall have a *rivière* of pearls as big as pigeons' eggs.' Or 'I shall drive on the boulevards and in the Bois in an ivory-panelled baroque.' Then I ask a stupid question. 'Is it that you are to be a Sister of Charity, Mademoiselle?' She answers, with a look of surprise: 'Can no one but a nun care for the sick?' I return: 'In France, Mademoiselle, our sick-nurses are these holy women. They are welcome everywhere: in private houses and in public hospitals, in time of peace, and in the time of war you will find them in the camp and on the battlefield. Your first patient is a soldier wounded in war.' I say to her, pointing to the dog, 'Perhaps it is an augury of the future?'

"War is a terrible thing," she answers me, and grows pale, and her great eyes are fixed as though they look upon a corpse-strewn battlefield. 'I hope with all my heart that I may never see it!' But a nurse must become inured

to ugly and horrible sights, Mademoiselle." I remind her. She replies: 'I shall find courage to endure them when I become a nurse.' Then Bertham blurs out in his brusque way: 'But you never will! Your people would not allow it. Wait and see if I am not right?' She returns to him, with a smile, half child's, half woman's, guileless and subtle at the same time, if you can understand that? 'We will wait—and you will see.'"

De Moulin's whisper had dwindled to a mere thread of sound. He had long forgotten Hector, secretly pining for the end of a story that appeared to him as profoundly dull as interminably long; and, oblivious of the other's martyrdom, talked only to himself.

"We will wait and you will see. . . . You have the courage of your convictions, Mademoiselle," I tell her, "and courage always succeeds." She says in that crystal voice: "When things, stones or other obstacles, are piled up in front of you to prevent your getting through a gap in the dyke, you don't push because you might topple them all over, and kill somebody on the other side; and you don't pull because you might bring them all down on your own head. You lift the stones away, one at a time; and by-and-by you see light through a little hole. . . . and then the hole gets bigger, and there is more and more light." . . . There I interpose. . . . "But if the stones to be moved are too big for such little hands, Mademoiselle?" And she answers, looking at them gravely: "My hands are not little. And if they were, there would always be men to lift the things that are too heavy, and do the things that are too hard."

"Men or boys, Mademoiselle?" I question. Then she gives me her hand once more. "Thank you, M. de Moulin. I will not forget it was you who built the fireplace, and helped to hold the dog." And Bertham was so jealous that he would not speak to me during the whole ride home."

Upon that note of exultation the story ended. To Hector the recital had

been of unmitigated dullness. Nothing but his loyalty to de Moulin had kept him from wriggling on his chair; had checked the yawns that had threatened to unhinge his youthful jaws. Now he was guilty of an offence beside which yawning would have been pardonable. He opened his black eyes in a stare of youthful, inextinguishable curiosity, and called out in his shrill young pipe:

"Jesous, do you say? Why was he in love with her as well as you?"

De Moulin's muscles jerked. He almost sat up in bed. A moment he remained glaring over the basket, speechless and livid with rage. Then he cried out furiously:

"Go away! Leave me! Go!—do you hear?"

And as Hector rose in dismay and stood blankly gazing at the convulsed and tragic face, de Moulin plucked the pillow from behind his head, and hurled that missile of low comedy at the cruel eyes that stung, and fell back upon the bolster with a cry of pain that froze the luckless blunderer to the marrow. Hector fled then, as Sister Edouard Antoine, summoned from her colloquy in the passage by the sound, came hurrying back to the bedside. Looking back as he plunged through the narrow, black swing-doors—doors very much like two coffin-lids on hinges, set up side by side, he saw the Sister bending over the long heaving body on the bed, solitudes painted on the mild face framed in the starched-white linen coif; and heard de Moulin's muffled sobbing, mingled with her soft, consoling tones.

Why should de Moulin shed tears? Did he really hate the idea of being a priest? And if so, would he be likely to love his friend Dunois, who had, with a broken foil, pointed out the way that ended in the seminary, the cusscock and the tonsure?

The savage, livid, leathing face rose up before Hector's mental vision—the furious cry that had issued from the twisted lips: "Go! Leave me! Go!—do you hear?" still rang in the boy's

ears. The look, the cry, were full of hate. Yet Alain had, but a moment before, solemnly sworn to be his friend. . . . When we are very young we believe such oaths unbreakable.

Came Péleborde, and thrust a warty hand under Redskin's elbow, as he stood frowning and pondering still, on the wide shallow doorstep of the Infirmary portico, brick-and-plaster Corinthian, elegant and chaste. . . .

"*Hi bien, mon ami; nous voilà reconciliés!* A visit of sympathy, *hein?* It is quite proper! absolutely in rule. . . . But"—Péleborde's little yellow eyes twinkled and glittered in his round brown face like a pair of highly polished brass buttons, his snub nose cocked itself with an air of infinite

knowingness, his ballet head of cropped black hair sparked intelligence from every bristle—"but—all the same, to call a spade a spade, *sais-je?* the trick that did the job for de Moulin is a dirty one. As an expert, I told you of it. As a gentleman, *voilà*—I hardly expected you to use it!"

"A trick. . . . Use it!" Hector stammered, and his round horrified stare would have added to de Moulin's offence. "You don't mean—you cannot believe that I—?" He choked over the words.

Péleborde chuckled comfortably, thrusting his warty hands deep into the pockets of his baggy red serge breeches.

"Why, just as he lunged after his feint, didn't you—*hein?* Plump!—in the net to riposte, and cleverly maneuvered, too. Suppose he believes it a pure accident. I am not the fellow to tell tales. . . . Honor"—Péleborde extracted one of the warty hands on purpose to lay it upon his heart—"honor forbids. Now we're on the subject of honor, I have positively pledged mine to pay Mère Cornu a trifling sum I owe her—a mere matter of eight francs—could you lend them until my uncle—hang the old skinnamokin!—forks out with my allowance that is due?"

"I will lend you the money," said Hector, wiping the sticky drops from

his wet forehead. "But—I swear to you that was an accident—I slipped on a slug!" he added passionately.

He had not had the heart to spend a franc of his own monthly allowance of two louis. He pulled the cash out of his pocket now; a handful of silver pieces, with one treasured napoleon shining amongst them, and was picking out the eight francs from the bulk, when, with a pang, the harried memory of his oath drove home. Perhaps these coins were some infinitesimal part of that accursed dowry. . . .

"Take it all!—keep it! I do not want it back!" he stammered hurriedly, and thrust the wealthy handful upon greedy Péleborde so recklessly that the napoleon and several big silver coins escaped that worthy's warty clutches, and dropped, ringing and rolling and spinning, making a temporary Tom Tiddler's ground of the Junior's parade.

"*Paid not to split! Superlipopette!* . . . Then there was no slug! He meant to do the thing!"

Honest Péleborde, pausing even in the congenial task of picking up gold and silver, straightened his back to stare hard after the Redskin's retreating figure, and whistle with indrawn breath, through a gap in his front teeth: "*Phe-u!*"

Those little yellow eyes of the dentist's nephew were sharp. The brain behind them, though shallow, worked excellently in the interests of Péleborde. It occurred to him that when next Madame Cornu should clamor for the discharge of her bill for sweetstuff and poetry, the little affair of the trick fall might advantageously be mentioned again.

X

Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules, cadet of the illustrious and ducal house of de Moulin, recovered of his wound, much to the gratification of his noble family, more by grace of a second constitution and the faithful nursing of the Infirmary Sisters than by skill of the surgeons, who knew appallingly little in those

days of the treatment of internal wounds. He left the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction to travel abroad under the grandmasterful care of the Duchesse, for what the Chief Director gracefully termed the "reconstitution of his health." Later he was reported to have entered as a student at the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. It was vain to ask Redskin whether this was true. You got no information out of the fellow. He had turned sulky, the pupils said, since the affair of the duel, which invested him in the eyes even of the great boys of the Senior Corps, to which he was shortly afterwards promoted, with a luridly-dimmed halo of distinction.

No nobody save Hector was aware that after the first short, stiff letter or two Alain had ceased to write. In silence the Redskin buckled his pride. Hitherto he had not permitted his love of study to interfere with the more serious business of amusement. Now he applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge with a dogged, savage concentration his Professors had never remarked in him before. Attending one of the stately half-yearly School receptions, arrayed in all the obsolete but imposing splendours of his gold-encrusted, spangled, frogged, high-stocked uniform of ceremony, adorned with the Cross of the Legion of Honour,—an Imperial decoration severely ignored by the Monarchy,—Marshall Duonoise was complimented by the General-Commandant and the Chief Director upon the brilliant abilities and remarkable progress of his son.

"So it seems the flos of work has bitten you!" the affectionate parent commented a few days later, tweaking Hector's ear in the Napoleonic manner, and turning upon his son the fanged and gleaming smile, that in conjunction with its owner's superb height, fine form, bold-cut, swarthy features, fierce black eyes, and luxuriant black whiskers, had earned for the ex-*ad-^{de}-camp* of Napoleon I. the reputation of an irresistible lady-killer.

The handsome features of the elderly dandy were thickened and inflamed by wine and good living, the limbs in the

tight-fitting white stockinet pantaloons, for which he had reluctantly exchanged his golden-buckled knee-breeches; the extremities more often encased in narrow-toed, elastic-sided boots, or buckled pumps, than in the spurred Hessians, were swollen and shapeless with rheumatic gout. The hyacinthine locks, or the greater part of them, came from the *atelier* of Michalon Millière, His Majesty's own hairdresser, in the Rue Feytaud; the whiskers owed their jetty gloss to a patent pomade invented by the same highly-patronised tonsorial artist. The broad black eyes were blood-shot, and could blaze under their bushy brows at times with an ogre-like ferocity, but were not brilliant any more.

Yet, from the three maids to the stout Bretonne who was cook, from the cook to Miss Smithwick,—who had acted in the capacity of *dame de compagnie* to Madame Duonoise,—had become governess to her son when the gates of the Convent closed once more behind the remorse and sorrow of that unhappy lady; and in these later years, now that Hector had outgrown her mild capacity for instruction, fulfilled the duties of housekeeper at No. 000, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—the female staff of the ex-military widower's household worshipped Monsieur the Marshall.

"Do you think papa so handsome?" Hector, when a very small boy, would pipe out boldly. "He has eyes that are always angry, even when he smiles. He gnashes his teeth when he laughs. He kicked Moustapho" (the poodle) "so hard in the chest with the sharp toe of his shiny boot, when Moustapho dropped a mackerel he did not want, that Moustapho cried out loud with pain. He bullies the men-servants and swears at them. He smells of Cognac, and is always spilling his snuff about on the carpets and tables, and chairs. Me, I think him ugly, for my part."

"Your papa, my Hector, possesses in an eminent degree those personal advantages to which the weakness of the female sex renders its members fatally susceptible," the gentle spinster said to her pupil, and she had folded her tidy black mittens upon her neat stomach

as she said it, and shaken her prim, respectable head with a sigh, adding, as her mild eye strayed between the lace and brocade window-curtains to the smart, high-wheeled calicolet waiting in the courtyard below; the glittering turn-out with the showy, high-arched nare in the shafts, and the little top-booted, liveried, cockaded, English groom hanging to her nose:

"I would that your dear mother had found it compatible with the fulfilment of her religious duties to remain at home. For the Domestic Affections, Hector, which flourish by the connubial fireside, are potent charms to restrain the too-ardent spirit, and recall the wandering heart." And then Miss Smithwick had coughed and ended.

She winked at much that was scandalous in the life of her idol, that prim, chaste, good woman; but who shall say that her unwavering fidelity and humble devotion did not act sometimes as a martingale? The low-voiced, the gambler, the dissipated elderly buck of the First Napoleon's Court, the ex-Adonis of the Tuilleries, who never wasted time in resting the banishments of any *Venus* of the Court or nymph of the *Palais Royal*, respected, decent Smithwick, was even known, at the pathetic stage of wine, to refer to her as the only woman who had ever understood him.

Yet when her sister (her sole remaining relative, who lived upon a small annuity, in the village of Hamstead, near London), sustained a paralytic stroke, and Smithwick was recalled to nurse her, did that poor lady's employer dream of providing,—out of those hundreds of thousands of thalers wrested from the coffers of the Count of Winditz—for the old age of the faithful creature? You do not know Monsieur the Marshall if you dream he did.

He generously paid her the quarter due of her annual salary of fifteen hundred francs, kissed her knuckly left hand with the garnet ring upon it, placed there by a pale young English curate deceased many years previously—for even the Smithwicks have their romances and their tragedies—told her that his "roof" was "open" to her when

ever she desired to return, and bowed her graciously out of his library, whose Empire bookcases were laden with costly editions of the classics, published by the Houtbagns and the Chardins, Michaud and Burel (tomes of beauty that were fountains sealed to the illiterate master of the house), and whose walls were hung with splendid engravings by Renard and F. Chauveau, a few gems from the brushes of Watteau and Greuze, Boucher and Mignard; and one or two examples of the shining art of the young Mémorian.

The luxurious house in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin was less wholesome for good Smithwick's going. But I fear young Hector regretted her departure less than he should have done. True, the meek gentleman had not been able to teach her patron's son very much. But she had at least implanted in him the habit of truth, and the love of soap-and-water and clean linen. Last, but not least, she had taught him to speak English to the educated upper classes with barely a trace of accent, whereas the Paris-residing teachers of the tongue of Albion were in those days, and too frequently are in these, emigrants from the green isle adjacent. Miss Maloney's, Mether Magee's, and Mrs. Maguire's, equipped with the thinnest of skins for imagined injuries, and the thickest of brogues for voluble speech, that ever hailed from Dublin or Wexford, King's County or the County Cork.

Not a servant of the household but had some parting gift for Smithwick—from the blue bandkerchief full of apples offered by the kitchen-girl, to the housemaid's tribute of a crocheted lace *fish*; from the cook's canary-bird, a piercing songster, to the green parrot—a sweet thing no bigger than a plate, with six-inch fringe and an ivory handle with a hinge, to purchase which Monsieur Brocquet, the Marshall's valet, Duchard the butler, and Auguste the coachman had clubbed francs.

The question of a token of remembrance for faithful Smithwick was a thorn in her ex-pupil's pillow. You are to understand that Redskin, in his blundering, boyish way, had been try-

ing hard to keep inviolate the oath imposed upon him by de Mouluy. The monthly two louis of pocket-money were scrupulously dropped each pay-day into the alms-box of the Carmelite Church in the Rue Vaugirard, and what a hungry glare followed the vanishing coins, and to what miserable shifts the boy resorted in the endeavour to earn a meagre pittance to supply his most pressing needs, and what an unjust reputation for stinginess and parsimony he earned, when it became known that he was willing to help dull or lazy students with their papers for pay, you can conceive.

He possessed the sum of five francs, amassed with difficulty after this fashion, and this represented the boy's entire capital at this juncture. A five-franc piece is a handsome coin, but you cannot buy anything handsome with it, that is the trouble. The discovery of the scene-painter Daguerre, first made in 1830, was not published by the Government of France until 1839. Otherwise, how the faithful heart of the attached Smithwick might have been gladdened by one of those inexpensive, clay-looking, semi-iridescent, strangely elusive portraits; into which the recipient peered, making discoveries of familiar leading features of relatives or friends, hailing them with joy when found, never finding them all together.

A portrait, even a pencil miniature with stumped shadows, its outlines filled with the palest wash of water-colour, was out of the question. There was a silhouette in the Rue de Chaillet. To this artist Hector resorted, and obtained a black paper profile, mounted and glazed, and enclosed in a gilt tin frame, at cost of all the boy possessed in the world.

That the offering was a poor one never occurred to simple Smithwick. She received it with little squeaking, mouse-like cries of delight, and grief, and admiration; she ran at the tall, awkward, blushing youth to kiss him, unaware he recoiled from the affectionate dab of her cold, pink-ended nose.

You could not say that the organ in question was disproportionately large, but its owner never managed to dispose of it inoffensively in the act of celebra-

tion. It invariably got in the eye or the ear of the recipient of the eulogies. A nose so chill in contact, say authorities, indicates by inverse ratio the temperature of the heart.

Hector got leave from the School, and went with the poor troubled Smithwick to the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Boulevard des Capucines, where for ten of her scanty store of francs she got her passport signed. Stout Auguste drove them in the shiny barouche with the high-steppers in silver-mounted harness, to meet the red Calais coach at the Public Posting-Office in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, whither one of the stable-lads had wheeled Miss Smithwick's aged, piebald hair-trunk, her carpet-bag, and her three hand-boxes on a hand-truck. And judging by the coldness of the poor soul's nose when, a very Niebe for tears, she kissed the son of her lost mistress and her adored patron good-bye, the heart beneath Smithwick's faded green velvet mantle must have been a very furnace of maternal love and tenderness.

"Never neglect the necessity of daily ablation of the entire person, my dearest boy!" entreated the poor gentlewoman, "or omit the exercises of your religion at morning and night. Instruct the domestics to see that your beloved papa's linen is properly aired. I fear they will be only too prone to neglect these necessary precautions when my surveillance is withdrawn! And—though but a humble individual offers this counsel, remember, my Hector, that there are higher aims in life than the mere attainment of great wealth or lofty station. Self-respect, beloved child, is worth far more!" She was extraordinarily earnest in saying this, shaking her thin grey curls with emphatic nods, holding up a lean admonitory forefinger. "Persons with gifts and capacities as great, natures as noble and generous as your distinguished father's, may be blinded by the sparkling lustre of a jewelled sceptre, allured by the prospect of dominion, power, influence, rule. . . . What could good Smithwick possibly be driving at?" But an unstained honour, my beloved

boy, is worth more than these, and a clean conscience smooths the way we must all of us travel!" She blinked the tears from her scanty, ginger-hued eyelashes, and added: "I have forfeited a confidence and regard I deeply appreciated, by perhaps unnecessarily believing it my duty to reiterate this." She coughed and dabbed her poor red eyes with the damp white handkerchief held in the thin, shaking hand in the shabby glove; and continued: "But a day will come when the brief joys and bitter disillusion of this life will be at an end. The bitterest that I have ever known comes late, very late indeed!" Had Smithwick met it in the library that morning when the Marshall bade her adieu? "When I lay my head upon my pillow to die, it will be with the conviction that I did my duty. It has borne me fruit of sorrow. But I hope and pray that this chastening may be for my good. And oh! my dearest child, may God for ever bless and keep you!"

The mail bags were stowed. The three inside passengers' seats being taken, poor weeping Smithwick perforce was compelled to negotiate the ladder, must climb into the *cabriolet* in company with the guard. With her thin elderly ankles upon her mind, it may be judged that no more intelligible speech came from her. She peered round the tarred canvas hood as the bagle flourished; she waved her wet handkerchief as the long, stinging whip-lash cracked over the bony backs of the four high-rumped, long-necked greys. . . . She was gone. Something had gone out of Hector's life along with her; he had not loved her, yet she left a gap behind. His heart was cold and heavy as he brought his eyes back from the dwindling red patch made by the mail amongst the varicoloured Paris street-traffic, but the hardening changes that had begun in him from the very hour of de Mouluy's revelations stiffened the muscles of his face, and drove back the tears he might have shed.

"Holy blue!" gulped stout Auguste, who was sitting on his box blushing and mopping his eyes with a red cotton

handkerchief sadly out of keeping with his superb mauve and yellow livery, and the huge cocked-hat that crowned his well-powdered wig. "There are gayier employments than seeing people off, my faith there are! Who would have dreamed I should ever pipe my eye for the old girl? It is a pity she is gone. She was an honest creature!" He added huskily, tucking away the red cotton handkerchief: "One could do uncommonly well now with two fingers of wine!"

He cocked his thirsty eyes at penniless Hector, who pretended not to hear him, and turned away abruptly; saying that he would walk back to the School.

"That is not a chip of the old block, see you, when it comes to a cart-wheel for drink money," said Auguste over his shoulder, as the silver-harnessed blacks with much clamping and high action, prepared to return to the stables in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and the silk-stockinged footman mounted his perch behind.

"It is a learned prig," pronounced the footman, authoritatively, adding: "They turn them out all of one pattern at that shop of his."

"Yet he fought a duel," said Auguste, deftly twirling the prancing steeds into a by-street and pulling up outside a little, low-browed wine-shop much frequented by gold-laced liveries and cocked hats. "And came off the victor," he added with a touch of pride.

"By a trick got up beforehand," said the footman pithily, as he divined under the striped awning, in at the wine-shop door.

"Nothing of the sort!" denied Auguste.

"Just as you please," said the footman, emerging with two brimming pewter measures, "but none the less true. M. Pédalaborde's nephew, who taught the *coqs* to M. Hector, told M. Alain de Mouluy, long after the affair, how cleverly he had been grieved. It was at the Hotel de Mouluy, my comrade Leroux, M. Alain's valet, was waiting in the ante-room and listened at the door. Money passed, Leroux says. M. Alain de Mouluy paid Pédalaborde handsomely not to tell."

"That is a story one doesn't like the stink of," said Auguste, making a wry mouth, draining the measure, handing it back to the silk-cased one, and spitting in the dust. "But the knowing fellow who taught M. Hector the duty dodge and blows the gaff for hush-money, that is a rank polecat, my word."

A crude pronouncement with which the reader may be inclined to agree.

XI

The months went by. Hector ended his course at the School of Technical Military Instruction with honours, and his examiners, in recognition of the gift for languages, the bent for Science, the administrative and organising capacities that were distinctive of this student, transferred him, with another equally promising youth, not to the Academy of Ways, Works, and Transport, where the embryo artillery engineer officers of the School of Technical Military Instruction were usually ground and polished, but to the Training Institute for Officers of the Staff. An annual bounty tacked to the tail of the certificate relieved that pressing necessity for pocket-money. Redskin, with fewer anxieties on his mind, could draw breath.

The Training Institute for Officers of the Staff was the School of Technical Military Instruction all over again, but upon a hugely magnified scale. To mention the School was the unpardonable sin: you spent the first term in laboriously unlearning everything that had been taught you there. On being admitted at the small gate adjacent to the large ones of wrought and gilded iron, you beheld the facade of the Institute, its great portico crowned with a triangular pediment supported upon stately pillars, upon which was sculptured an emblematical bas-relief of France, seated in a trophy of conquered cannon, instructing her sons in the military sciences, and distributing among them weapons of war. Following your guide, you shortly afterwards discover two large yards full of young men in unbuttoned uniforms, supporting on

their knees drawing-boards with squares of cartridge paper pinned upon them, upon which they were busily delineating the various architectural features of the buildings of the Institute, while a Colonel of the Corps of Instructors sternly or blandly surveyed the scene. Within the Institute, studies in Mathematics, Trigonometry and Topography, Cosmography, Geography, Chemistry, Artillery, Field Fortifications, Assault and Defence, Plans, Military Administration, Military Manœuvres, French, English, and German Literature, Fencing, Swimming, and Horsemanship in all its branches were thoroughly and comprehensively taught. And once a quarter the pupil-basket was picked over by skilled hands; and worthy young men, who were eminently fitted to serve their country in the inferior capacity as regimental officers, but did not possess the qualities necessary for the making of Officers of the Staff, were, at that little gate by the side of the great gilded iron ones, blandly shown out.

For, save even in her maddest hour, France has never—under every conceivable political condition, in every imaginable national crisis, and under whatever government—Monarchical, Imperial, or Republican, that may for the time being have got the upper hand—ceased labouring to insure the supply to her Army, constantly renewed, of officers competent to command armies, of scientists skilled in the innumerable moves of the Great Game of War. Nor have other nations, Continental or insular, ever failed to profit by France's example, and follow France's lead.

The Marshal's son was not dismissed by that dreaded little exit. The fine flower of Young France grew in the neat parterres behind those lofty gilded railings. Sous-lieutenant Hector Dunouise found many intellectual superiors among his comrades, whose society stimulated him to greater efforts. He worked, and presently began to win distinction; passed, with a specially-endorsed certificate, his examinations in the branches of study already enumerated and a few more; served for three months as Supernumerary-Assistant-

Adjutant with an Artillery Regiment at Nancy; did duty for a corresponding period in the same capacity at Belfort with a corps of Engineers; and then received his appointment as Assistant-Adjutant to the 333rd Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, quartered at Blidah.

Money would not be needed to make life tolerable at Blidah, where mettlesome Arab horses could be bought by Chasseurs d'Afrique at reasonable prices, and the mastic and the thin Dalmatian wine were excellent and cheap. Algerian cigars and pipe-tobacco were obtainable at the outlay of a few coppers; and from every thicket of dwarf oak or alfa-grass, hares started out before the sportsman's gun; and partridges and Carthage hens were as plentiful as sparrows in Paris.

Yet even at Blidah Dunouise knew the nip of poverty, and there were times when the pack that de Moyny's hand had bound upon his shoulders galled him sore. For—the stroke of a pen and one could have had all one wanted. It needed no more than that.

For in Paris, at the big hotel in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in the book-lined, weapon-adorned, half-library, half smoking room that was Redskin's private den, and had been the boudoir of Marie Bathilde; there lay in a locked drawer of the inlaid ebony writing-table, a white parchment-covered pass-book inscribed with the name of Hector Dunouise, and a book of pretty green-and-blue cheques upon the Messieurs Rothschild, 9, Rue d'Artois. The dip of the quill in the ink, and one of the bland, well-dressed, middle-aged, discreet-looking cashiers behind the golden grilles and the broad, gleaming rosewood counters, would have opened a metal-lined drawer of gold loops, and plunged a copper shovel into the shining mass and filled the pockets of young Hector; or more probably would have wetted a skilful forefinger and thumb—run over a thick roll of crackling pink, or blue, or grey, *billets de banque*, jotted down the numbers, and handed the roll across the counter to its owner, with a polite bow.

"So you think there is a curse upon

my money, eh?" Monsieur the Marshal had said, upon an occasion when one of those scenes that leave ineffaceable scars upon the memory, had taken place between the father and the son.

Hector, spare, upright, muscular, little, ruddy of hue, bright of eye, steady of nerve, newly issued from the mint and stamped with the stamp of the Training Institute, and appointed to join his regiment in Algeria, turned pale under his reddish skin. He was silent.

"You have used none of it since you heard that story, *hein*?" It would defile the soul and dirty the hands, *hein*? queried Monsieur the Marshal, plunging one of his own into the waistcoat-pocket where he kept his snuff, and taking an immense pinch. "Yet let me point out that the allowance you disburse in pious aims and so forth——" Hector jumped, and wondered how his father had found out, and then decided that it was only a good piece of guessing, "may not be any portion of your mother's dowry. I was not poor when I recovered those three hundred thousand silver thalers from the Prioresse of the Carmelite Convent at Widznitz. I would be to be so much richer, that is all."

"Poverty," said his son, breathing sharply through the nostrils and looking squarely in the Marshal's swollen, fierce-eyed, bushily whiskered face, "poverty would have been some excuse, if anything could have excused so great a sin——"

"Infamy," was the word you were going to use," said Monsieur the Marshal, smiling across his great false teeth of Italian ivory, which golden bands retained in his jaws, and scattering Spanish snuff over his white kerse, tightly-strapped pantaloons, as he trumpeted loudly in a voluminous handkerchief of yellow China silk. "Pray do not hesitate to complete the sentence."

But Hector did not complete the sentence. The Marshal went on, shrugging his shoulders and waving his ringed hands: "After all, it is better to be infamous than idiotic. You hamper your career by playing the incorruptible: you are put to stupid shifts for

money when plenty of money lies at your command."

"Do I not know that?"
 "You have won honours, and with them a reputation for parsimony—are called a brilliant screw,—name of a thousand devils!—among your comrades. You coach other men for pay; you translate foreign technical works for military publishers; you burn the candle at both ends and in the middle. It is very honourable and scrupulous, but would those who have sneered at you think better of you if they knew the truth? You know they would not! Instead of being despised, you would be laughed at for playing Don Quixote. That is one of the books I have read." Monsieur the Marshal added, pricked by the evident surprise with which his son received this unexpected testimony of his parent's literacy. "One can get some useful things out of a book like that, even though the hero of it is dead as a March hare. It is one of the books with blood and marrow in them, as the Emperor would have said: books like that—unlike those of your Chateauroux, Hugo's, Lamartine's, the devil knows who else!—are the literature that nourish men who are alive, not wooden puppets of virtue and propriety whose strings are pulled by priests—sacred name of—"

The Marshal went on, as his son stood silent before him, to lash himself into a frenzy of rage that imperilled the seams of a tight-waisted high-collared frock-coat of Frog's own building, and gave its weaver what the Germans term a red head; with such accompaniments of gasping and snorting, rollings of the eyes and starting of the forehead-veins as are painfully suggestive of bleedings and sinapisms; cuppings and hot bricks; soft-footed passages with shiny black bags, candles, wreathelets of white, purple and yellow *immortelles* inscribed with "Regrette," and all the puffed pomp and rabid circumstances of a funeral procession to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise. He wound up at last, or rather, ran down; sank, puffing and perspiring and purple, into an easy chair. . . . Hector, who had listened with an unmoved

countenance and heels correctly approximated, bowed and left the room, across which a broad ray of sunshine fell from the high, velvet-draped window, across the inland ebony writing-table near which the Marshal lay back, wheezing and scowling, and muttering.

The thousands of shining notes that danced in that wide golden beam might have been wasps; the old man about whom they sported was so goaded and stung. Who wants to watch the Marshal in his hour of regal humiliation. . . . He fumed and cursed while under his dyed moustaches, and then hit on an idea which made him chuckle and grin. He wheeled round, and spilt off a huge blotchy letter to his bankers, and from that day the sum of One Million One Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand Francs stood to the credit of Hector Dunoise upon Rothschild's books, and stood untouched. . . . One did not need much money out in Algeria, the temptation to dip into the golden store was barely felt, the malice of the Marshal was not to be gratified just yet awhile.

Though perhaps it was not altogether melodies that inspired that action of Monsieur. His son forgot to question before long; forgot that old desertion of de Moulvny's and its fanged tooth; forgot the cheque-book dimming with dust that drifted through the keyhole of the locked drawer in the writing-table, whose key was on his ring.

For there came a day when the boy—for he was little more—rode out at the Algiers Gêtes in command of a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique, under orders to reinforce the Zouaves garrisoning a hill-fort in Ketylia, threatened with siege by a rebellious Arab Kaid who had thrown up his office, and his pay, and declared war against the Franco.

The rustle of the white cap-cover against his epaulet as he turned his head, the jingle of the scabbard against his stirrup, the clink of the bridle, made pleasant harmony with the other clinking and jingling. The air was cool before dawn, and the blue shadow of mighty Atlas stretched far over the

plain of Metidja. In the deep-foliaged acacias; from the copes of music, the nightingales trilled; turtle-doves were drinking and bething in the mountain-rills, Zachar lifted a huge stony brow upon the horizon. . . . A slender young trooper with a high, reedy, tenor voice, sang an Arab song; his comrades joined in the chorus:

"Thy Fate in the balance, thy foot in the stirrup, before thee the path of Honour. Ride on! Who knows what lies at the end of the long journey? Ride on!"

"Life and Love, Death and Sleep, these are from the Hand of the Giver. Ride on! Thy Fate in the balance, thy foot in the stirrup, before thee the path of Honour! Ride on!"

So Dunoise rode on; the feet of his Arab mare falling softly on the thick white dust of the Dulmetie Road. And the great mysterious East rose up before him, smiling her slow, mystic smile, and opened her olive-hued, jewelled arms, and drew the boy of twenty to her warm, perfumed bosom, and kissed him with kisses that are potent philtres, and wove around him her magic spells. And he forgot all the things that it had hurt him so to remember, for a space of two years.

XII

When his two years' service with the Cavalry were ended he was transferred, with his step as lieutenant, but still in the capacity of Assistant-Adjutant, to the First Battalion, 99th Regiment of the Line, Paris; quartered in the Barracks of the Rue de l'Assyrie.

With the return to the familiar places of his boyhood, those things that Hector thought he had forgotten began to revive sufficiently to sting. A brother-officer spoke to him of de Moulvny, who had quitted St. Sulpice a year previously, under a shadow so dark, it was discreetly hinted, that only the paternal influence had saved him from expulsion.

Hector did not blaze out in passionate defence or exoneration of his youthful comrade and friend. He said, briefly and coldly: "Those who say so

lie! I used to know him!" and dropped the subject, as the chatter was glad to do. For that duel fought by two schoolboys with disabused fencing-folios six years before, was to be the first upon a list that grew and lengthened, and kept on growing and lengthening. . . . Unless you were desirous of cold steel for breakfast, there were subjects that must not be trilled with in the hearing of Assistant-Adjutant Hector Dunoise.

The Catholic Church: Religious, particularly nuns; more particularly nuns of the Carmelite Order: . . . instances of foul play in trials of strength and skill, particularly shady coups in fencing, aim tricks in the Game of the Sword. With other causes of offence provoking the *quid rides?* you never were quite sure where they might crop up.

And the fellow was a fighter—loved risk, enjoyed danger. . . .

Was the grass more slippery at one end of the paced-out ground than the other? There was no necessity to toss up unless Monsieur, the other principal, insisted in observance of the strict formality—Dunoise rather preferred slippery grass. Was the sun in the eyes of Monsieur the other principal? Change about by all means—Dunoise rather enjoyed facing the glare that made you blink. The gusty wind that might deflect your pistol-bullet, the blowing dust that drifted into your eyes, mouth and nostrils, and that might provoke a cough or sneeze, just at the wrong moment for the swordsmen; these conditions, justly regarded as unfavorable to continued existence, were rather courted than otherwise by this young officer of the Staff.

At Blissh, it had been told about, that an Arab sorcerer had given the sub-Adjutant a charm, insuring success in the duel. Only, to insure this, the holder of the amulet must embrace the contrary odds and court the headship. This story trotted back to Paris at Dunoise's heels; it was told behind ladies' fans in every drawing-room he entered. Women liked it, it was so romantic; but men sneered, knowing the truth.

The truth, according to Pedelsborde, that is . . .

Like a poisonous thorn, that implied accusation of foul play made by the dentist's nephew on that morning when Rodskin had visited the convalescent de Moulain in the Infirmary of the School, had rankled in the victim's flesh since it had been planted there. Honest Pedelsborde had not been idle in spreading the story and ornamenting it. Nor, if the truth had been known, had de Moulain been the only hearer who had paid him to tell it no more.

Mud is mud, though in contrast with the foulness of the hands that plaster it upon your garments, the vile stuff seems almost clean; and a slander listened to is a slander half-believed. The Pedelsborde invariably find listeners; there are always paying customers for ofal, or those who deal in it might find a more sweetly-smelling trade.

XIII

Dunoise had not long returned to Paris when he received one of those rare communications from his mother, bearing no address, forwarded by the hands of the priest who had been the director of Madame Dunoise. Lifeless, formal notes, without a throb in them, without a hint of tenderness to the eye incapable of reading between the rigid lines:

"J. M. J.—x.

"My Son,

"I am told that you are well, have returned from Algeria in good health, that your services have earned you distinguished mention in the despatches of your Colonel, and that your abilities seem to promise a career of brilliance. Giving thanks to Almighty God and to Our Blessed Lady, and praying with all my heart that the highest spiritual graces may be vouchsafed you in addition to those mental and bodily gifts which you already possess.

"I am,

"Your mother in Christ,

Térèse de S. François.

"I love you and bless you! Pray also for me, my son!"

A picture burned up in living colours

in the son's memory as he read. Hector saw himself as a fair-haired boy of six in a little blue velvet dress, playing on the carpet of his mother's boudoir. She sat in a low Indian case chair with her year-old baby on her lap; a tiny Marie Bathilde, whose death of some sudden infantile complaint a few months later, turned the thoughts of the mother definitely in the direction of the abandoned way of religion, the vocation lost.

Even the magnificent new rocking-horse, with real hairy hide, and redundant mane and tail, and a splendid saddle, bridle, and stirrups of scarlet leather, could not blind the boy's childish eyes to the beauty of his mother. She was all in white; her skin had the gleam of satin and the pinky hue of rose-granite in its sheath of snow; she was slender as a nymph, upright and lissome as a tall swaying reed of the river shore, with a wealth of black hair that crowned her small high-bred head with a turban of silky, glistening coils, yet left looped beads to fall down to the narrow ribbon of silver tulle that was her girdle, defining the line of the bosom as girdles did long after the death of the First Empire. And her child upon her knee was as pearly fair as the shade dark and lustrous, though with the mother's eyes of changeable gleaming grey, so dark as almost to seem black.

The boudoir opened at one side into a dome-shaped conservatory full of palms and flowers, where a fountain played in an agate basin, and through the gush and tinkle of the falling water and the creaking of Hector's toy-whip, Monsieur the Marshall had come upon the pretty domestic picture unseen and unheard. He stood in the archway that led from the conservatory, a stalwart handsome figure of a soldierly dandy of middle-age, who has not yet begun to read in pretty women's eyes that his best days are over. His wife looked up from the child with which she played, holding a bunch of cherries beyond reach of the eager, dimpled hands. Their glances met.

"My own Marie!—was this not worth it?" Achille Dunoise had exclaimed.

And Madame Dunoise had answered, with a strange, wild, haggard change upon her beautiful face, looking her husband fully in the eyes:

"Perhaps, if this were all—"

And had put down the startled child upon a cushion near, and risen, and gone swiftly without a backward look, out of the exquisite, luxurious room, into the bed chamber that was beyond, shutting and locking the door behind her, leaving the discomfited Achille to shrug, and exclaim:

"So much for married happiness!"

Then, turning to the boy who sat upon the rocking-horse, forgetful of the toy, absorbing the scene with wide, grave eyes and curious, innocent ears, Monsieur the Marshall had said abruptly:

"My son, when you grow up, never marry a woman with a religion."

To whom little Hector had promptly replied:

"Of course I shall not marry a woman. I shall marry a little girl in a pink frock!"

How ripe with a tragic meaning the little scene appeared, now that the boy who had flogged the red-caped riding-horse had grown to man's estate.

Those frozen letters of his mother's! What a contrast they presented to the gushing epistles of poor old Smithwick, studded with notes of exclamation, bristling with terms of endearment, crammed with affectionate messages, touching reminiscences of happier days in *dear, dear Paris*, always underlined.

The prim sandalled feet of the poor old maiden were set in stony places since the death of the paralytic sister, to nurse whom she had returned to what she invariably termed her "native isle of Britain." Even to Hector's inexperience those letters, in their very reticence upon the subject of poor Smithwick's need, breathed of poverty. The strictness of his own means galled him horribly when he read in Smithwick's neat, prim, ladylike calligraphy confessions such as these:

"The annuity originally secured to my beloved sister by purchase having *ceased at her death*, I am fain to seek employment in genteel families as a teacher of the French language, with which—no one knows better than my dearest Hector—I am *thoroughly conversant*. I would not willingly complain against the lot which Providence has appointed me. But so small are the emoluments to be gained from this profession, that I fear existence cannot be long supported upon the *scant subsistence* they afford."

The pinch of poverty is never more acutely felt than by the open-handed. In Africa Dunoise had been sensible of the gnawing tooth of poverty. In Paris it had claws as well as teeth.

To have had five thousand francs to send to poor old Smithwick! To have been able to invest a snug sum for her in some solid British concern—those Government Three per Cents, for instance, of which the poor lady had always spoken with such reverence and respect. Or to have bought her a bundle of shares in one of the English Railway Companies, whose steel spider-webs were beginning to spread over the United Kingdom about this time. What would her old pupil not have given! And—it could have been done so easily if only he could have brought himself to fill in one of those cheques upon Rothschild. But the thing was impossible.

His gorge rose at it. His religious principles were too deeply rooted, his honour stood too high, or possibly the temptation was not strong enough? There was little of the primal Eve about poor old shabby Smithwick. When white hands, whose touch thrilled to the heart's core, should be stretched out to him for some of that banked-up gold; when eyes whose lustre tears discreetly shed only enhanced should be raised pleadingly to his; when an exquisite mouth should entreat, Hector was to find that one's own oaths, no less than the oaths of one's friends, are brittle things; and that in the heat of the passion that is kindled in a young and ardent man by the breath of a

beautiful woman, Religion and Principle and Honour are but as wax in flame.

XIV

He scraped a few hundred francs together and sent them to poor old Smithwick, and received another letter of disproportionately-measured gratitude for the meagre gift, that might so easily have been a rich one, if—

He learned from a very little paragraph at the end of the grateful letter that his faithful old friend had broken down in health. That she had been seriously ill "from the effects of over-anxiety and a too strenuous battle with adversity," ending with pious thanks to Providence—Smithwick was always curiously anxious to avoid references of a more sacred nature—that, "through the introduction and recommendation of a most generous friend," she had obtained admission as an inmate of the Hospice for Sick Governesses in Cavendish Street, London, West, "a noble charity conducted upon the purest Christian principles, where I may hope, D.V., to spend my closing days in peace."

Were they so near, those closing days of the simple, honorable, upright life? Gratitude, respect, old association, a chivalrous pity for the woman, sick and poor, and old, conspired to make the first step on the Road Perilous easier than her pupil would have imagined. He got upon his iron-grey Arab, Djelma, dearest and most valuable of the few possessions owned by this son of a millionaire, and rode to the Rue d'Artois with the levelled brows and cold, set face of a man who rides to dishonour.

Upon the very steps of Rothschild's, a brother-officer of the Regiment of the Line to which our young spring of the Staff was attached in the capacity of Assistant-Adjutant, met and repaid Dunoise an ancient, nose-grown, long-forgotten debt of three thousand francs.

"You come fort à propos—for you, that is! Here, catch hold! Sorry I met you! You're not, I'll bet you this

whacking lump!" Monsieur the Captain joyfully flourished the stout roll of *billets de banque*, from which he had stripped the notes he now thrust under Dunoise's nose. "Wonder where I got 'em? Inside there"—a thumb clothed in lemon-coloured kid jerked over the shoulder—"from one of those powdered old corks behind the gilt balusters. My old girl has stumped with a vengeance this time. I told her my tailor was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and had sent me a *cartel* because I hadn't paid his bill." One is sorry to record that Monsieur the Captain's "old girl" was no less stately a person than Madame la Comtesse de Kerouante, of the Chateau de Pigandé, Ploubanou, La Bretagne. "She swallowed the story, and see the result. Don't shy at taking the plasters. You can lend me again when I'm broke! Pouch! and *es le promener!*"

So Dunoise gratefully took the tendered bank-notes, and with one of them an outside place on the blue Havre diligence, rattling out of Paris, next morning, behind its four bony bays, ere the milkwomen, and postmen and newspaper-carts began their rounds.

The salt fresh wind stinging his red-brown skin, the salt spray upon his lips, the veiled and shawled and muffled ladies, and cloaked and greasestocked gentlemen, already extended on the deck-seats and deck-chairs of the steam-packet *Britannia* of Southampton—patiently waiting to be dreadfully indisposed in little basins that were dealt out by the brisk, hurrying, gilt-buttoned stewards as cards are dealt at whist; the glasses of brandy-and-water being called for by robust Britons, champing ham-sandwiches with mustard on their upper lips, and good-fellowship bawling out of their large pink, whiskered faces; the tumblers of *can auccre* being ordered by French travelers, who invariably got toast-and-water instead; the swaying crates of luggage, the man-traps made by coils of rope on wet and slippery decks, the crash of waves hitting bows or paddle-wheels, the shrieks of scared females, convinced their last hour had come—recalled to Dunoise his boyish visit to what poor Smith-

wick had invariably termed "the shores of Albion."

He remembered with gratitude the self-denying hospitality of the poor sisters: the little home at Hampstead, the golden-blossomed furze of the Heath, came back to him with extraordinary vividness. Down to the piping bullfinch, whose egg hung in the little front parlor-window, and whose *repertoire*, consisting of the first bar of "Home, Sweet Home," the boy had endeavored to enlarge with the melodies of *Partant Pour La Syrie* and "*Jeanette et Jeannot*," every detail stood clear.

And here was England, upon a pale grey February morning, under skies that wept cold heavy tears of partly-melted snow. Black fungus-growth of umbrellas were clustered on the quay: the thick air smelt of oibskins and wet mackintoshes. And so across a dripping gangway to a splashy paved incline that ended in a Railway Station, for instead of coaching through Hants and Surrey to Middlesex by the scurlet "Defiance" or the yellow "Tally-Ho!" you travelled by the Iron Road all the way to London.

You are to picture the splay-wheeled, giraffe-necked locomotive of the time, with the top of the funnel nicked like the cut paper round a cutlet-bone; the high-bodied carriages, with little windows and hard hair-cloth cushions; the gentlemen passengers in shaggy hats with curly brims, high-waisted coats, with immense roll-collars, and full-bipped trousers strapped down over shiny boots; assisting ladies in coal-scuttle bonnets, and peleries trimmed with fur, worn over gored skirts, swelled out by a multiplicity of starched, embroidered petticoats, affording peeps of pantalettes and sandals, to alight or to ascend. . . .

Prey understand that there was no jumping. Violent movement was not considered genteel. Supposing you to be of the softer sex—it was softer in those days than it is now!—you were swanlike or sprightly, according to your height, figure, and the shape of your nose, and your name almost invariably ended in "anne" or "ina" or "ette."

My Aunt Julieta was sprightly. She

had a nose over so slightly turned up at the end, and a dimple in her left cheek. Her elder sister, one of her elder sisters—Aunt Julieta was the youngest of six—her elder, Marietta, was swanlike, with a long neck and champagne-bottle shoulders, and the most elegant Early Victorian figure you can conceive; a fiddle of the old pattern has such a waist and hips.

Both my aunts traveled by this very train, in the same first-class compartment as the Assistant-Adjutant of the 999th Regiment of the Line. The young ladies were, in fact, returning from a visit to the elegant and hospitable family mansion of Sir Tacton Wackton, Baronet, of Wops Hell, Hants; whose elder daughter had been their schoolfellow and bosom-friend at the Misses Squeamers' Select Boarding-School for young ladies at Bucklewood House, Selina Parade, Brighton. It was the first occasion upon which they had braved the dangers of the Iron Road unprotected by a member of the sterner sex. Consequently, when, in the act of picking up and handing to my Aunt Julieta a sweet green velvet reticule she had accidentally dropped upon the platform, the black-eyed, dark-complexioned, military-looking young foreign gentleman, in a grey traveling cloak and cap, who performed this act of gallantry, peeped up the tunnel of her coal-scuttle bonnet, with evident appreciation of the wholesome apple-cheeked, bright-eyed English girl-face looking out from amongst the ringlets and frills and flowers at the end, both the young ladies were extremely flustered. And as they passed on, Aunt Marietta whispered haughtily, "How presumptuous!" and Aunt Julieta responded: "Oh, I don't think he meant to be *that*, my dear! And how handsome and distinguished-looking."

To which my Aunt Marietta only responded, with the disdainful curl of the lip that went with her Roman nose: "For a foreigner, passably so!"

Later on, by one of the oddest accidents you could conceive possible, my aunts found themselves in the same first-class compartment as the foren-looking gentleman; and as the Southampton to London Express clanked

and jolted and rattled upon its metal way (rail-carriages being unprovided at that early date with springs, pneumatic brakes, and other mechanical inventions for the better ease of the public), the courtesy and consideration of their well-bred fellow-traveler, who spoke excellent English—combined with his undeniable good looks—created an impression upon my Aunt Juliette, which by the time the Express had rattled and jolted and clanked into the junction of the provincial garrison town of Dullinstoke (near which was situated the family mansion of my grandparents), had developed into an attachment of the early, hapless, unreciprocated order.

"If only," thought my sentimental Aunt, "the train could go on for ever!"

But the train stopped; and there was the family chariot, with the purple-possessed coachman on the box; there was the boy who had cleaned the knives, now promoted to page livery, at the noses of Chestnut and Browney, waiting to convey my aunts to the shelter of the paternal roof. They collected muffs, reticules, and parcels. . . . The military-looking young foreign gentleman handed them out, one after the other, and bowed over their respective hands with a grace that caused Aunt Marietta to exclaim, "My dear!" and Aunt Juliette to return, "Did you ever?" as the family chariot drove away, and the Express, with much preliminary snorting, prepared to start again, and did in fact start; but brought up with a jerk, and clanked back to the platform to pick up a passenger of importance, who had arrived behind time.

A dandling, secret-mail-phæton, pulled by a pair of high-nibbled, sweating, chestnut trotters, had brought him to the junction, sitting, enveloped in a huge shaggy box-coat with buttons as large as Abernethy biscuits; covered with a curly-brimmed, low-crowned shiny beaver hat that might have been loaned to a Broad Church parson of sporting proclivities, by the side of the smart groom who drove. . . . Another groom in the little seat behind sheltered him from the rain with a vast green silk glig-em-brella, just as though he had been any common, ordinary

landholder of means and position, with a stake in the Borough Elections, a seat on the Local Bench, and the right to put J.P. after his name; and commit local poachers caught by his own gamekeepers in his own plantations; then and there, in his own library, to the District Lock Up for trial at the Weekly Sessions.

But the guard,—a functionary in the absurd uniform, a cross between a penny-postman's and a military pensioner's, knew better. So did the porters, encased in green velvet corduroy, as worn by the porters of to-day; so did the station-master, crowned with the gilt-banded top-hat of a bank-messenger and sporting the crimson waist-coat of a beadle. With a Parliamentary Down-train waiting outside and shrieking to come through, while a Composite of horse-boxes and cattle-trucks and coal-trucks bumped and jolted over the Main Line metals; with the Up-Express from Southampton panting to be green-flagged and belled upon its metal road to London, he waited, his gilt-banded top-hat respectfully in hand, to receive the distinguished passenger. Who did not hurry, possibly in virtue of his bulk, but waddled down the platform with a gait you felt to be peculiarly his own, involving a short turn to the right as he stepped out with the right foot (encased in the largest size of shiny patent-leather boot), and a turn to the left as he set down the left one, as though inviting the whole world to take a comprehensive, satisfactory stare at a great and good man, and be the better for it.

Impatient passengers, projecting the upper halves of their bodies from the carriage-windows, saw nothing much in him. But to these, avid porters and reverent officials whispered behind their expectant palms,—on being conjured to say what the deuce the delay was about?—that the gentleman who had caused it was a Government Contractor, tremendous influential and uncommon rich; so much so as to be able to break the Bank of England by the simple process of drawing a whopping cheque upon it. When the heaver

laughed heartily at this, or snorted indignantly, the officials and porters amended that, perhaps to say the Bank of England was a bit too strong, but that everybody knew the gentleman was a Millionaire, and regularly rolling in his thousands.

He rolled now towards the compartment of which the foreign gentleman who had assisted my aunts to alight was now the only occupant; and allowed himself to be respectfully hoisted in, and tenderly placed in a corner seat, with his valise and hat-box beside him. He filled up the compartment—compartments were narrower in those days than they are now—as completely as a large, shaggy bear might have done, when he got upon his legs again, and stood at the window, leaning so benevolently upon the admiring crowd assembled upon the platform that the station-master, upon whom had not fallen one drop of gold or silver manna out of the snailer's jingling cross-pockets, felt impelled to say: "Lord bless you, Mr. Thompson Jewell, sir! A safe journey up to London and back! Guard, be extra careful this trip!" And the guard, who had not been tipped, touched his tall hat respectfully; and the porter, who had reaped nothing but honour from carrying Mr. Thompson Jewell's hat-box and valise; and the other porter, who had rammed scalding hot-water tins into the carriage, that the large feet of the popular idol might be warmed thereby, threw up each his muffin-shaped cap, and cried, "Ho-ree!" And the train started,—so suddenly, in the mistaken zeal of the engine-driver, that Thompson Jewell was shot with violence into a distant corner of the carriage, and so violently bonneted by collision with the rack above, that only his large, red, projecting ears saved him from being completely extinguished by the low-crowned, curly-brimmed, shiny beaver hat, that might have been a sporting parson's of the jovial Broad Church brand.

He took the hat off after that, revealing his little pear-shaped head of upright, bristly grey hair, and his forehead that slanted like the lid of a Noah's Ark over all the jumbled beasts

inside, and goggled with his large, moist, circular brown eyes upon his fellow-traveler over the voluminous crimson silk handkerchief with which he mopped his damp and shining face. He unbentoned his greatest and threw his long bulky body back in his corner with a "whoof!" of relief, and put up his short, thick legs upon the seat, saying to Dunoiise, with a jerky, patronising nod:

"Plenty of room, sir, if you're inclined to do the same. These new-fangled hot-water tins draw a man's corns consummately!" Adding, a moment after Dunoiise's smiling refusal: "Pleaze yourself, and you'll pleaze me. Hang manners! Give me comfort!" says Mister John Bull. . . . You're French yourself, I take it?"

"Sir, since you do me the honour to inquire," returned Dunoiise dryly, for the goggle-eyes of Mr. Thompson Jewell were curiously fixed on him, "I received my education at a public school in Paris."

"Thought as much!" said Mr. Thompson Jewell, smiling in a satisfied way, crossing his extra-sized patent-leather-covered feet, and revolving the thumbs of the large ringed hands that were clasped upon his protuberant waistcoat. "I haven't comprehensy the purly-voe, but I know the cut of a Frenchman's jib when I see one. You might take in another man, I say, but you can't deceive me. Sharp, sir, that's what my name is!"

"I am gratified," returned Dunoiise, without enthusiasm, "to make Mr. Sharp's acquaintance!" And pointedly unfolded and began to read *The Times*, leaving Thompson Jewell uncertain whether he had or had not been insulted by a person whom he designated in his own mind as an "upstart Crupper."

But the paper presented little of interest, and presently, from behind its shelter, Dunoiise found himself watching his companion, who had drawn from various inner pockets of the large shaggy box-coat various little bags, containing pinches of divers brands of oats, together with divers other little parcels containing short-cut

samples of straw and hay. From the inspection of these, by the nose and the teeth, as well as by the organs of vision, he appeared to derive delight and satisfaction so intense, that the upstart Crappaw in the opposite corner, who had had dealings with Contractors in his own benighted, foreign country, could no longer be in doubt as to his calling.

Those black eyes of the ex-Adjutant of Chasseurs d'Afrique were extraordinarily observant, and the brain housed in the small well-shaped head, under the crisp closed waves of his black hair, had not been forged and tempered and ground at the Training Institute for Officers of the Staff for nothing

This man who had been addressed as Mr. Thompson Jowell, and who had said his name was Sharp, repelled Du-noise and interested him, as a big and bloated spider might have disgusted and attracted an entomologist.

So, when the train, jolting and rattling and clanking in the Early Victorian manner, through the chilly, dripping country, at the terrific speed of twenty miles an hour, slowed up and alid groaning into a station close to a great permanent Military Encampment in the vicinity of Bagshot Heath, where, drawn up upon a deserted siding, were a long row of open trucks, loaded with trusses of hay and straw, all unprotected from the pouring rain by any kind of covering whatever; and Mr. Sharp, moved to irrepressible ecstasy by this sight, was fain to get up and thrust his big hands deep in his jingling trousers-pockets to have his laugh out more comfortably; a sudden impulse of speech swayed the hitherto silent foreigner in the opposite corner to lean forwards, and say:

"You seem elated, sir, by the spectacle of all this spoiled and soaking forage?"

The person addressed, who was bending himself in the middle in the height of his enjoyment, straightened with a jerk. His big underjaw dropped; his nose, aggressively cocked, and with a blunted end, as though in early youth it had been held against a revolving

grindstone, appeared to assume a less obstinate angle; his large face lost its ruddy color. Mud-dilly pale, with eyes that rolled quite wildly in their large round orbits, he stared in the dark face of this bright-eyed, alert, military-looking, painfully-observant foreigner. For it occurred to him, with a breaking out of shiny perspiration upon the surface of his forehead and jaw, and a stiffening of the already bristling grey hairs upon his head, that this might be the devil.

Thompson Jowell was orthodox to the backbone, and firmly believed in the individual existence of the personage named. He glanced with nervous suspicion at the small, arched, well-booted feet of his fellow-passenger. Had one of the dark-faced stranger's well-shaped grey trousers legs ended in a cloven hoof, Thompson Jowell would have said his prayers, or pulled the communication-cord that ended in the guard's van. He was not quite certain which. As it was, he felt sufficiently reassured to be overbearing. He snorted, and resumed his seat with as much dignity as was compatible with the jolting of the Express. He thrust his knees apart, leaned his large hands upon them, eyed the inquisitive stranger hard in the face, snorted again, and said:

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain, sir, what you meant by that remark?"

"I shall be charmed to do so," returned Du-noise. "It will afford me gratification. What I meant was that you laughed; and the spectacle of waste and destruction that presumably provoked your laughter did not appear to me, a stranger and a foreigner, provocative of merriment."

"Now look you here, young sir!" said Thompson Jowell, getting very red about the ears and gills, and jabbing at the speaker with a stout and mottled forefinger. "Foreigner or no foreigner, you have an eye in your head, I take it? Very well, then, look at me! I am not the sort of person to be called to account for my laughter—if, indeed, I laughed at all, which I don't admit!—by any living man—British or French or Cannibal Islander—unless that in-

dividual wants to be made to laugh on the wrong side of his own mouth. Jack Blunt, my name is—and so you know! As regards those truckloads, they have been delivered on a certain date. According to Contract, and whether the troop-horses of Her Majesty's Army like the hay when they get it, or whether they would prefer plum-cake and macarons, damme if I care!"

With which the speaker threw himself back in the corner and folded his thick, short arms upon his voluminous waistcoat, which was of velvet, magnificently embroidered, and in the bosom of which cascaded a superb cravat of blue satin, ornamented with three blazing ruby brooches. He breathed hard a while and frowned majestically, and then relaxed his frown in pity for the evident confusion of the snubbed foreigner; who said, without the humility that one might have expected:

"Sir, that you and other men of your standing and influence in this country do not care, is in my poor opinion a national calamity."

The brows of Thompson Jowell relaxed at this implied concession to his greatness. He closed his eyes and puffed his pendulous cheeks, and said, nodding his pear-shaped head, the heaven had belonged to which was in the rack above it:

"Aye—aye! Well—well! Not badly put by half!"

"A national calamity," pursued Du-noise, "when one reflects how large a sum of the nation's money went into the pockets of the contractor who delivered the consignment, and further, when it occurs to one how impossible it will become for any expert to determine whether straw and hay so drenched and spoiled was not rotten and fermenting previous to delivery, and the exposure that must inevitably set up both conditions. And further still, when it is extremely possible that the neglect to cover the trucks was of design; and that the person—Quartermaster-Sergeant or Railway Official—whose duty it was to take this precaution, had been—for all men are not as scrupulous, sir, as yourself, and some are capable of such ro-

guery—bribed by the contractor or his confidential agent, to omit it!"

This being an exact summary of what had taken place, the above sentences, coined in Du-noise's somewhat precise and formal English, and uttered with the short, clipped inflection that characterized it, came pelting about the large and tingling ears of Thompson Jowell like stinging flakes of ice. He gasped and rolled his eyes at them in apoplectic fashion, and wagged his head and shook it from side to side, until the speaker stopped.

"No, no, young sir!" said Thompson Jowell at that juncture. "Don't tell me! I won't listen to you; it's past crediting; it couldn't be! Frenchmen might be guilty of such doings, I can credit it; Italians very likely, Germans uncommonly-probably, Russians without doubt! But when you go to tell a true-blue Briton such as I am, that Englishmen with British blood running in their veins and British hearts beating in their bosoms could be capable of such doings, I tell you by Gosh the thing's impossible! I won't listen to you! Don't talk to me!"

He fell back gasping at the end of this splendid tribute of his countrymen. And, of such queerly conflicting elements are even liars and knaves composed, they were real tears that he whisked away with his big, flaming silk handkerchief, and the trembling of the hand that held it was due as much to appreciation of his own eloquence as to alarm at the uncanny sharpness with which this disturbing young foreigner, with the cold black eyes and the admirable command of English, had put his finger on the ugly truth.

Du-noise, far from suspecting that he had at his mercy the identical contractor whose methods he had sketched with such brilliant fidelity to nature, pursued:

"Rogues are everywhere, sir. We have plenty of them in France, and unhappily for other countries, we do not enjoy the monopoly. And—the person I reverence and honor, with one exception, above all living women, is an English lady. Respect for her great nation—and yours!—is not lacking in me,

the adopted son of another nation, no less great; with whom England has striven in honorable war, with whom she is now most happily at peace. Yet though I admire I may criticise; and plainly say that the lamentable spectacle that has furnished our discussion, plainly points, if not to wilful neglect, to lack of forethought, and foresight upon the part of certain officials who should—in the interests of the British Army—have been trained to think and to see."

"I don't agree with you, young sir," said Mr. Thompson Jewell, hooking his large splay thumbs into the armholes of his superb velvet waistcoat in a bullying manner, and folding his pendulous chin into fresh creases on his cravat after a fashion he employed in the browbeating of clerks and agents. "I disagree with you fully, and—my name being Tom Plain—"I'll tell you for why. You called that spoiled hay and straw—my name being John Can-did, I'll admit it is spoiled!—a lamentable spectacle." To me it is not a lamentable spectacle. Far from it! I call it a beautiful illustration, sir!—a standing example of the greatness of England and the immensity of the resources that she has at command."

"Name of Heaven, why?" cried Dunoise, confounded and surprised out of his usual self-possession by this extraordinary statement.

"Aha! Now you're getting warm, young sir," said Thompson Jewell, triumphantly. "Keep your temper and leave Heaven out of the question, that's my advice to you. And let me tell you that that Great Britain is not so poor that she can't afford to be at the expense of a little loss and damage, and that the high-bred, wealthy, fashionable gentlemen who hold commissions in her Army have other fish to fry and other things to attend to than keeping an eye on Quartermaster-Sergeants, Forage and Supply Agent's clerks and Railway Officials. And that the coroneted noblemen who sit at the head of Departments in her War Office are too great, and grand, and lofty to dirty their hands with common affairs and

vulgar details—and it does 'em honour! Honour, by George!" said Thompson Jewell, and smote his podgy hand upon his groin and bulk thigh, and in a pantaloon of shepherd's plaid of the largest pattern procurable. "My name's John Downtight—and what I say is—it does 'em honour!"

"I have to learn, sir," said Dunoise, with recovered and smiling urbanity, "that the criterion of a gentleman lies in his incapacity for discharging the duties of his profession, any more than in his capacity for being galled by knavish subordinates and cheated by thievish tradesmen."

"Now take care where you're treading, my young sir!" said Thompson Jewell, frowning and swelling portentously. "For you're on thin ice, that's what you're on. My name's Jack Blunt and I tell you so plumply. For I am a Contractor of Supplies and an Auxiliary-Transport Agent to the British Army, and I glory in my trade, that's what I do! And go to the Horse Guards in Whitehall, London—and ask my Lords of the Army Council, and His Honour, the Adjutant-General, and His Excellency the Quartermaster-General whether the character of Thompson Jewell is respected? Maybe you'll get an answer—maybe you won't! And call at the Admiralty—perhaps they don't know him that the Victualling Office—and the Director of Transport never heard of him! They might tell you at the Treasury that the Commissary-General bows to him! I'm not going to boast!—it ain't my way. But if you don't hear in every one of the high places I've mentioned, that the individual inside this waistcoat"—he smote it as he spoke—"is an honour to Old England and such a sturdy stem of seasoned British oak as may be relied on to uphold the Crown and Constitution in the hour of need with the last penny in his purse, and the best blood of his house, call me a damned liar!"

"I shall not fail in the event you mention to avail myself of the permission accorded me," returned Dunoise politely, "in the spirit in which it is given."

"Ha, ha! You're a joker, I see!" said Mr. Thompson Jewell. Excuse me, young sir," he added, "but if you have quite finished with that newspaper, it will save me buying one if you'll kindly pass it over!"

With which the great man leflily whipped the impudenc *Times* from the seat where it had been laid aside by its owner, and ignoring the political articles and Foreign Intelligence (under which heading a brief paragraph announcing the decease of the aged paralytic Hereditary Prince of Wladimir, might, had the glance of his fellow-traveler fallen upon it, have seemed to him of more than passing interest), dived into those thrilling columns that deal with the rise and fall in value of wheat and oats, hay and straw, beans and chaff, and other staple commodities of the Forage Trade, and record the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange; became a virtue of such elevations and depressions, immersed in perusal; and spoke no more either on the greatness of Great Britain, the greatness of Thompson Jewell, or any other kindred subject. And the Waterloo Road Terminus being reached, a luxuriously-uppointed brougham, drawn by a handsome horse, and ornamented, as to the door-panels and harness, with repetitions, illuminated or engraved, of a large and showy coat-of-arms recently purchased at Herald's College, received the glorious being, and whirled him away through murky miles of foggy streets to his shabby little office in The Poultry.

Here, in a shady alley of low-browed houses near the Banking House of Lubbock, amidst dirt and dust and cobwebs and incrustations of City mud, upon the floors that were never washed, upon the windows that were never cleaned, upon the souls of those who spent their lives there, the vast business of Thompson Jewell, Flour, Forage, and Straw Contractor, Freightage and Auxiliary-Transport Agent to Her Majesty's Army, had grown from a very little entle-fish into a giant octopus, all huge stomach and greedy por-

rot-beak; owning a hundred scaly tentacles, each pampiled with suckers for draining the golden life-blood of the British ratepayers from the coffers of the British Government; and furnished, moreover, with sufficient of that thick and oily medium, known as Humbug, in its ink-bag, to blind, not only the eyes of the people and their rulers and representatives to its huge, wholesale swindlings; but in some degree to bedazzle and veil its own vision, so that foul reamed fair, and petty greed and low cunning took on a pleasing aspect of great-minded and unselfish patriotism.

Cowell, the Reef-Contractor, and Sowell, who undertook to supply such garments as the Government generously provided to its soldiers free of cost; pampiling materials in fashioning the one sparrow-tailed full-dress coat and pair of trousers—so that stalwart infantrymen found it incompatible with strict propriety to stoop; and legs and arms of robust troopers were so tightly squeezed into cases of coarse red or coarse blue cloth as to resemble nothing so much as giant sausages—were persons of influence and standing. Towell, who turned out shirts, of regulation material something coarser than bed-ticking, paying war workmen four pence per dozen—the worker finding buttons, needles and thread—and receiving for each garment two shillings and sevenpence, filched from the soldier's pay; Rowell, who found the Cavalry and Artillery in saddlery of inferior leather and spurs of dubious metal; Powell, who roofed the British Forces as to the head, with helmets, buzbies, shakos, and fatigue-caps; Bowell, who shocked its surgeons' medicine-chests with adulterated tincture of opium, Epsom-salts that never hailed from Epsom; decoction of jalap, made potent with croton oil; inferior squills and suspicious sennas; and Shnell, who shed the rank-and-file with one annual pair of boots (made principally of brown paper), were taken together, a gang of—let us write a community of upright and worthy individuals; but,

viewed in comparison with Dunoise's acquaintance of the railway, they paled like farthing rushlights beside a transparency illuminated by gas.

A day was coming when Britannia, leaning in her hour of need, upon that sturdy stem of seasoned British oak, was to find it but a worm-eaten sham; a hollow shell of dust and rottenness, housing loathsome, slimy things, crawling and writhing amidst the green and fleshless bones that once wore Victoria's uniform: housing and brooding in the empty skulls of brave and hardy men. Dead in their thousands, not of the shot and shell, the fire and steel and pestilence that are the grim concomitants of War: but dead of Privation and Want, Cold and Starvation—through the rapacity and greed, the mercenary cunning and base treachery of those staunch and loyal pillars of the British Crown and Constitution: Cowell, Swail, Towell, Rowell, Powell, Bowell, Shoell, and, last but not least among those worthies, Thompson Jewell.

XV.

Arrived at his dingy little office in The Poultry halfway up the narrow, shady alley of low-browed, drab-faced houses near the Banking House of Lubbock, you saw Thompson Jewell, recruited by a solid luncheon, bending severe brows upon a pale-faced, weak-eyed clerk, who had grievously offended, and was up for judgment.

"What this? Now, what's this, Standish?" the great man blustered. "You have been doing overtime and ask to be paid for it? Lawful claims are met with prompt settlement in this office, as you have good cause to know. But, lookie here!" The speaker puffed out his pendulous cheeks in his characteristic wise way, and held up a stout, menacing finger before the wincing eyes of the unfortunate Standish. "Don't you, or any other man in my employment get trying to make money out of me! Because you won't, you know!" said Mr. Thompson Jewell. "D'ye see?" and jabbed at the throat of the unfortunate

Standish with the finger, and then rubbed his own nose smartly with it, and thrust it, with its fellows, into his large, deep trousers-pocket as the livid victim faltered:

"You were good enough, previously to the Christmas holidays, sir, to send for me, and say that if I cared to—"

Thompson Jewell solemnly shook his little pear-shaped head, and goggled with his large, round brown eyes upon the scared victim, saying:

"Not 'cared to,' Standish. Be accurate, my good fellow, in words as in deed!"

"You hinted to me, sir——" stammered the unfortunate.

Thompson Jewell swelled to such portentous size at this that the clerk visibly shrank and dwindled before the awful presence.

"I am not accustomed to hint, Standish!"

"You intimated, sir, that if I was willing"—gulped the pallid Standish—"to devote my evenings to making up the New Year's accounts and checking the files of duplicate invoices against the office-ledgers, you—you would undertake—or so you were good enough to give me to understand—that I should be the better for it?"

"But if I mentioned overtime," returned his employer, thrusting his short fat hands under his wide coat-tails, and rocking backwards and forwards on the office beerhugger, a cheap and shabby article to which the great man was accustomed to the point with pride as illustrative of the robust humility of his own nature, "I'll eat my hat!" He glanced at the low-crowned, shiny beaver hanging on a wooden peg beside his private safe, in company with the shaggy bowcoat and a fur-lined, velvet-collared cloak of sumptuous appearance, adding, "and that's a meal would cost me thirty shillings. For there's no such a thing as overtime. It don't exist! And if you proved to me it did I wouldn't believe you!" said Thompson Jewell, thrusting his thick right hand deep into the bosom of the gorgeous waistcoat, and puffing himself out still more. "For your

time, young man! in return for a liberal salary of Twenty Shillings per week, belongs to Me—to Me, Standish, whenever I choose to employ it! As for being the better for having done the work you say you have, you are the better morally, in having discharged your duty to a generous employer; and if you choose to injure your constitution by stopping here o' nights until eleven p.m. it's no affair of mine. John Downright, my name is!—besides the one that's on the brass doorknobs of these offices, and what I say is—it's no affair of mine! Though, mind you! in burning gas upon these premises up to I don't know what hour of the night, you've materially increased the Company's quarterly bill, and in common justice ought to defray their charges. I'll let you off that!—so think yourself lucky! and don't come asking me to remunerate you for overtime again. Now, get out with you!"

Unlucky Standish, yellow and green with disappointed hopes and secret fury, and yet admiring, in spite of himself, the clever way in which he had been defamed, backed towards the narrow door, and in the act collided with a visitor, who, entering, straightway impregnated and enlivened the dead and musty atmosphere with a heterogeneous mixture of choice perfumes, in which superfluous Maccassar and bear's grease, the fashionable Francipani and Jockey Club; Russia-leather, a suspicion of stables, and more than a hint of malt liquor, combined with the fragrance of the choice Havana cheroot which the newcomer removed from his mouth as he entered, to make way for the filial salutation:

"Hullo, Governor! All serene?"

You then saw young Mortimer Jewell, only surviving sapling of the sturdy stem of tough old British oak ticketed Thompson Jewell, received in that fond father's arms, who warmly hugged him to his bosom, crying:

"Morty! My own boy!"

"How goes it, Governor?" responded Morty, winking tremendously, and patting his parent on his stout back with a

large-sized hand, gloved with the most expensive lemon kid. "Hold on, you!" he hailed, as the ghastly Standish, seeing Distress for Rent written large across the page of the near future, was creeping out. "Come back and help us out of this watchbox, will yer!" Adding, as the clerk assisted him out of a capacious driving-coat of yellow cloth, with biseuit-scented mother-o'-pearl buttons:

"You look uncommon green, Standish, my boy—Standish's your name, ain't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Mortimer, sir. And—I am quite well, sir, thank you, sir. There's nothing the matter with me beyond ordinary."

He hung up the son's coat on the peg beneath the low-crowned, curly-brimmed beaver of the parent, and went out. Morty, retaining his own fashionable, shaggy beard upon a skull of the ballet rather than the pear-shaped order, had forgotten the clerk and his sick face before the door closed behind him.

"Don't you worry about Standish and his looks, my boy!" said Thompson Jewell. "That's the way to spoil a good clerk, that is. Cock 'em up with an idea that they're overworked, next thing is they're in bed, and their wives—and why the devil they should have wives, when at that fellow's age I couldn't afford the luxury, beats me!—their wives are writing letters begging me not to stop the substitute's pay out of the husband's salary, because he, and she, and the children—and it's like their extravagance and presumption to have children when they can't afford to keep 'em!—will have to go to the Workhouse if you do. And why shouldn't they go to the Workhouse? What do we ratepayers keep it up for. If it ain't good enough for you, ma'am, and the likes of you and your's? My name being Tom Candid—that's what I say to her."

He had, in fact, said it to a supplicant of the proud, presumptuous class he complained of, only that morning. And now, as he blew out his big, pendulous

cheeks and triple chin above their stiff, circular frill of iron-grey whisker, his tall son took him by the shoulders and shook him playfully backward and forward in the grip of the great hands that were clothed with the extra-sized lemon kids, saying, as he regarded his affectionate parent with a pair of brown eyes, that, with the narrow brain behind them, were a trifle bemused with liquor even at this early hour, yet wonderfully frank and honest for a son of Thompson Jewell's:

"You know'n old File! You first-class, extra-ground, double-edged Shylock, you! You jolly old Foo-Faw-Fum, smellin' the blood of Englishmen, and grindin' their bones to make your bread—or the flour you sell to the British Government, and take precious jolly good care to sell dear!—you're lookin' in the prime of health and the pink of condition, and that's what I like to see!"

"Really, Morty! Truly, now, my dear boy?"

Morty nodded, with a cheerful grin, and Thompson Jewell's heart glowed with fatherly pride in this big young man with the foolish, good-natured face and the round, somewhat owlish eyes, that resembled his own, though not in their simplicity. But Morty's invariable and characteristic method of expressing frank admiration of those invaluable business qualities of unscrupulous, greed, and cunning, which the author of his being, while fattening upon them, preferred to disown—was a venomous dart rankling in the fleshy ribs that were clothed by the gorgeous waistcoat. His narrow slanting forehead, that was like the lid of Noah's Ark—furrowed as he heard. He said, with hurry and effort:

"Yes—yes! Well—well! And how did you come, dear boy?"

"Poled the Tilbury with the tandem over from Norwood." Morty responded, "on purpose to have a good look at you. Lord Adolphus Noddlewood, my friend and chum at the Reverend's, came along too. Lots of fun on the way! Tre-men-jous row with tollgate-keeper's

wife at Camberwell Gate—Tollman, gone to bed, after bein' up all night, stuck his head out of upper-window in a red nightcap to tell us, if we ain't too drunk to remember it—we're talkin, for once in our lives, to a decent woman.

... (And you ought to ha' heard the names she'd called us!) ... 'Dolph, my boy,' says I to Lord Adolphus when we got into the Borough Road—and plenty of excitement there, with a leader that kep' tryin' to get into the omnibuses after the old ladies! ... 'Dolph, my buck,' says I, 'I'm goin' to show you where the Guinea Tree grows.' 'Ha, ha, ha! That means,' says he to me, 'you're goin' to fly a kite among the Jews.' 'You're dead out there, Dolph,' says I. 'For one thing, the Gov' bleeds free. A touch of the lancet, and he brims the basin. For another—there isn't a He-brew among the Ten Tribes, from Dan to Beersheba, 'ad dare to lend me a penny-piece on my tidest signature for fear of what my father 'd do when he found out they been gettin' hold of his precious boy! For, deep as they are, my father's deeper,' says I, 'and artful as they are, he's more artful still; and grindin' and graspin' extortioners as it's their nature to be, there's not a Jew among 'em that the Governor wouldn't give ninety points out of a hundred to, and beat at Black Pool—with the nigger in the pocket and a general shell-out all round! Ha, ha, haw! Whew! ...'

Morty whipped out a handkerchief of brilliant blue, diffusing odours of Anahy, and applied it to his nose: "Piff! this here old rat-hole of yours stinks over and above a bit. Why don't you burn it down!—you're insured to the hilt, or I don't know you, dad! And take a smart, snug, comfortable office in Chemp-side or Cornhill?"

"It wouldn't do! I began in this place, and have grown up here, as one might say, and have got too used to it to fancy another. And—he a little careful, Morty, my boy!" urged the father of this shining specimen, admiring the son's high spirit and volubility, yet suffering at his well-earned praise. He felt so keen a pride in this tall,

hallet-headed, broad-shouldered, loosely-jointed son, that the tears stood in his round eyes as they goggled at him; and the upright grey hair upon his pear-shaped head bristled more stiffly. Somebody outside here might be listening," he pleaded, "and that kind of joke's dangerous if repeated. Be careful, my dear boy!"

"If you mean careful of those tallow-faced, inky, childlike-fingered chaps in the office outside this, and the room on the other side of the passage," said Morty, jerking up his coat-tails, and seating himself upon the large, important blotting-pad that lay upon the stained leather of the kneehole writing-table, that, with the iron safe previously mentioned; an armchair with loops of horsehair stuffing coming through the torn leather covering of its arms, and bulging through the torn leather covering of its back; a wooden stool adorned with a fantastic pattern of perforations; a daisy set of wooden pigeon-holes stuffed with dusky papers, and a bookcase containing Shipping-Lists, References, Handy Volumes, Compendiums, Ready Reckoners, and Guides, such as are commonly used by business men who chase the goose that lays the golden egg of Profit through the tortuous ways of Finance;—with a few more, likely to be of use to an Auxiliary-Transport Agent and Forage Contractor—comprised, with a blistered little yellow iron washstand, furtively lurking in a shady corner, the furniture of the office—"if you mean those clerks of yours, you're joking when you talk of them repeating anything they hear. They know you too well, Gov! They've sold themselves to you, body and soul. For you're the Devil, Governor—the very Devil! Ain't you? Gw! Don't tell me you ain't! I don't believe you!" said Morty, with a tinge of the paternal manner. "I won't believe you! I wouldn't believe you if you took a pair of wings (detachable patent), like what the Pookas—(there's a stunnin' creature!—sports in the new Opera Rally as the 'Sylph of the Silver Shams'—no, dummy!—that ain't it! 'Sylph of the Silver Strand'—out of

your safe, and a harp and a crown out of the corner-cupboard by the fireplace"—a rusty, narrow fireplace, with a bent poker thrust in between the bars of the niggardly grate that had a smoking lump of coal in it—"and showed me," said Morty, with a gleam of imagination, "your first-class diploma as a qualified practising Angel! And so you know!"

He poked Thompson Jewell in the meaty ribs that were covered by his gorgeous waistcoat, and though the hidden thorn rankled more and more, and though allusions to the personage mentioned seemed to savour of irreligion, the great man's brow relaxed, and he chuckled, as he rattled the money in the title of his bag trouser-pockets.

"And how goes the learning, Morty, with the reverend gentleman at Norwood? Does he seem to have his trade as Tutor at his fingers' ends? Does he push you on and prepare you? coach you and generally cram you with the things you ought to be master of? As a young fellow of means and expectations—who will shortly (or great people break promises!)—hold a Commission in Her Majesty's Foot Guards?"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Morty. "Don't he, though?"

"This friend of yours you've brought with you is a swell, it seems!" resumed the father.

"Lord Adolphus Noddlewood . . . I believe you, Gov!" returned the son, screwing up his round, young, foolish face into an expression of portentous knowingsness. "Eldest son of the Marquess of Crumphorn—ain't that the tip-top thing?"

"Eldest son of the Marquess of Crumphorn! We'll look him up in the—that's the sort of thing a woman enjoys doing," said Thompson Jewell, rather viciously, "and that keeps her from grizzling and groaning, and thinkin' herself an invalid."

"How is my mother, sir?" asked the son, with a shade of resentment of the other's slighting tone.

"She's pretty much the same as usual," said Thompson Jewell sourly, and

cessed to puff himself out to double his natural size, and left off rattling the tills in his trousers, "or she was when I left her early this morning. A decent, worthy sort of woman, your mother," he added, snorting, "without any spirit or go in her. And as for setting off fine clothes and jewels, as the wife of a man in My position ought to—you might as well hang 'em on a pump. Indeed, you'd show 'em off to more advantage, because a pump can't retire into the background with a Doree work-basket and a Prayer-Book, and generally efface itself. It stops where it is—and if it ain't a rattler as regards conversation, people do get some kind of response from it, if they're at the trouble of working the handle. Now, your mother—"

"My mother, sir, is as good company as as well worth looking at—in fine clothes or shabby ones—as any lady in the land!" said Morty. "I'm dam' if she ain't!" And so red and angry a light shone in the round brown eyes that were generally dull and lustrous, and so well-developed a scowl sat on the rather pimply forehead from which the tall shaggy white beaver stove-pipe of the latest fashion was jovially tilted back, that Thompson Jewell changed the conversation rather hurriedly.

"Well, well! perhaps she is!" he agreed, in rather a sounding manner. "And if her own son didn't think so, who should? Run down to Market Droming and see her as soon as you're able. She won't come up to Hanover Square before the beginning of May. Give her compliments, along with mine, to the Honourable and Reverend Alfred de Gasey and Lady Alicia Brokinghole. There's a thorough-paced nob for you, the Honourable and Reverend! And his wife! The genuine hall-marked Thing, registered and stamped—that's what she is!"

He referred in these terms of unequalled admiration to a needy sprig of nobility who had held a commission in a Cavalry regiment; and, having with highly commendable rapidity run

through a considerable fortune, had exchanged, some years previously, at the pressing instance of his creditors, the Army for the Church, and a family living which fell vacant at a particularly appropriate moment. And, having married another slip of the aristocracy as impecunious as himself, the Reverend Alfred had hit upon the philanthropic idea of enlarging his clerical stipend and benefiting Humanity at large, by receiving under his roof two or three young gentlemen of backward education and large fortune, who should require to be prepared for the brilliant discharge of their duty to their Sovereign and their country, as subaltern officers of crack regimental corps.

Not that preparation was essential in those days, when Army Coaches were vehicles as rare as swan-drawn water-chariots; and the cramming-establishments that were some years later to spring up like mushrooms on Shooter's Hill or Primrose Hill, or in the purlieus of Hammersmith or Peckham, were unknown. Ensigns of Infantry, or cornets of Cavalry Regiments, joined their respective corps without having received the ghost of a technical military education; often without possessing any knowledge whatever beyond a nodding acquaintance with two out of the three R's. . . . Mathematics, Fortification, French and German, were not imparted by the Honourable and Reverend Alfred to his wealthy pupils, for the simple reason that he, the instructor, was not acquainted with these. But in Boxing, Fencing, Riding, the clauses of the Code of Honour regulating the Prize Ring and the duelling-ground, not to mention the rules governing the game of Whist, at which the Reverend Alfred always won; he was a very fully-qualified tutor. And his wife, the Lady Alicia Brokinghole, youngest daughter of the Earl of Gallopaway, initiated the more personal of the young gentlemen into the indispensable art of handling chairs, winding Berlin wools, giving an arm to a lady, cooing sweet poems from the *Forget-Me-Not* or *The Keepsake* into her album, and generally

making themselves useful and agreeable. Nor was the Lady Alicia averse to a little discreet flirtation, or a little game of piquet, or a little rubber of whist, at which, like the Reverend Alfred, she invariably won. It will be comprehended that, provided the bear-cub who came to Norwood to be licked into shape were rich, the said cub might spend a fairly pleasant time; and be regaled with a good deal of flattery and adulation, mixed with chit-chat, gossip, and scandal, of the most aristocratic and exclusive kind.

"She's a spankin' fine woman, is Lady Alicia," agreed Morty, with the air of a connoisseur, "though a dam' sight too fond of rovin' at whist with pound points to suit my book!" he added, with a cloud upon the brow that might have been more intellectual.

"But she's an Earl's daughter!—an Earl's daughter, Morty, my boy!" urged Thompson Jewell; "and moves in high Society, the very highest—or so I have been given to understand."

"Correct, too. Knows everybody worth knowin'—got the entire *Peerage* and *Court Circular* at her finger-ends," declared simple Morty. "I drove her four-in-hand from Norwood to the Row only yesterday. Gaw! You should have seen us! Bowin' right and left like China. Manda—what-do-you-call-'em?—to the most tre-menous nobs (in coroneted carriages, with flunkies in powder and gold lace) you ever clapped your eyes on! And you ought to hear her tell of the buntings' supper she sat down to at her cousin's castle in Bohemia—the chap's an Austrian Prince with a name like a horse's cough. Four-and-forty covers, two Crowned Heads, five Hereditary Grand Dukes with their Duchesses, a baker's dozen of Princes, and for the rest, nobthin' under a Count or Countess, 'untill, Mr. Jewell," she says, "you arrived at Alfred, who would grace any social circle, however lofty, and poor little humble Me!" And they played a Chateau afterwards, and Lady Alicia had no jewels to wear in the part of Cleopatra, 'having chosen,' she says, 'to wear for Love rather than Ambition.' And the Princes had an iron

coffin brought in—or was it copper?—cram-jam-full of diamonds and rubies as big as pigeons' eggs, and told her ladyship to take what she chose. "Gaw! those sort of relatives are worth havin'! Shouldn't mind a few of 'em myself!" says I to Lady A."

"That's the sort of woman to cultivate, Morty, my boy!" advised Thompson Jewell, smiling and rubbing his hands. "With a little managing and cleverness, she ought to get you into the swim. The Goldfish Tank, I mean, where the titled heresses are. You represent Money, solid Money!—but what we want—to set our Money off in Rank! And the men of the British Aristocracy are easy enough to get at, and easy enough to get on with, provided you don't happen to tread on their damned exclusive corns. But their women, confound 'em—their high - nosed, long - necked women—they're as hard to get on a level of chaty equality with as Peter Wilkins' flying females were; and the mischief of it is, my boy, you can't do without their good word. So cultivate Lady A! Wink at her cheating at cards—it's in the blood of all these tip-top swells—and get her to take you about with her. And one of these days we may be hearing how Lady Rosaline Jewell, second daughter of the Earl, or the Marquess, or the Duke of Something-or-other, was Presented, on her marriage with Mr. Mortimer Jewell, of the Foot Guards; and what sort of figure her husband cut at the Prince's Levee. And, by Gosh! though I don't to get a coffer full of diamonds as big as pigeons' eggs in my safe, we'll see what Bond Street can do in the way of a Tiara for the head, and a Zone for the waist, and a necklace and bracelets of the biggest shiners that can be got, for her Ladyship, Thompson Jewell's daughter-in-law! And what I say I'll do, I do! My name's Old Trusty, ain't it, Morty boy?"

His round eyes goggled almost appeningly at his son.

"And if I'm—what you say—a bit of a Squeezer as regards making people pay; and a bit of a Grinder—though

that I don't admit—at driving hard bargains; and Mister Sharp of Cutters' Lane when it comes to getting the best of So-and-So and Such-and-Such—who'd cheerfully skin me alive, only give 'em the chance of it—you're the last person in the world, Morty, who ought to throw it in my face."

He spoke with almost weeping earnestness; there were blobs of moisture in the corners of his eyes; his blustering Boreas-voice was almost soft and pleading as Thompson Jewell bid for the good opinion of his son. "Not that I reproach you," was the refrain of his song, "but you ought to be the last!"

"Old Gov!" The large young man repeated his previous action of taking Thompson Jewell by his fleshy shoulders with the extra-sized hands, encased in the lemon kid gloves, and pleasantly shaking him backwards and forwards, as though he had been a large, plain whiskered doll.

"There's the Commission in the Guards, Morty. You wouldn't believe—having set my heart on making a first-class gentleman of my boy—what an uncommon sight of trouble I've taken to bring that sealed paper with Her Majesty's signature on it, down from the sky-high branch it hangs on! His Honour the Commissary-General kept his word in presenting me to my Lord Dalgan, His Grace the Commander-in-Chief's confidential Secretary, yesterday, and after a little general chit-chat, I felt my way to a hint, for we must be very humble with such great folks," said Thompson Jewell, rattling the tills, "and watch for times and opportunities. My Lord was very high and lofty with me, as you may suppose. . . .

"So you have a son, Mr. Thompson Jewell," says he. "I congratulate you, my dear sir, on having done your duty to posterity. And it is your ambition that this young man should enjoy the privilege of wearing Her Majesty's uniform? Well, well! We will see what we can do with His Grace, Mr. Thompson Jewell, towards procuring the young gentleman an ensigncy in some regiment of infantry." Hum-

bly thanking you, my Lord," says I, "for the gracious encouragement you have given to a man who might be called by persons less grand, and noble, and generous-minded than your Lordship, an ambitious tradesman;—since you permit me to speak my mind!—and he bows over his stock in his stiff-necked, gracious way—"I dare to say I fly higher for my boy," says I, "than a mere marching regiment. And what I have set my heart upon, and likewise my son his, is, plainly speaking, a Commission in the Foot Guards, White Tufts or Cut Red Feathers! Up go his eyebrows at that, Morty, and he taps with his shiny nails—a real nobleman's nails—on the carved arm of his chair, smiling. "Really, Mr. Thompson Jewell,—and he leans back and throws his foot over his knee, showing the Wellington boot with gold spurs and the white strap of the pearl-grey trouser—"ambition is, to a certain extent, laudable and to be encouraged. But at the same time, permit me to say that you do fly high!" Begging your Lordships' leave once more, says I, "to speak out, and Plain's my name and nature!—I have come to beg the greatest nobleman in the land to make a hay-and-straw-and-dour merchant's son a gentleman. A word in the ear of His Grace the Duke, and a stroke of your pen will do it, my Lord," I says; "and when I find myself in the presence of a power as lofty and as wide as yours, and am graciously encouraged to ask a favor, I don't ask a little one that a lesser influence could grant. I plump for the Guards, and your Lordship can but refuse me!"

"You clever old Codger! Rubbin' him down with a wisp of straw, and ticklin' him in all the right places. . . . But look here, you know!" objected Morty with a darkening brow, "I don't half cotton to all that pester about making a gentleman of a merchant's son. Egad, sir, I'm dam' if I do like it!"

He sat upon the knee-hole table and folded his arms upon his waistcoat, a garment of brown velvet embroidered with golden springs, worn in conjunc-

tion with a satin cravat of dazzling green, peppered with scarlet horseshoes and adorned with pins of Oriental pearl; and blew out his round cheeks quite in the paternal manner as he shook his bullet head.

"You mustn't mind a bit of humble pie, my boy!" pleaded Thompson Jewell, "feeling what a great thing it is to be got by eating it, and looking as if you liked it. You don't suppose I'm any fonder of the dish than you are—but it's for my son's sake; and so, down it goes! These stately swells will have you flatter 'em, stiff-necked, and fawn upon 'em, and lick their boots for 'em. They were born to have men cringe to 'em, and by Gosh, sir! can you stand upright and milk a cow at the same time? You can't, and you know it!—so you squat and whistle to her, and down comes the milk between your fingers, squish!"

"I ain't a dairymaid," asserted Morty sulkily.

"Not you!" said Thompson Jewell, beaming on him fondly. "And when your old Governor's willing to do the dirty work, why should you soil your hands?" His thick voice shook, and the tears stood in his goggle-eyes. "I'd lie down in the gutter so that those polished Wellingtons I spoke of just now should walk upon me dryshod—by Gosh I would!" said Thompson Jewell—"if only I might get up again with golden mud upon me, to be scraped off and put away for you! Look here! You told your friend, Lord 'Dolph, your Governor was a generous bleeder. Well, so I am! I'll fill your pan to-day."

He whipped out his cheque-book, large and bulky like himself, and—Morty having condescendingly removed himself from the blotter—drew what that scion of his race was moved to term "a whacker" of a cheque. And sent him away gorged with that golden mud to which he had referred, and correspondingly happy; so that he passed through the larger, outer office, where seven pallid clerks were hard at work under the direction of a grey-faced elderly man who inhabited a little ground-glass-pannelled sentry-box open-

ing out of their place of bondage, with "Manager" in blistered letters of black point upon the door—like a boisterous wind tinged with stables, cigars, and mixed perfumery, and shed some drops of his shining store on them in passing.

"Look here, you chaps! See what the Old Man's stood me!" Morty flourished the pink oblong, bearing the magic name of Coats'. Six of the seven pairs of eyes ravished from ledgers and correspondence, flared with desperate longing and sickened with impotent desire. Standish still kept his sea-green face downcast. And the grey Manager, peeping out of his glass case, congratulated as in duty bound.

"You're in luck again, Mr. Mortimer!" May I hope we see you well, sir?"

"First rate, Chobley! Topping condition!" Morty stuffed the cheque with lordly carelessness into a pocket in the gold-sprigged velvet vest, withdrawing a little ball of crackly white paper, which he jovially displayed between a finger and thumb attired in lemon kid.

"Twig this, hey? Well, it shall mean a dinner at the Albion in Drury Lane for the lot of you . . . and an evening at the Play—if you ain't too proud for the Pit? Leave your wives at home! the young reprobate advised, with a wink; "you're all too much married by a lot, hey, Chobley? And half-a-bottle of fish apiece it ought to stand you in. . . . And see that beggar Standish drinks his share! . . . Catch! . . . Gaw!—what a butter-fingered beggar you are, Standish!"

The paper insult, flipped at ghostly Standish's lowered nose, smartly hit that feature, and rebounded into a letter-basket as Morty blustered out. The clerk looked at each other as the swing-doors banged and gibbered behind the young autocrat. They heard him hail Lord 'Dolph, heard the trampling and slipping of the tandem-horses' hoofs upon the uneven pavement; heard Morty cheerfully curse the grocer, —heard, too, the final "Gaw!" with which the heir of the house of Jewell

climbed the news of his good luck with his Governor; the hiss and smack of the tandem whip, and the departing clatter of the tilbury westwards, to those regions where golden-haired sirens smile upon young men with monkeys in their pockets; and white-bosomed waiters dance attendance on their pleasure in halls of dazzling light.

Then said the gray-faced Manager, breaking the silence:

"I suppose, gentlemen, we had better do as Mr. Mortimer so kindly suggested? I presume that no one here is averse to theatrical exhibitions, or objects to a good dinner, washed down with the half-bottle of champagne the young gentleman liberally mentioned?"

"I prefer port!" said the hitherto silent Standish, in so strange a voice it seemed as though another man had spoken.

"Do you, egad?" said a fellow-clerk sniggeringly. "Perhaps you'll tell us why?"

"Because it is the color of blood," the pale drudge answered. He dipped his

pen in the red ink as he spoke, and dived into his ledger again, and the face he bent over the closely-figured pages was yellow and sharp as a wedge of cheese.

Chobley, the Manager, had looked sharply at Standish when he had given voice to that strange reason for preferring the thick red wine. He had respectfully smoothed out the crumpled five-pound note, and folded it into a broad flat spill, and he scraped the pepper-and-salt bristles of his chin with it thoughtfully as he took his eyes away from the downcast, brooding face; and very shortly afterwards took himself, upon a sufficient business-excuse, into Thompson Jowell's room. And next morning Standish did not appear at the office in The Poultry, and thenceforward the place upon the short-legged, homehair-covered stool that had been his was occupied by another white-gilted toiler; and his frayed and ragged old black office coat vanished for good from its hook behind the door.



Perils of the Night

In a sketch of Alan Sullivan, published last month, Mr. J. E. Wetherell described "Pilots of the Night" as a marvelously vivid sketch of a journey in the engineer's cab from New York to Buffalo. And, indeed, such it is. The reading of the narrative will change forever our attitude towards a journey by rail. In all subsequent journeys the reader will give some thought to the fireman with his shovel, and the driver at the throttle who recommends the business end of the train. He will never again be ungrateful of the men in the overalls whose long vigil and tense brains and tireless hands bring the sleeping travellers safe through the black watches of the dangerous night to their destination in the morning. The article is republished from Harper's Weekly, with the permission of the publishers.

By Alan Sullivan

"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the April issue of MacLean's Magazine.



ELECTRIC locomotive No. 4032 slid quietly out of the darkness and cushioned gently against the coupler of the forward baggage car of No. 26. She was low, flat, and black, a crouching double-nosed monster. She gave you the impression that the faster she went the closer she would lie to the rail—which, indeed, was very much the case. There was nothing of the lofty, dignified, and somewhat supercilious locomotive appearance about her. She had no stack, no rods, no cylinders, no tender. She was sheared and shorn, naked and unashamed. She carried no coal and no water, and her entrails were of carbon and copper and steel.

From the cab window I looked back along the shining Pullmans. They were swallowing their nightly freight of unimpressionable inhabitants. It seemed strange that not one of them even

glanced forward to the business end of train.

"Do they never come up here?" I asked Cassin, the engine-man, whose elbow touched my own.

"The ladies bring the children, sometimes. See the pretty engine," he added quizzically. Then, with a swift glance at an illuminated dial, "Sit over there, we're pulling out."

Far back, opposite the middle of the train, a blue-coated man raised his arm. Cassin pushed his controller handle delicately forward, with little fractional movements. On the instant vivid flashes of blue flame ripped out in narrow passages that ran each way from the cab. I had a glimpse of interlocking contacts that gripped and spurted fire and released one another. From beneath our feet rose the grumble of the driving-gears.

The locomotive weighed one hundred and the train weighed eight hundred, but No. 4032 laid her long, black nose between the rails and pulled till one expected her straining howls to burst sounder. It seemed an eternity till the tumult subsided. It was hard

the tunnel. The great tube stretched ahead like a gleaming causeway. And, just as our cars began to throb with the weight of the trembling atmosphere, we boomed out into the night and the million windows of New York stared at us, Angus-eyed. But Cassin was not inter-



Little by little, taking and giving, he told his engine to her work.

to believe that this mechanical frenzy was born in the whirling dynamo at Yonkers; that it came, docile along its aerial filaments, to animate this inflexible demon. Within a coach length the skidding drivers hit hard on the clean rail and we rolled smoothly into

ested in New York. His left hand was on the controller. There were little straightenings and contractions of the arm, swift glances at his quivering dials, and a steady, relentless staring ahead at a myriad of signals, green on green, red on red, green and red in

every possible combination and position. These were his masters, these his voiceless arbiters; and, just as I was wondering how any one pair of eyes, however keen, could interpret them, I became conscious that his helper was staring as fixedly forward.

"All right," said Cassin. "All right," said his helper. It was not one brain, but two, that were at work; and

and intensely human. You are an onlooker in one case, and a participant in the other. A participant, in virtue of the fact that you are beginning to see things as they are, your eyes are being opened to what men of one kind expect from men of another. Should this appear enigmatic, the reason may be evident before you climb out of the cab at Buffalo.



At daybreak the Limited ran on time.

all through the night, on each successive division, it was the same, this sharp cross-fire of "All right" across the heaving iron floor.

New York from the smoking compartment and New York from the engine cab are two different cities. One is interesting, imposing, and picturesque. The other is vital, compelling,

Across the Harlem we swayed though locked switches till the northerly ridges of Manhattan Island curved its brilliant back above the polo grounds. Then, almost beneath the reverberating arches of High Bridge, No. 4032 slipped away into the darkness with a smooth, contented purring of her motors. She had pulled us out of

the city. That was her limit, and she would shortly pull in a Pittsburgh flyer. She was metropolitan. She paralleled Broadway.

The night was cold, and No. 4017 was festooned with little wreaths of steam that clung to her gigantic outline as she hacked noiselessly out of the gloom. Compared to the electric, she was blatant and obvious, but hugely and magnificently so. There were no technical mysteries about her. Everything stood out sharply and nakedly. And Harrington, her lord and master, was, in face and form, just such a personage as should rule this metallic kingdom. He was big and loose-jointed, racy-checked and blue-eyed. There was the clean, strong line of face and chin that betrays what the Scotch call a "maugferl" man. To see him start the ten Pullmans was an education. He had all the delicacy of touch of the trained horseman who knows his horse. Little by little, taking and giving, he laid his engine to her work, and beneath him the great machine responded with long-drawn breath and a volcanic coughing of smoke and vapor.

Under the tension of the start it seemed impossible that a man-made contrivance could withstand the strain. From front and rear came a thousand querulous voices, the individual complaint of integral and burdened parts. They revolted against stress and weight. But, as speed increased, these gradually smoothed themselves out into a cradle of interlinking sound and vibration. No. 4017 had got down to her work. There was just a steady snore of hurtling momentum, cushioned against the hum of the swaying coaches behind.

Harrington sat motionless, leaning forward on his right elbow, his left hand constantly grasping the throttle. He was the brain and nerve-centre of the cab, but he contributed nothing to the almost savage activity that possessed his fireman. The latter moved swiftly. His left foot pressed a flattened lever and the fire-draws yawned under the force of compressed air. From within small arrow-headed flames spat out and licked the rivet-heads around the opening. Into the white heart of

the furnace swung the coal. Be it noted that none was spilled, though the opening was but three inches wider than the shovel—and this at fifty miles an hour.

The fireman moved from the shovel to the injector, that sucked water from the tender into the long, black barrel of the boiler; from the injector to the air-vent on the tank—for his new No. 4017 was scooping a thousand gallons a minute from a trough that lay gleaming a mile long between the rails; from the air-vent to cast keen glances ahead where the green and red signals hung in suspended clarity, and to shoot back a sharp "all right" to the motionless man in blue overalls. The train plunged deeper into the night, and, as the glow of the fire-box illuminated the great white plume of steam that trailed from our lifting valves, the reflection of this little figure was cut upward against its fleecy surface. It was suspended over the sleeping passengers, a vast shadowed and foiling spirit, symbolical of those who labor in darkness that others may slumber in safety.

All these things were so compelling, with a certain dominant reiteration, that one was prone to forget the ghostly country we traversed. At Yonkers we flushed by the delicate masts of a fleet of tenantless yachts. Sing Sing palpitated with the brilliancy that streamed from its bare exterior galleries and the white expanse of its innumerable walls. Suddenly there glittered an insistent, dazzling ray from the searchlight of a river steamer. Its beam flickered uncertainly up and down the green shores opposite, till, swinging with inconceivable rapidity, it poured on us and flooded and followed us. The rest of the world, signals and all, vanished utterly. Then the ray lifted and leaped and dropped, hawklike, on the hill again.

West Point slid past us in long lines of ordered lights that dipped to the water's edge. The great mass of Storm King shouldered heavenward, and, hundreds of feet beneath us, men delved in subterranean solitude, to bring the springs of the mountain tops to the greatest city of the New World.

Poughkeepsie and the high skeleton of its bridge dropped behind. The fairy step-ladder of the Otis inclined railway reared its jeweled and temuous length into the night and vanished.

Another element obstructed itself—time. One could neither gauge nor approximate this. And yet we had moved with precision; our varying speed had subordinated itself to stops and starts. We were on time—that was felt. And, pondering this, one became slowly conscious of the subjective co-ordination, the human and mechanical alliance, that controlled the safety of lives behind us, the safety of average, particular, hard-to-please, apt-to-complain travelers.

From Albany another engine, with Higgen at the throttle, faced the steep ascent from the fat river meadows to the Mohawk valley plains. Higgen showed what an engine would stand. He was imperative and relentless. Here, more than anywhere, one was unconscious of the enormous drag of the heavy train. The whole panting framework expended itself in such effort as almost drew pity for its gigantic struggles. The jumping needle on the steam-gauge dropped a point. The fireman swung his shovel more and more incessantly. Then, just when it seemed that this superhuman progress must end in ruin, the engine found herself. The orchestra swung gradually through the crescendo to an ultimate and magnificent fortissimo. The grade was climbed. It was the acme of co-operation, one that repulsed gallantly to a man in overalls, the passionate director of this tempest of power.

At the top of the hill the repair shops glowed with a green, unearthly light from Cooper Hewitt lamps. We had a vision of swarms of ant-like men attacking inert locomotives, amputating and patching. Then these faded away in a sudden fog that settled on the earth like a blanket.

Into it we raced blindly. I looked for the wrinkles on Higgen's sleeve, for these were the only visible signs when he reduced speed. But the arm moved not. He was staring forward. The thick vapor penetrated the cab, striking

cold and damp. Then a glare sprang up directly ahead. We plunged to meet it. In a fraction of time No. 42 from Chicago swayed past in a blur of velocity and died roaring in a cloud.

The fog lifted and revealed a long line of dredges blazing with light and casting their way through the flat beam fields. Here would shortly be the Barge Canal, miles of it already constructed. We passed them rapidly in a smooth run that laid the miles contentedly behind, till steam was cut off and we coasted luxuriously into Syracuse.

And at Syracuse came Hoff, a veteran of the road, whose rugged features softened into a wintry smile at the sight of the third man in the cab. An hour later it was seen what manner of driver Hoff was.

The wind pressure was running into face and eyes, searching them with a keen harshness that spoke of speed. I looked inquiringly at the fireman, for, be it known, silence is something more than golden on an engine. He raised five grimy fingers twice. We were making nearly a mile a minute.

Suddenly Hoff's left arm straightened in a pull, and instantaneously I peered ahead. Low down, near the track was a spot of red, infinitely small and distant; it swung in a tiny arc across the rail. Hoff moved with an almost vicious certitude and the air went on. Then, as the whirling drivers bit at the cold steel beneath them, my mind leaped to passengers! Up to that moment they had been remote—unreal.

But now the ponderous Pullmans closed up and thrust forward with inconceivable weight. I had a vision of hundreds of unconscious forms relined in sleep—forms that swayed gently in their gigantic cradle, oblivious of everything, and, above all, of the supreme tension of that moment. In this enormous effort there flushed on me the gulf that yawned between them, and the grim-faced man who was still master of himself and his machine. The red point grew and swung the faster, and, just as Hoff was reaching for the reverse lever, we stopped dead beside it.

Nearly a thousand tons, nearly a mile a minute, but bitted, bridled, and curbed in five hundred yards.

So much for nerve and mechanics, but mark what followed. Hoff leaned far out and spoke to an invisible figure below. Then he drew in sharply and coaxed the train into motion. His face had ebbed and hardened. The two steel pin-points into which his eyes had contracted grew sharper. Not a word was said, but his jaw projected till it looked like the ram of a Dreadnought.

Later, I knew why. We had been flagged by a brakeman who moved in the darkness on the wrong track. He had held up the Limited. To him it meant something more than a reprimand. To Hoff, it meant sixty-five miles an hour till daylight. To me it meant a lesson in self-control. There were no words wasted. In the breathless period that followed I saw man and machine at their uttermost, for Hoff took the very last pound of steam that the boiler would give him. The engine swung horribly as she hit the curves, swayed till it seemed she must plunge in ruin from the delicate ribbons over which she thundered. But Hoff sat inflexible, and at daylight, the Limited was on time.

The dawn greeted us with a suggestion of widening horizon and a softening of the sharp outline of signal lamps. It was not so much the spreading of light as the hesitant withdrawal of gloom, beneath whose dwindling skirts the light seemed to have been always waiting. Then houses, trees, and fences divested themselves of indistinctness.

Rochester loomed bare, black and empty beneath this pitiless revelation, but at Batavia the morning had marched on to that humanizing period when night yields up her sleepers. From the cab window this vanguard of early workers looked strangely individualistic on its way to factory and forge. It was as if we ourselves were completing a journey from some remote asteroid, and, after countless questioning leagues of darkness, had arrived, at last, on some more normal and firmly established planet. And now that the straight track stretched clear ahead to

Buffalo I longed that the great army of travelers could have looked into the cab of the Limited. All through the night the belching fire-doors had painted two figures with momentary and lurid life. The cold stare of morning told another story. The fireman, ashen with grime, still swung his tireless shovel, but there was a droop in his shoulders, a slackness in his momentary rest that was eloquent. Hoff's left hand still rested on the throttle it had never deserted since we rolled out of the black abyss of Syracuse station. But his face, stained ebony with a million particles of coal-dust, was lined and furrowed like that of one who bears great burdens. For all his strength, and all his mastery, the run had made its mark upon him.

The value of his human freight was perhaps a million dollars, and it lay nightly in the hollow of his hand. I groped for some understanding of what a man gives who gives himself this. The steady beam of that clear blue eye seemed to stand for something higher and finer than money value. It stood for the mental side of a marvelous alliance. Civilization demanded transportation. A mechanism was developed, enduring beyond belief, refined to the last degree. And, moving in parallel perfection, the human organism marched with it, till the last conceivable quality of the one linked into responsive union with the other. That was what Hoff and his brothers stood for. Discipline, courage, judgment, self-control. In evidence of which—listen.

A few years ago the brakemen on a great transcontinental system threatened to strike. The traffic of thousands of miles and half a continent was imperiled. The men demanded higher wages, easier hours—in short, a considerable betterment. The company demurred. A total stoppage was imminent when the general manager, wise beyond most men, offered to arbitrate before—not a board of lawyers or business men, but a board composed of members of the Locomotive Drivers' Union. The offer was accepted. The board adjudicated fairly and squarely and their decision abides to this day.

That is why confidence is felt that the railroads and their engineers will find themselves able to solve their difficulties without a conflict.

Now turn the shield in the drama of the road. All down the curtained aisles people were slowly shaking off their sleep, drowsily wondering whether they were on time. Porters were answering insistent bells. Every luxurious appointment of the train found its use. The hotel on wheels was alive again. Here and there, across dimly tablet men discussed the disgraceful way in which brakes were put on during early morning. It had broken their dreams.

Not a thought of the business end of the train. Not a word of danger or stress or endurance. Not a glimmer of the long vigil, or the tense brain, or the tireless hand on the throttle. These travelers were playing their self-appointed part—on the strength of what? A first-class ticket and berth between the cities of New York and Buffalo.

At Buffalo Hoff leaned at the cab window, and beside him I watched the departing travelers. He looked down, immobile and toil-stained. They did not look at Hoff. They took him for granted.

Push On or Go to the Bottom

Supposing a Boston youth should start to walk to California, but should stop and play along the way with every boy he met, and when questioned by one who knew him as to why he was loitering and wandering from the route, when his destination was the Pacific Coast, should reply: "Oh, I don't believe in hard work and the strenuous life. I believe we were made to enjoy ourselves. I shall see California all right, but I'm not going to kill myself in trying to get there on schedule time! I'll take it easy and have all the fun I can on the way." This boy goes along the line of least resistance. He plays and he lies by the wayside, wanders here and there out of his course, until his resources are exhausted and his strength gone, and California seems farther away than when he started.

Every youth who reads this will say that is a ridiculous, hypothetical case; yet many people are doing practically the same thing. They don't prepare themselves for anything definite in life; they jog along in a go-as-you-please

feebled, and then wonder why other people succeed and they don't.

The failure of a great many people is due to the fact that they do not appreciate the value of things which assist in attaining success. They think that success is merely a question of waiting for the big opportunity of their lives, and seizing it when it comes with little regard for preparation or training for it. They do not realize that every hour of every day in their lives is either moving them towards that which is worth while or away from it; that there must be a constant and perpetual pushing towards a definite goal or they never will get anywhere.

A successful career is like a great boulder which a man pushes up a hill, and which is as large as one can move. It is a steep up-grade all through life, and when you take your shoulder from the stone, it begins to go back, and if you let go altogether, it goes to the bottom. One must keep pushing or roll down hill.

DR. ORISON SWETT MASON.

Padding the Expense Account

This is an article on the ethics of travelling expenses. There are four ways in which such expenses are handled by business firms. The advantages of each system are discussed and the possibilities of padding accounts considered. The question is one of special interest to business men and travelling representatives.

By R. W. Brock

YOUNG GRAINGER was in a predicament and through the haze of argument failed to see daylight. He had been sent out on the road as assistant to Dick Redford, one of Elmsey & Co.'s veteran travellers. It was his first trip and he had enjoyed it as only one who makes his initial venture into a new world of experience can hope to do. All had been fresh, novel and exciting. Business in Redford's territory was good and substantial orders had been booked. There had been plenty of entertainment in spare time—flirtations with pretty shop assistants; amusing visits to rural theatres and a thousand and one diversions for a youth on his first adventure away from home.

Then a difficulty arose. The veteran and the tyro were returning to headquarters at the end of the week. As the train rushed eastward, Redford took the younger man aside and broached the subject of his expense account.

"According to regulations, Jack," said he, "you'll have to turn in a record of your expenses. It's not my business specially, but I suppose the firm advanced you something?"

"Sure they did. They gave me twenty-five dollars," said Grainger.

"Spent it all?" queried Redford.

"Well, I guess not," replied Grainger gaily. "I've got between six and seven dollars left."

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Redford quietly.

"Why, turn it in to the office, of course," was the answer.

"I wouldn't," said Redford shortly. "You're entitled to that, Jack. It's one of the rules of the road. No one expects you to cover this route for any eighteen dollars a week and you're a fool if you do it."

"But, look here," reasoned Grainger. "That's exactly what I did spend. That's my expenses. I've got to turn in an exact report, haven't I—railroad fare, hotel and bus charges and meals on the train? It comes to eighteen thirty-five. How on earth can I make it any more?"

"Easiest thing in the world," interposed Redford, calmly. "You're entitled to decent accommodation and decent meals. No decent hotel charges less than two dollars per day. Perhaps we only paid one-fifty, but if you put up with a one-fifty joint, surely you deserve the fifty cents for making the sacrifice. Same thing with meals. A decent meal is worth a dollar or a dollar twenty-five. If we put up with fifty cent dinner or supper, we earn the difference. Riding on the train, we're entitled to chair car accommodation and if we choose to make a jump in a second-class coach, we have a perfect right to charge up the extra."

"According to your method, then," exclaimed Grainger, who had listened in open-mouthed astonishment to this argument. "I ought to put down that a certain meal cost me a dollar when I only paid out fifty cents and that I gave the Queen's Hotel at Bromley five dollars when I only spent three-fifty there."

"Precisely," assured the older man coolly.

"But that wouldn't be exactly—honest, would it?"

"That all depends on who you're working for," explained Redford sentimentally. "With our house it's perfectly square. They know the travelling end of the business. Do you suppose they would have handed you over twenty-five dollars, if they had thought for one minute that you could have done the trip on eighteen? Not much. Take it from me, they expect you to spend the twenty-five one way or another, and what you don't spend for them, they'll expect you to make up."

"It doesn't strike me as the right thing," protested Grainger.

"Why, my innocent boy, we all do it. It's expected of us. So much allowance is made for travelling expenses and, if we get the business, they don't give a rap what becomes of the little bit of expense money. Turning in an expense account is a mere formality; the accounting department needs it, I suppose."

"Well, I don't like the idea of putting down items that are not absolutely right and I don't believe I could bring myself to do it," said Grainger.

"Now see here, Jack. That's too bad of you. Take my word for it the firm knows all about it. All our travellers run along on a certain standard of expense. Nobody kicks. If you come in and upset everything with your straight-laced ideas, you'll cause no end of trouble. I have to charge up thirty dollars this week. See what a mess you'll make of things if you say you've only spent eighteen dollars."

"But you say the firm knows all about it."

"Of course they do. They know in a general way that it costs about so much to make the trip and they're quite willing to pay that amount. But they wouldn't hesitate to accept your little refund all the same, and if you travel that cheap, they'll expect everyone else to do the same."

"Why shouldn't you?" queried

Grainger. "Wouldn't it be better for the business?"

"Not for my business," said Redford, who was beginning to grow a little angry. "I can pocket from \$250 to \$400 a year on my expense account and a fellow doesn't like to lose that little perquisite. I consider it perfectly legitimate and I haven't a bit of scruple about doing it. But, I tell you, you'll be playing dirty if you interfere."

So saying Redford walked off into the smoking compartment and left his assistant to ruminate on the pros and cons of the situation. It was evident that he was confronted with an awkward problem. His natural sense of honesty revolted at the idea of falsifying his accounts even in the most plausible way. He had spent eighteen dollars and thirty-five cents. He had the remaining six dollars and sixty-five cents in his pocket and every item of expense was neatly entered in the little blank book supplied by Elmsey & Co. To pad this account by magnifying the cost of hotel accommodation, meals and railway fare, was most distasteful to him.

On the other hand he realized that if he persisted in his determination to turn in an absolutely accurate expense account, he would be getting Redford and the other travellers for Elmsey & Co. into difficulties. He knew Redford for a good-hearted generous chap with a large family. It would be mean and unfriendly to treat him as a dishonest servant of the house—if not directly, at least by implication. There was no doubt that Redford had schooled his mind to regard the petty padding of accounts as legitimate and that his argument was sincere, when he said that Elmsey's travellers were expected to travel decently, put up at the best hotels and entertain their customers whenever opportunity offered, and that therefore, anything they could save from their allowance would be their own.

As he continued to debate the problem in his mind, the train bearing the two travellers rapidly drew near their

home city. He was unable to come to a decision as to what was the proper mode of action, and the more he thought the more confused he became. It was his first encounter with a problem in business ethics and it remained to be seen whether he would allow himself to drift with the tide of the careless or make a determined effort to stand by the principles which had been instilled into him by a strict and upright father.

At this point it becomes necessary to leave young Grainger and his mentor to their own devices. There is no ending to the story. Just as Frank Stockton left his readers in agonising doubt as to whether his hero got the lady or was gotten by the tiger, so in this little story there is no record as to how Jack Grainger, junior traveller for Elmley & Co., dealt with his expense account. The whole object in relating the incident is to introduce a subject that is of considerable importance in business life and to induce some thought on its various aspects.

The expense account is not peculiar to the commercial traveler, though, as handled by him it is probably of wider and more pointed application. Most business and professional men are confronted at intervals with the necessity for either collecting or paying out such expenses money. Your bank clerk sent from one branch to another; your delegate despatched to some convention; your lawyer engaged on some case requiring a journey; your advertising solicitor or editorial representative sent into new territory, all must needs keep track of their expenses. There is scarcely a man who at one time or another in his career is not required to furnish an expense account.

Broadly speaking there are few ways in which an expense account may be handled by a business house. They advance a certain sum of money at the beginning of a trip, and at the conclusion require the traveller to turn in an itemized account of his expenditure, with such balance in cash as may be over. This is obviously a method

which is open to considerable abuse, for there will be a constant tendency to pad the account, and even the most rigidly honest traveller will be open to temptation at times.

To overcome this difficulty, some firms are accustomed to hand over a lump sum to their travellers at the beginning of their trips, which will be sufficient to meet all necessary expenses, as estimated by experience. This amount is charged up in its entirety as expense money and no record is required from the traveller as to how it has been expended. If they are able by economy to save a portion of it, that sum is legitimately their own. Handled in this way an expense account is free from temptation.

Both the foregoing methods, however, are open to serious abuse. If the first breeds dishonesty in the one direction, the second is equally disastrous. Cases are not infrequent where the traveller, by a studied examination of the situation, is able to make a good thing out of his expense money to the disadvantage of the firm. He may curtail his working time at both ends. Instead of leaving headquarters on Sunday night or Monday morning, he spends Monday at home and does not take to the road until perhaps Monday night or Tuesday morning. Then he comes back on Friday, when he is not supposed to be in until Saturday and charges up a full week's work, or perhaps he drops into some small village or town at the beginning of the week, where he has some cronies, and instead of working decides to loaf. He can live cheaply and is able to save enough out of his expense money to bring him in a very fair return. Indeed, there are many tricks by which a clever traveller can defraud his firm.

These conditions have led a few houses to adopt a third method of treating expense accounts. These firms put their travellers on what is called a salary and commission basis, and require them to pay their own travelling expenses. The salary usu-

ally amounts to the wage paid a traveller in the same line of business. The commission is dependent on their sales; it may be reckoned on the volume of their sales or on the profit earned by the firm on the goods they sell. In either case, there is a direct incentive for the man to increase his sales, while, as he pays his own expenses, he is not open to any temptation either to pad his accounts or loaf.

A fourth method, which is the favorite one with houses dealing in specialties, is to pay their representatives by commission only, and allow them to meet their own travelling expenses. This is unquestionably the most satisfactory method of all, though its application to certain lines of business is not always feasible. The specialty offers possibilities, where the simple is most uncertain. The traveller for the grocery, hardware or dry goods firm has to be assured a salary before he undertakes to sell goods. The salesman for the specialty house sees big opportunities and large profits and wants to share in them. A salary to him would be a hindrance rather than a help.

Roughly speaking, the few methods described are those in most general use in Canada. There may be variations in all of them, and some firms may have introduced modifications which safeguard both the house and its traveller from imposition and dishonesty. But the expense account continues to be a problem with many firms and its satisfactory solution, under their special conditions, has yet to be found.

While there is no intention of impugning the honesty of travellers as a class, there can be little doubt that some of them take a very pleasant view of the padding habit. It has been said jocularly on more than one occasion that a sharp manipulator can cover up almost anything within the limits of an expense account. The story is related of a green traveller, who was called up on the carpet and given a severe dressing down for inducing a ten dollar suit of clothes in

his first week's expenses. The scolding rankled in his soul and he determined to get back at his employer. The next week he presented his expense account in person, and blandly inquired if it met with the approval of the boss. The latter glanced over it and pronounced every item correct and legitimate. "Well," exclaimed the traveller triumphantly, "I've got the suit of clothes in there all right, too."

As a matter of fact there can be very little accurate checking up of expense accounts and few firms even make a pretense of doing so. It is largely a case of getting business and, if a traveller is selling the goods satisfactorily few questions are asked about the way he spends his expense money. It sometimes takes money to get money, and, when a large order is landed, there is small need of inquiring as to the reason for a noticeable increase in expenses. Most firms view the problem in its entirety and overlook details, being quite content to O. K. the expense account if the results warrant the outlay.

The question of ethics rests, therefore, with the individual traveller. His code may overlook those little digressions which the average man living at home would consider questionable. He may regard it as perfectly legitimate to make his expense account square neatly with the amount of money he returns to the house, though the items may not reflect exactly the amounts expended. He may include expenditures under a careful disguise that would not be passed in their rightful garb, believing confidently that he is entitled to have them paid for him.

The tricks of the trade are almost too numerous to mention, and the padding of expense accounts in some hands has become almost an art. Johnson may arrive in a town with half a dozen trunks, which he finds it more convenient to leave at the station than to take to his hotel, yet he does not hesitate to charge up a good round sum for their transfer to and from the hotel. Thomson may charge up a

week's board at the top-notch hotel in some city, but may eat his meals at a fifteen-cent lunch counter. Anderson may go and stay with a friend for a couple of days; he will still take care to cover the time generously in his expense account. Jackson may decide to ride from one place to another in a first-class coach and will take the opportunity to charge up a Pullman fare.

And yet it must not be assumed that this applies to all travelling men. As a class, the men of the road are just as honest, just as scrupulous and just as fair as any other class in the community. The circumstance that there are among them some black sheep and that the opportunities for crookedness are perhaps a little more frequent, must not be taken as a general indictment.

When it comes to other classes, the same phenomenon is to be observed. Once placed a little expense money in the hands of a weak character and he will cog his brains to find means of turning it to his own advantage. He may be some government official, to whom a railway company has quietly handed an annual pass. Instead of re-

turning that portion of his expense money which would cover the amount saved by the pass, he boldly pockets the cash and charges up the fare. He may be a society or club official, and in view of the funds in his possession, charge up all manner of private expenses as expenses incurred in the transaction of the duties of his office. He may be simply a bank clerk despatched from one office to another, and he will represent his expenses as sufficiently in excess of his actual expenditure to enable him to finance a new suit of clothes. He may be a professional man who will unscrupulously apply to private ends funds which were entrusted to him for some specific purpose. Everywhere one will come across instances of this looseness of character.

It is almost impossible for employers to guard against such small and indefinite peculations. The individual must needs be his own judge in the matter. If he can conscientiously state that his expense account is honestly compiled, well and good. If he has his doubts and questionings, it is time for reformation.



After Failure

It is what is left of a man after he has failed that counts. This residue is the measure of the real man, just as the pure gold which is left in the crucible after all the dross has been burned out in the hot blast is the real stuff.—Orison Swett Marden.

The Dodds-Sinders—They Return

The third of the Dodds-Sinders stories is published herewith, in which "The Return" of the family is featured. The previous ones have been well received. There is a certain turn in all of the stories which gives them a peculiar interest, which, coupled with their humor, makes them most readable offerings.

By Ed. Cahn

IT was the third day out, Mrs. Dodds-Sinders was able to sit up and take a little nourishment, the complexion of her daughters were fast regaining their wonted tints of pink and they awaited the arrival of the steward with the eleven o'clock broth with something very near impatience.

The sea was calm. The sun shone gloriously, their stunner chairs were placed to their entire liking and perhaps the serene knowledge that Mr. Dodds-Sinders would not emerge from his retirement for fully twelve hours, had something to do with the feeling of sweet peace which fairly radiated from the faces of the feminine Dodds-Sinders'.

Pa had marked their departure from London's famous Cecil by an argument with a caddy which would have ended in blows and blood but for the combined tears and entreaties of Ma and the girls.

Like good Christians, they had been able to find good even in the evil of seasickness, especially in Pa's case, for it kept him out of mischief.

Pa had followed up his triumph in the case of the Count and Baron by insisting upon sailing for home, declaring that the domain of Jack Canuck was cultured enough for him, and St. George Street beat Rotten Row to a standstill in his opinion, so here they were going home as fast as the biggest, finest, fastest, most expensive ship could carry them.

"Oh dear!" said Birdie despairingly.

"My head aches. I feel queer. Ugh! I'm going to be sick again!" She rose and hurried away while her Mother was sleepily opening her eyes.

Nora sat up and looked after her, then, in an excited whisper, "Ma! here comes Mrs. Toppe-Nyche and her maid! She is going home, too. I read it in the society notes. She has been visiting her cousin, Lady Lily, in Surrey. Oh I wish——"

Mrs. Dodds-Sinders, after one swift glance, closed her eyes again for she was sure that the aristocratic Mrs. Toppe-Nyche would not deign to notice her, and Mrs. Dodds-Sinders was not one to court a snub.

As Mrs. Toppe-Nyche reached their immediate vicinity, she turned pale and half stumbled. "Oh Marie! I cannot go another step," she said weakly.

"Madam!" The maid slipped her arm around her mistress and looked helplessly about.

Nora sprang up and between them they put the half fainting Mrs. Toppe-Nyche into her chair.

Mrs. Dodds-Sinders produced her smelling salts and turned to revive Mrs. Toppe-Nyche, her kind heart overflowing with sympathy, all differences in social station forgotten. She dispatched the maid for another rug and Nora for tea, talking reassuringly all the time.

Presently Mrs. Toppe-Nyche felt better, but instead of paying polite thanks, she dismissed her maid and remained to chat with Mrs. Dodds-Sinders.

Nora was not very cordial for she had heard how the upper ten are wont to unbend when away from home and suffer complete loss of memory regarding ship acquaintances upon setting foot upon terra firma.

"She just means to get us to talking and then retail all we say to her haughty society friends." She said to her Mother, after Mrs. Toppe-Nyche had left them alone.

"Leave that to me," said Mrs. Dodds-Sinders and would say no more.

The next day and the next found the two ladies upon very friendly terms and at the last dinner upon shipboard the Toppe-Nyche's Mother and Son, were the guests of the Dodds-Sinders.

Mr. refused to reveal any of the results of her conversations with Mrs. Toppe-Nyche until they reached home and once there, the girls could hardly wait for there was a gratified twinkle in Ma's eye and Pa's joy at being at home again was mitigated a trifle by unvoiced fears of things to come.

James set a splendid dinner before the returned travellers and then remarked to the chef, that the family had "brought 'ome a hauxent wot it would give you a pine to 'ear." And expressed it as his opinion that "as soon as the Missis got her bonnet off they would all be looking for new 'bloss." Furthermore, James said, it was a mistake on the part of Providence to give a cove like Dodd-Sinders, whose 'place' in life was assuredly that of a coxer behind his barrow, fifteen millions and keep the likes of James, poor as poor. " 'e kann't rightly horder a servant about, and look at me, being doing it all me life. Yues, Lousey, things ain't fair in this world."

While James and Louie were engaged in this conversation, Mrs. Dodds-Sinders was explaining to the girls, but hurriedly, for Aunt Hannah had sent word that she would call that evening to hear all about their trip.

"Mrs. Toppe-Nyche is really poor," said Ma. "The day we met on the steamer she was almost crazy wondering where to get enough money to get

through the season. Her cousin, Lady Lily, is just as badly off. Mrs. Toppe-Nyche says half the lords and ladies are head over ears in debt and always as poor as can be, for people who are supposed to be rich."

"Well,—don't you see—we must have someone to introduce us to the right people here, she needs a little help must have it in fact. I have told her that if we meet the social success we want, through her, we will see to it that she is more than comfortable. After that dinner on the ship, I made her out a check. Oh, a good big one; and she is going to see that we know everyone and go everywhere this season. But, of course, nobody is to know anything about our little arrangement.

She says we ought to have a house on the hill. Everybody's building up there."

"St. George Street suits me," said Pa. "If we're going to be anybody at all we ought to keep away from that hill and 'everybody.' More than one good card has been lost sight of in the shuffle."

Nora's maid tapped at the door, desiring to know what was to be done with the two pictures in the bottom of a trunk. She was told to bring them into the drawing-room and they were given places of honor by Dodds-Sinders himself.

"So long as these notes were sent to the society papers about our Art Gallery, we might as well get the use out of 'em."

The doorknocker rang. "There's Aunt Hannah! Girls, don't tell her anything. She will tell all the relations and the whole town besides all she hears; so be careful."

James ushered in a portly old lady with small shrewd brown eyes. She was clad in shiny black alpaca, there were purple flowers in her tiny black bonnet, and in one of her cotton gloved hands she tightly gripped an umbrella secured at the top by a heavy rubber band.

She kissed the entire family and after gingerly testing three chairs, settled herself upon a settee and said briefly. "Tell me all about everything. Are

you not glad to get home again to a civilised place? Is it true that all the cabs in London are handsome, and did you go into a pub?"

"I did, once, Aunt Hannah," said Dodds-Sinders, "but the liquor was worse than cold tea and so I bought a flask at the Canadian bar. Well, I'm glad to see you fatter than ever, Aunt Hannah. You must excuse me, I got some work to do." And Pa escaped.

"We motored everywhere," was Birdie's reply to the cab query.

"Oh, indeed, me lady; since when did you lose the use of your legs? Before you went away you used to say 'autoid.'"

"Oh, wasn't I awful? Count de Vere taught me to say motored. He said it was more approposy."

"Count! Mercy on us. I know you would do something foolish over there but I never thought you would buy a useless Count or anything you couldn't return and get your money back. Couldn't you leave that for the American girls?"

"We did," said Nora rather tartly. "But Birdie mispoke herself. She meant to say that the Count said fruppé."

"Oh," said Aunt Hannah, and chuckled.

Mrs. Dodds-Sinders, knowing the meaning of that chuckle and hating it, contrived to whip Aunt Hannah over Birdie's shoulders. "Birdie! What have I told you about useless quibbling? It seems to me that you are beginning to lose the little sense that you went to London to get."

"Hun! Aunt Hannah laid aside her umbrella."

"Papa bought us those two Rembrandts in London," said Nora.

"My, maybe Sandy is a good judge of ones, but he certainly can't pick out pictures. Why they are as brown as berries. I like a picture with lots of red in it, and a waterfall, or a cow. That fellow looks as if he never washed his neck and ears. Who is he?"

"Nobody knows, Aunt Hannah. It's an old master."

"Just what I thought, some old party who drove slaves, I'll warrant. Sandy —"

"Hannah, don't call him Sandy, call him Samuel."

"Mercy Sakes! Why?"

"Sandy is vulgar."

"Maybe so, but it's honest."

"Of course it is, but no more so than Samuel and why can't we be both honest and up-to-date? I may as well tell you first as last that we are going to be, and from now on our name is Dodds-Sinders. Now don't gasp and laugh. You know you always said yourself that it was a shame that a woman had to give up over her name when she got married. It's the modern idea to put the two together."

"I wonder how long it will be before the poor man will have to take the wife's name. Did you smash any windows in London, Sally? Or have you changed your Christian name, too?"

"No, but I'd rather be called Sarah."

"Aunt Hannah blinked a little and then with a hopeless sigh, enquired, "When is the wedding to be?"

Birdie smiled proudly. "Never that we know of."

"Yes, Hannah," Mrs. Dodd-Sinders smiled tenderly upon her fair daughters, "Don't mention it to a living soul, but the fact is that we had hardly landed in London until a Count was after one and a Baron after the other, a German Baron."

"Samuel and me let them come all they liked and I must say I never saw more devoted suitors, but after we had investigated their families and so on, we decided not to continue the acquaintance. One can't be too careful, and the girls are rather too young to marry."

"Yes, and a Canadian will be good enough for me," murmured Nora.

"Eh? That's right. Deary me, fancy me aunt to a Count and a Baron!"

"Don't breathe a word Hannah, but they actually proposed, both of them. But as I told Lucy I'd—"

"Lucy? Who is she?"

"Oh, I forgot! You don't know her."

Lady Toppe-Nyche. We came over together and she is so sweet."

"You don't mean that stuck up Mrs. Toppe-Nyche that was so snippy at the Colonel's party?"

"Oh that was before we really knew each other, now we are the best of friends. She is going to give a tea for me soon and invite all her friends, but it's a secret until the cards are out."

"Charles Toppe-Nyche is so agreeable," observed Birdie and blushed.

Aunt Hannah rocked her fat body back and forth in a perfect ecstasy of enjoyment. Already she was planning her calls and how she would fire these bombs of news among friends and foes alike.

"Yes, we loved London. People there are not half as stiff as folks tell. We went everywhere, and met everybody. Lady Lily, that's Mrs. Toppe-Nyche's cousin, first cousin, is charming and has a perfectly lovely country place in Surrey. You just ought to see the chins and how the farmer people love her."

"You don't mean to tell me you met a real live lady, and went to see her?"

"After having a Count and a Baron propose to us Aunt Hannah? Why not? Why we couldn't tell you everything in a month. We brought home sixteen trunks full of hats and things and Ma ordered livery for all the servants too; plum color with gold fringes to match the furniture and carpets. Pa's got a new motor-car ordered and a chauffeur, specially trained to run it, coming along, too."

"I s'pose he matches the spokes in the wheels."

"No, the upholstery. It's light chocolate. Nora picked him out. Mrs. Toppe-Nyche is in love with Ma. She says she is so refreshing and Charlie Toppe-Nyche calls Pa 'Old Man' already and borrowed a dollar from him yesterday."

"Sakes! Wonder what all your old friends will think of you getting in with the Topp-Nyche's?"

James appeared to call Nora to the telephone and Birdie made an excuse

to leave the room with her. A moment later Mrs. Toppe-Nyche was announced and Aunt Hannah was persuaded to retire to the library temporarily.

Dodds-Sinders was there and under her skillful quizzing was soon busy telling her in confidence, and as a member of the family, the main events of the trip abroad.

"You see Aunt Hannah," he concluded, "that Count and the Baron were just fakers and we didn't find it out any too soon, because the girls were all ready to say yes and marry them. They bought them two old masters from a fellow that makes 'em by the dozen and then charged me fifty thousand for 'em. Then I had the police nab them and they turned out to be just crooks and not a bit noble."

"We brought the pictures along. That was them on the mantle, because nobody, but an expert can tell an old master from a new one. We are going to have lots of fun with them."

"No, we did not go outside of London. Surrey? Never heard of it, unless you mean them kind of huggys they call Surreys. Oh, Lady Lily? She is some relation of Mrs. Toppe-Nyche's. Sarah's got some kind of a dekker with Mrs. Toppe-Nyche to put her on Easy Street if she puts us in Society, which is another name for being in misery so far as I can make out."

"You bet I'm glad to get home. Going? Wait until I order a machine out for you, I'll run you home."

But Aunt Hannah it seemed for once preferred the street cars and insisted upon leaving at once, asking Dodds-Sinders to excuse her to Sarah and the girls.

As she was waddling down the front steps she noticed that a young man was just preceding her out of the gate. At the corner he accosted her politely, and later helped her onto the car, seating himself beside her.

Aunt Hannah was not one to stand upon ceremony when she wished to relieve her mind; the young man was a nice young man and most polite, besides, he was a remarkably good listener

and the old lady divided between rage at the deceit of Sally and the girls, jealousy, pity for Dodds-Sinders and humorous appreciation of the difference between the feminine story and honest Sandy Dodds-Sinders' account; was volubility itself. Then, too, she had not liked it at all that they had hustled her off out of sight the moment Mrs. Toppe-Nyche was announced.

Therefore, she not only recounted the early history of the Dodds-Sinders' but every step in their rise, and omitted not one detail of the matter of the Count and the Baron, the fraudulent old masters, the narrow escape of the girls from matrimony with the thieves, and even the arrangement with Mrs. Toppe-Nyche.

The pleasant young man escorted Aunt Hannah to her own modest door and once it closed upon her, he raced back to the car and roared down town, where, amid the hum of presses he pounded diligently upon his typewriter for some time, then, with a gleeful chuckle, he turned his copy over to the Editor and hung about for the praise which he felt sure he had earned.

The Editor glanced indifferently over the opening sentences, sat up with a start, and reached for the blue pencil behind his ear. He granted, and proceeded to demolish the pleasant young man's latest effort and when he had done with it, Aunt Hannah would never have believed that so many pleasant things could have been said about anyone, much less the Dodds-Sinders.

"Why, my boy!" cried the Editor, as he finished, "this stuff of yours is great! It's a scream! A joke like that is too good to print, at least about good old Sandy Sinders. He is the best ever. Of course he's been and got rich, but even that isn't against him. He's the salt of the earth: he's helped more men than there are years to his life. No, we won't poke fun at him, or her, we'll boost!"

Which is how it came about that Aunt Hannah forgot her anger in pride at being related to the wonderful Dodds-

Sinders' who were written up in the paper so flatteringly, her own part in the inspiration of that account, forever unspoken: Mrs. Toppe-Nyche though usually averse to personal newspaper mention found her ray as the social interest of the ambitious family, smoothed for her almost miraculously; Dodds-Sinders, alone clever enough to suspect part of the cause of the article, privately determined to be more careful in future, and, since events seemed determined to thrust a polish upon him, finally concluded to cease resisting the march of progress, and turn his efforts diligently toward self improvement.

Therefore, the campaign so ably begun by the newspaper, which had not everything relating to the Dodds-Sinders' in the best light, from their earliest beginnings to the purchase of the paintings, their connection with the great of English society, and the flattering matrimonial offers of the girls, down to Mrs. Toppe-Nyche's enthusiastic adoption of them, was with Pa's tardy help, fairly on the way toward the success it finally achieved.

The gorgeous house and kaleidoscopic library were sold, the eccentric gowns and all attendant vulgarisms dropped, the fraudulent Rembrandts hushed to the lumber room and the episode of the Count and Baron treasured as an awful warning.

Now, in a home which is famous for its elegant simplicity, the family welcome the elite of the land. The girls pretend to be nothing but what they are, simply girls, and therefore charming, their Mother gives free rein now to her natural goodness of heart and is consequently vastly lovable, and their Father, though he wears a certain mellow polish now, which though partly acquired, becomes him vastly, has forever dropped the Dodds and the Hyphen and is plain, Sandy Sinders, one of the most substantial and respected citizens in the Dominion—member of the York Club and other exclusive clubs, a University Governor and a Senator at Ottawa.

Health as Business Capital

In this article Mr. Marden discusses "Health as Business Capital." He makes some important points, holding in the main that great achievement is the child of a strong vitality. Thousands of men, he says, would accomplish vastly more if they would get out of their offices, factories or other places of business earlier, work fewer hours, and take more time to keep up their physical and mental standard by outdoor exercise and healthful recreation. It's worth considering.

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

IT IS pitiable to see young people starting out in life with ambition to make a place for themselves, and yet ruining the possibility of doing anything great by sacrificing health, the very thing on which they are most dependent for the attainment of their object.

Did you ever realize what splendid capital for success there is in good health, a strong vigorous constitution, which is able to stand any amount of hard work, hard knocks? Did you ever think that the very physical ability to stand a long, persistent strain, great physical reserve, has carried many men through hard times and discordant conditions, under which weaker men would have gone down completely?

We can succeed without money capital, but we cannot succeed without physical and mental vitality. No defective machine can turn out good work. To accomplish great things in the business world we must possess a strong, vigorous physique, a powerful vitality, otherwise everything we do will bear the stamp of weakness. It will crop out in every sale we make, in every column of figures we add. It is the strong vitality that tells in the great struggle of life. Vigorous, robust health doubles and quadruples the efficiency and power of every faculty and function. It tones up the human economy; it clears the cobwebs from the brain, brushes off the brain-ash, improves the judgment, sharpens every faculty, increases the

energy, refreshes the cells in every tissue of the body.

It is a great art to learn to accumulate or conserve vitality, to store this excess capital away for use in cases of emergency. A muddled, exhausted brain is incapable of doing good work, of thinking clearly, of planning effectively. It is impossible to focus a jaded mind. Brains that are exhausted by abnormal living, by the lack of recreation and sleep, cannot do good work. When you find yourself becoming morose and despondent, when you are conscious that the zest of life is evaporating, that you are losing the edge of your former keen interest in things generally, and that life is becoming a bore, you may be pretty sure that you need more sleep, that you need the country or, at least, outdoor exercise. If you get these, you will find that all the old enthusiasm will return. A few days of the hills and meadows, will erase the dark pictures which haunt you, and will restore buoyancy to your animal spirits.

I know a young man who has very marked ability, and when he is in good health, when his spirits are up, he accomplishes wonders; but much of the time he is in poor health, and then his ambition is down, he is discouraged. The result is that he will probably never be able to bring out ten per cent. of his real ability, or to express more than a tithe of the best in him.

With robust health and a strong de-

termination one can accomplish wonderful things; but no matter how much ambition one has, if he ruins his health by bad habits, by leading an abnormal or irregular life, he cuts off his greatest chance for accomplishing anything of moment. There are, it is true, examples of people in poor health—of invalids who have done quite remarkable things—but think what these people might have accomplished had they had strong, vigorous constitutions and robust health! Ill-health is a perpetual handicap, and the greater one's ambition, the greater the disappointment which the inability to reach one's aim will cause.

On the other hand, robust health raises the power of every faculty, increases its efficiency, gives it a keener edge, makes it more gripping, and multiplies the entire brain-power many times. A one-talent man with a superb physique often astonishes us with his achievement, sometimes accomplishing a great deal more than a ten-talent man with poor health.

The vitality born of vigorous abounding health not only increases our self-confidence, but the confidence of others in us. It gains us credit. Bankers and jobbers who would be glad to give young men credit and help them with capital, so far as their ability and honesty are concerned, are often obliged to decline such aid on account of ill-health or some physical weakness on the part of the applicants. They may have the utmost confidence in the young men themselves, but they are afraid they will break down before they get into a position to repay the money.

I know young men of unusual ability, fine education, and good training who can not make much headway in their careers because they are not able to work more than two or three hours a day. They have not the vitality or the strength for sustained work. Their physical reservoirs become exhausted so quickly that they can not enter successfully into the strenuous competitions of the day. They are constantly mortified and chagrined because they are outstripped by those who have not

half their mental ability, but possess twice their physical strength.

It is a rare thing to find a man superbly equipped physically. We find plenty of people well balanced mentally and morally, but handicapped with some physical weakness which cuts down the average of their efficiency to a lower level.

Most people by vicious habits, or some weakness, cut down the percentage of their success possibilities very greatly. Some of them bring hardly five per cent. of their possible energy and ability to their great life task, to their living-getting. They have wasted the larger part. Perhaps ten per cent. went down in drink; ten per cent. in smoke; they may have squandered twenty-five per cent. of their possible energy in trying to have a good time, in the pursuit of pleasure; ten per cent. in idleness and shiftlessness, systemless endeavor. Many lose quite a large per cent. in worry and anxiety and fretting and stewing, so that when they come to their tasks they come with jaded power, with fagged faculties, exhausted energy and a low vitality.

The quality of health has also a great deal to do with the quality of thought. You can not get healthy thinking from diseased brain or nerve cells. If the vitality is below par the thought will drop to its level.

A great many failures are due not so much to bad management or lack of ability as to ill-health. Young men with great ambitions often over-estimate their strength and attempt things which they have not the physical stamina or staying power to carry out.

A man, in order to do big things, must keep his mind fresh and responsive. When the faculties are keen and sharp, and are spurred on by good, red blood in a vigorous constitution, when there is abounding vitality, he will do more planning, clearer thinking, and more real effective work in three or four hours a day than they who depend upon the overrating grind will accomplish in twelve to fourteen. Many a man has killed his reputation and lost his power to produce by forcing his brain to work too many hours each day.

Thousands of men would accomplish vastly more if they would get out of their offices, factories, or other places of business earlier, work fewer hours, and take more time to keep up their physical and mental standard by outdoor exercises and healthful recreation. In other words, it is the greatest possible economy to keep oneself up to standard.

If we are in superb health we will be conscious of a surplus vitality in us demanding to be utilized. An abundance of good health supplements a man like another personality.

Everywhere we see people doing little things, living mediocre lives, when they have the ability to do great things, to live grand lives, if they only could keep their health up to standard.

The ambition partakes of the quality and the vigor of the mental faculties; and a brain that is fed by poisoned blood due to vitiated air, to overeating or bad eating, or to dissipation, or to

lack of vigorous outdoor exercise, can bleed that makes pure thought, and pure blood can only come from a clean life, from vigorous outdoor exercise, a great variety of mental food, and an abundance of sound sleep.

We all know the advantage the man has who can radiate vigor, who has a robust physique. Great achievement is the child of a strong vitality. It can never come from a weak constitution or vitiated blood.

The man who goes to his task with all of his standards down and his ideas lagging, with a wavering mind and an uncertain step, will never produce anything worth while. Make it a rule to go to your work every morning fresh and vigorous. You want to go to it a whole man, fresh, strong, and vigorous, so that it will be spontaneous, not forced; buoyant, not heavy. You want to go to your work with creative energy, and originality—possessed of a strong, powerful individuality.



Never Make The Same Mistake Twice

The wise man puts a lighthouse upon every rock that has shipwrecked him in the past, a red light upon every shoal that has previously stranded him.
—Orison Sweet Marden.



The Pea Soup's Tug of War

by
Edward J. Moore

There is a novelty about this story which most readers will like. It depicts a tug of war, but one quite out of the ordinary. The affair is pulled off on water rather than on land. Lake Ontario is the scene of action—and there is action in plenty, in addition to character and humor.

"PEE-ZOOP—pee-zoop—pee-zoop."

That's exactly how it sounded down in the engine-room of the old *Oakenu*, when she was plugging up into a heavy wind. The big single cylinder seemed to force the greasy piston out on its four-foot stroke rather reluctantly. When it got to the dead-centre the wheels outside seemed to hesitate for an instant, and then go on again with a rush, with the "zoop" of the return stroke.

"I wondered why they called her '*The Pea-Soup*' on the *Toronto*," I said to old Engineer McPhee, as he sat back on a grating over the cylinder, smoking one of my cigars, "but I see now."

"She's grunted like that for well on twelve years," he said, pushing his cap back on his gray hair and twisting around for a look at the water glass, "ever since the day we pulled the *Levis* off a ledge on the 'Long Sho' rapids."

"Now, I haven't time to tell you about it," he said, and to get away from my persistence, grabbed an oiler and started down the iron ladder toward the condenser. "But," as a parting shot, "ask Redfield. He knows all about it."

I did get hold of Captain Redfield in the wheel-house that evening and asked him for the story. At first he seemed offended, but after a minute grinned good-naturedly.

"Not from me, young fellow. It hurts me too much yet. Andy McPhee sent you up here. He likes to jolly me over it about three times a year."

Next day, however, when we were pegging away up Lake Ontario, with the old engine straining over her "pee-zoop—pee-zoop," I got the story from Andy.

"She wasna sich a bad old craft in her time," he started off, in rather a round-about way, "but they nailed forty feet on to her aft, and stuck a noo deck on up above, an' now they load her down with canned goods and iron pipe till she grumbles with the strain, and then want me to make the trip, up the canal an' all, in the same time I used to."

The *Oakenu* ran from Montreal up the St. Lawrence, through the canals, and via Lake Ontario to Hamilton, stopping at the larger towns for freight and with a day at each for loading. She was scheduled to make the round trip in a week.

"I helped put this old pop gun into her," McPhee went on, pointing down to the big cylinder below us, "an' mighty good work it's done. A set o' them little triple-expansion outfits with a screw behind, like they're puttin' in now-a-days, would 'ave jiggled the bottom off her years ago."

"But," with a reminiscent chuckle, "I was telling you of the tug-of-war we

had with the *Levia*, and the 'Long Shoo' rapids.

"One day, back in the summer of '96, I think it was, we were pluggin' up the Cornwall Canal at a good clip, goin' up fairly light, it bein' near the first of the season, and gettin' near the head when we heered a most ungodly tootin'. It was comin' closer, too, mighty fast.

"I left my mate with the engine an' rushed up on deck an' in a minute saw what was in trouble.

"Comin' down the rapids, blitherin' about, one minute sideways, the next end on, the next half on her beam ends, was the *Levia*, our company's crack new rapide boat, and up on deck, some o' them lyin' down, some o' them prayin', was the scarest bunch of human nature you ever got your eyes on.

"We guessed there was somethin' wrong with her steerin' gear, and we guessed right, only not big enough.

"Tom Redfield was a wheelman on her then, that's where the joke comes on him, and that day he'd been talkin' to a pretty girl up on the bridge and goin' round a curve a quarter of a mile above he got her in the inside current too late and she bumped her rudder and ten feet of her keel on a ledge swingin' round the corner. Tom said afterwards somebody'd cut down a big tree he always'd scared by, and he surprised him so he forget where he was. I've always blamed it on the girl.

"But anyway, the *Levia* came plungin' down, scrapin' over the shoals, rearin' up like a fiery horse and goin' over sideways in heaves like a buggy in a rut. Lucky she was light draft and had a chunky nest of boilers set well down in her. If she hadn't been built for it, so to speak, though not exactly for that, she'd 'ave stuck and turned over in a minute.

"Up there, in the canal, above the river and only fifty yards away, we could watch her pretty plain. Goin' round the next bend she slewed over near shore, and we heard her scrape hard. She canted over, rolled free,

made a sort of sideways dash in a cross current for the middle of the river where the water showed white, scraped again, then stuck, swung half around, rolled over as the current caught her broadsides and then swung back.

"She seemed to have caught on sort of a pivot and hung there, swingin' back an' forth. All the time her whistle was tootin' most gorgeous. Bob McDonald was hangin' on to the whistle rope, I guess, wonderin' what was comin' n' next.

"The story stopped while McPhee made a tour of the bearings of the big machine, dropped the jigger of a force-feed oiler into action and looked up at the steam gauge.

"This old outfit eats coal most voracious," he resumed, "and the stuff they give us now ain't scarcely worth firin' with. I used to get all the steam I wanted but now I have to keep jogging the boys in the stokehold all day. In the old days I could push her up thro' Far-on's—Oh, yes, I was tellin' you about the *Levia*.

"Well, we watched her hangin' on that ledge, twistin' round, rollin' over an' back, wonderin' how long she'd stick, for about five minutes. Every once and a while she looked as if she'd slide off, when the current caught her and tipped her up forrard. All of us who knew the 'Long Shoo' knew what that meant, for just round the next bend the river took a dive into one of the wildest parts. One to a thousand she'd a turned over the first roll, down there.

"I wasn't thinking then of bein' able to do anything but all of a sudden Captain Redfield, father of Tom, who had the *Oakura* for twenty years till he got too old to see straight, called me up on the bridge.

"How's your engine runnin' to-day, Andy," he says, sort of scowlin' like. D'ye think we can run back an' tie the up to the *Levia* long enough to take the people off her?"

"Holy Peter, I says, do you want to

get us into that mess, too. Well, you can land me at the head of the canal.

"Don't tell anybody else," he says, "or they'll all leave, but we're goin' to do it. We'll swing round when we get well up into the river.

"I knew what was bothering the old man. Tom was on board the *Levia*. An' I have guessed too, that the captain had a share in the boat. He got a bigger share afterwards.

"I got down below here again an' made her sift up to the first lock in high order. We went through that too, scarcely waitin' for the head gate to open.

"While we were workin' up into the river the old captain came down to me in the engine room. 'I'm goin' to take her down myself, Andy,' he says, 'an' I believe we can get her through. We'll drop down to that cove in the bend above where she's stuck, swing round there and go down stern first. I'll try to get a line aboard 'em as we go past, and you'll have to hold her up in the current if I don't.'

"Good heavens, captain," I says, "what do you take me for, a steam winch? Such a thing's never been done in the river.

"Which sin't sayin' it won't be," he says, with a sort of chuckle—"he always did that when he was excited—and he climbed off up on deck.

"Well, the scheme worked all right, at least the first part of it. I didn't expect the *Levia* would hang there till we got down to her, but when we come round the upper bend there she was still swingin' round, lookin' sort as if she was built for a new-fangled merry-go-round. We dropped into the cove, and though I felt her jar when she scraped once, we got round alright and headed up the river. Up the shore line I could make her move a little, but out in the current—as I thought at first—it'd carry us down like a dingy.

"Howsumever, the old man kept manoeuvrin' back and forrard, up an' back for fully five minutes, till he got in just the swirl he wanted and then

signalled me down to slow, with the wheels still runnin' ahead.

"We went back, easy at first, then faster, and then Bill my mate, who was standin' over at the gangway yelled that we were fair to bump the *Levia* stern on.

"That was rather a ticklish minute for me, standin' at the valve gear box, not knowin' what was to happen, but I had a most amazin' felth in the old man, an' it was justified too, for we got caught in a cross current just above the ledge and swept across and down the channel not more'n thirty feet away from the *Levia*. I got a most amazin' signal for 'full head,' an' I tell you I give her steam in a hurry, an' we seemed to sort of hang there. Some way the boys got a line aboard the *Levia*, they hauled over a hawser an' first thing we knew there we were tied up to her, without even a bump, we just holdin' our own in the current, gradually pullin' in around behind the ledge.

"We hung there for a minute or two and then I got the signal to ease her down a little, an' then, a minute later, to go up on deck.

"I was glad to get out for a minute, too, to see where we was, so I left Bill with the engine end made a bee-line for the wheelhouse.

"Going along the deck I had a chance to take in the situation. After droppin' below the ledge that held the *Levia* a cross current had swung us in till we were in a sort of boiling pool behind her and about two feet lower down. We were only, perhaps, a hundred and fifty feet away an' a hawser ran from our bow hits up to her amidships. This was hangin' easy. Our wheels just kept her against the current.

"When I climbed up into the wheelhouse there was the old captain, sittin' cool as a cucumber, with a sort of grin on his face. 'What do you think of it Andy,' he says.

"What bothered me was how he was goin' to get the people off the *Levia* an' I told him so. 'You could do it with a breeches buoy outfit,' I says, 'but before you'd get one rigged up the *Levia*

'd be tumblin' over the ledge on top of us.' I thought of tryin' to send 'em down in a boat, but the cross current over the ledge was so stiff they'd likely miss us or be turned over.

"I could see the men below bringin' up a couple of hawsers which belonged aft, an' followin' my look the old man says, 'Andy, we're goin' to pull the *Levis* off the ledge an' up into the cove. I wanted you to see what was ahead o' you.'

"Yes, I says, an' we'll blow the head off your cylinder doin' it an' you'll be floatin' down past Lachine on your back in a couple of days.

"Quit your joshin', Andy," he says. 'If we can get up through that sluice way of a channel again we'll be alright. I've been studyin' things while we've been warpin' in here. The *Levis* is hangin' there on a sort of pivot up near her bow. When she swings round she strikes again on a straight rise near her stern which keeps her from comin' over, but when the current gets her again she swings back free. I think, with a good jerk at her stern we can pull her off.

"But how are you goin' to get the jerk, I says, when your own boat can't keep her head in that current.

"Andy," he shoots back, 'I know you and I know this boat an' her engine most as well as you. She's got to do it an' she will if you want her to. And his confidence sort of made me feel we could.

"I'm havin' a couple of hawsers spliced," he went on, 'so's to give us lots of room, and they're passin' a couple more down from the *Levis* to have in case o' need.'

"I got down below then," the old engineer continued, as he saw the intense interest in my eyes, 'an' got a couple of fresh boys down in the stak'old. For I had an idea of about how much steam I was goin' to use. Then I come back here and Bill and I got everything tightened up for a stiff pull.

"After about five minutes warpin' back and forth down there behind the ledge with the wheels runnin' easy, I

got the order to stand by, an' the old captain shouts down the tube, 'Give her all you've got when I tell you, Andy; she'll need it to get up over the ledge.'

Three toots from the big whistle above broke in on the story.

"Wonder what we're passing now," the old engineer queried. Then, as three hoarse ones answered, "The *Cassios*, eh, she's mighty late to-day," and in a minute more we could see the white bow and then the blue trimmings on the paddle boxes, as they came in line with the window opposite the engine-room door.

"See her old walkin' beam joggin' up an' down?" Andy remarked. Her cylinder stands straight up like a pump in a well, and tries to push a hole in her bottom every time she makes a stroke. If we'd had that rigg'in in the *Oshawa* we'd never 'ave got over the ledge that day.

"So you managed it?" I questioned in my turn, to bring him back to the story.

"Well, I wouldn't be here if we didn't," came the reply with a sort of a snort, and then, with his eyes shining in reminiscence, he went on.

"I recollect hearin' the safety valve pop off with a roar while I was waitin'. The boys below had been feedin' her well. Then I got the hell for half-a-bed an' half a minute later for full, an' then the fight commenced. Cap' Redfield told me after he thought he could make the channel on a slant but once out in the whirl of it he saw it'd carry our bow around, so he had to swing in square on. For a little minute I felt her bein' carried back but I give her another notch of steam until I could sort of feel we were holdin' our own.

"Give her some more, Andy," the old man shouts, sort of chucklin', down the tube, an' though I hated to, I gave her another notch and in a minute this old runder, pointin' to the piston below, 'began to run up an' down like a churn handle, an' the wheels outside started to kick up a fuss rather unannounced.

"Seemed sort of cruel to do it," the old engineer kept on, with the love of the staunch and true in machinery construction making itself felt in his story and in his eyes. "Things began to creek up some and I sort of felt a grinding in the main shaft bearing on the sta'board side. But would you believe it, the old cap'n kept us goin' like that for fully twenty minutes before he signalled to ease off a little.

"But you got up," I queried anxiously.

"Oh yes, that took us up through the worst of it, through that sort of flume," he said, "but don't forget that we were yet in the middle of one of the worst parts of the 'Long Shoe,' with our engine runnin' over her capacity to keep us even where we were and with a bunch of people on a stranded boat behind lookin' to us for their lives. I tell you, you was some anxious minutes, and they weren't short ones neither.

"What bothered me was whether the steam'd hold out. It fell twenty pounds when we was comin' up through the flume, with the boys doing their best down below, then. But Bill fixed that later.

"Then around here things were lookin' mighty queer. The main shaft bearing began to groan some and I had to get the purser—he had nothin' to do, never has—to get out a length of hose from the fire pump forward and play kind of easy on that and one or two other suspicious lookin' spots. You know, of course,—a query as to my technical capacity—"if one o' them bearings had ever stuck up from overhead" where we'd be? "

"While we were hangin' there in the river, fightin' to hold our own and now an' then twistin' a little from side to side in the swirls of current, I could hear some hawsers being trampled around up above and suspected they was transferring the line from the *Levis* over our stern. In a minute or two more the old man calls down again: 'All ready, Andy. Now for the tug of war.'

"And then," continued the old en-

gineer, "the real fun began. I'd been watchin' the steam gauge rather close and it most made me fall over when it began to go up again in jumps. After a minute or two Bill came back sailin'—I hadn't missed him in the hurry of things—and told me he'd dumped a couple of barrels of extra oil down in the stak'old and hrosched 'em to over the coal. That saved me from any worryin' on that score.

"But that wasn't all. When I went to give her more steam to take up the slack in the cable and try to get a pull at the *Levis*, I found she wouldn't 'cut off' right. A sort of knockin' on one of the rods told the story, and I had to send Bill down to monkey with that loose bolt with the whole machine in motion. It was like trusin' yourself in the inside of a sausage machine, but, somehow or other he got down, got a spanner on the bolt for a bit of a second each time the rod came around and got it set again.

"By this time the old man was howlin' again for more steam. He never could see any limit to any engine, the old captain, and it made me mad. I says to myself, 'I'll give you enough for once or poke a hole down through till the river.'

"And there do say," the old man went on, pride in the achievement making itself evident, "that the old *Oshawa* started off then like a lumber tug, and the people on the *Levis* thought we'd pull her off if we had to lift up the bottom of the river. Of course I don't vouch for that myself.

"But anyway," as if to justify the boasting, "I did feel a jerk when we tightened up the slack of that cable and felt the old boat quiver when she settled down to the work.

"It was then," with a smile, "that the name came to the old craft, for she christened herself.

After a few minutes steady pulling she seemed to settle down on herself and to do the work with less fuss. Bill kept the oil going well over the machine and I stood here, giving her a little more or less steam when the current

seemed to catch her hard or easier. She was workin' so that you could feel it all over her.

"Then, sort of gradual, faint at first, but growing louder, I heard that whistlin' begin to come from the cylinder—'pee,' with the upward stroke, 'zoop,' when it went back—'pee-zoop, pee-zoop.' I thought at first the poking was blowing out and got mighty uneasy, but it got no worse, an', do you know, the old machine's got off the same song whenever she's been in a strain, ever since.

"But what about the *Levis*," I threw in, to get back on the story. "Did you get her off?"

"We got her off," the old man continued, with annoying deliberateness, "after about three hours of pulling. Started to yank at her about noon and freed her about three. The old man tried her every way—bow, stern and even amidsthips till everybody was fair tuckered out an' sick with the strain, an' then when we least expected it the current took an unusual twist, lifted her bow up an inch or two higher than ever before and getting a strain on at the right minute we twisted her round and started up the river with her, stern first.

"After that it was fair easy. Though a few blades were cracked, her wheels would still run and when we once got her in line Bob McDonald started her engines and ran her reversed, helping this old machine out.

"It was a funny sight that," he went on, slowly, as though mentally seeing the picture over again. "After a little I got up on deck for a minute to see how we were doing. There was the old *Oshawa*, hehchin' a pillar of smoke like a volcano, wheels fairly tearin' around, stickin' her nose into the swirls like a fast liner and tremblin' from stem to stern with the strain of it all. And comin' along behind us on the end of the hawser, like a whipped schoolboy, was the spic and span-lookin' *Levis*, with her movin' wheels givin' her the appearance of holdin' back. But you should a heard the people on her cheer."

"How did it end," I interjected. "Where did you take her to?"

"Oh," with a resigned sniff, as if nothing remained to tell, "We pulled the *Levis* into the cove, where we'd turned the *Oshawa* round four hours before, and let her strand there twelve feet from shore. They threw out a double gang plank and let the passengers off without wettin' their feet. The company sent a gang up after a day or two, built a coffer dam around her and in a month had her out on the regular route, good as ever.

"And the *Oshawa*," I suggested. "Oh, we ran her down through the rapids to Cornwall and laid up there over night while we got in a new load o' coal and I got the old machine cooled off an' straightened up. Started off up the canal again next morning and got into Hamilton a day late. The company kicked, too, because we didn't make our schedule."

"Surely not," I began. "Well, just at first," with a smile. "A little while after I got this." He took a worn case from his vest pocket under his slider, snapped it open and exposed a good-sized gold watch inside.

"A few miles further up," he said again, "you'll see a little broken-down pier, with a patch of woods beside it an' some houses behind. That's Colborne and one o' the houses I bought with my share of the salvage of the *Levis*. My old wife usually comes down an' waves to me when we go up. Comin' down we're too far off shore. I'm there myself after the hoists stop in the fall."

And fifteen minutes later, after I'd gone to the forward gangway to see better, I was able to pick out the bunch of trees and the little pier in front, and then, as the big whistle up above screeched out a friendly salute, with the aid of my glasses, I saw a little figure in black waving a white apron in the wind.

And from behind me came, faint and monotonous, though now with more meaning, the "pee-zoop, pee-zoop, pee-zoop," of the *Oshawa's* old engine.

Reid—Painter of Canadian Character

Of the series of articles on Canadian Painters, which has been running in *MacLean's* for some months, we venture that readers will declare that none has been more interesting than the sketch in this issue dealing with the career and work of George A. Reid. The writer of the article has happily styled Mr. Reid the "Painter of Canadian Character," and such, indeed, he has abundantly proved himself to be. Some of Mr. Reid's characteristic paintings are featured in the illustrations.

By John Edgumbe Staley

"I FIRST learned to draw and paint," says George Agnew Reid, "as a child at my home at Wingham, in Ontario. My crude sketches were more or less inspired by the pictorial work that came in my way—the illustrations in British journals and newspapers. These I delighted in copying and coloring. My home afforded few artistic incentives, indeed at first, my father scouted my efforts, but after years of persistence he allowed me to go to Toronto and attend drawing lessons at the Art School. I was received with due honor when I returned the second year after with the silver medal, and my career was settled. When I was no more than eleven years old, I had made up my mind to be nothing else but an artist. Until the age of seventeen—it may sound odd in these pictorial days—I had never so much as seen an original painting; with a companion, I made a pilgrimage to Mr. Cresswell's studio at Seaforth, where I beheld pictures which made a vast impression upon me. My first artistic efforts came out as landscapes—the noble unspoiled nature of Canada, with its grand horizon and clear air, its fine rolling country, and well grown trees, and its noble lakes and rivers. You would be astonished if you knew the number of my landscape studies and compositions. For a considerable time I painted portraits as a matter of financial necessity. People and their occupations engrossed me. I began to

draw and paint the life and movement around me and my earlier canvases told stories of character and situation. Then my visits to Europe, and work in her Schools of Art, effected a marked change in my painting which began to assume a decorative character. This decorative point of view, I hold, leads to the highest expression in the pursuit of the Fine Arts, for it affords so much more extensive scope for the full delivery of the artistic message. I prefer, therefore, above all things, to be known as a decorative painter."

In such simple, yet pregnant words George Agnew Reid sets forth the precepts and example of his life's work. His presence is in keeping with his doctrine—sturdy of build, of average height, with silvery hair and beard his eyes look you straight in the face, whilst his cordial manner and his genial smile are pledges of sincerity.

George Agnew Reid first saw the brilliant light of the broad Dominion of the Imperial Lady of the Sun-beam and Snow-fur, at Wingham, in Ontario, on July 25, 1860. In his studio, at Upland Cottage, Wyckwood Park, hangs, in the place of honor, a canvas, which is at once a painted epic of the painter's origin, and the story in pigment of the first settlers in Canada: he has entitled it "The Home-Seekers"—It represents a pair of black oxen, harnessed to a settler's hooded waggon, wherein are seated a fair young woman

and two comely kiddies. The patient beets are being gently gouled through a blue-water ford by a man of grit—his pioneer's axe upon his shoulder. Behind, in the dense forest, winds a train of similar waggons. "That," says Reid,

he harvested his crops, and there he reared his family."

As an apprentice for six months in an architect's office, the young lad gained experiences, which, in later years, influenced his art and provided a ben-



Portrait of George A. Reid.

"is a sight rare enough to-day in Canada, of course, where transportation and habitation are so greatly facilitated, but my father did that, with us, some fifty years ago. He staked out his lot, he built the homestead, he cleared the land,

evolved diversion from strenuous brushwork. His early art-training he gained in Toronto, and later in Philadelphia. In the latter city he studied for three years at the Academy of Fine Arts, under Thomas Eakins.

Before leaving Canada, Reid had made his public appearance as a painter at the exhibition of the "Ontario Society of Artists" in 1882—his picture was called "The Last Load—the end of Hay-Harvest," it was treated in a characteristically Canadian manner. Many such canvases proclaimed his skill in characterization and local color—the most famous being "Mortgaging the Homestead," and "Foreclosure of the

setti. The draughtsmanship, in this series, is quite admirable.

In Paris, Reid came under entirely new influences. Entering his name at the famous Julian's Reid placed himself under the tuition of Constant, Laurens and Dagman-Bouveret. If his attendance at the Art Schools of Paris was confined to two short years its effect was most satisfactory, for, in 1889, he gained the annual prize of the combi-



The Story is a Hay Left.

"Mortgage," the latter indeed was one of the pictures of the year at the World's Fair at Chicago and was awarded a medal. Among others, two at least, of Reid's early story-telling pictures, display quite remarkably Pre-Raphaelite affinities—the painting simply direct from Nature, with little or no attempt at idealism. The "Flute-player" and "A Modern Mahomet" might very well have come from the "Brotherhood" easels of William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, and Dante Gabriel Ro-

ed Julian Acandenes, for the best painted study from the human model.

Travelling through France, and noting and sketching everything that took his fancy, at Amiens, Reid was greatly fascinated by a beautiful panel of Paul de Chavannes—the famous French decorative painter—entitled "Work." This painting, as well as others by the same master, cast a new and brilliant light upon the course which his Art was designed to take. He had, hitherto, painted realistically scenes of humble

life and industrial craft in Canada: now he saw an idealistic future awaiting him—the facts and fancies of human life amid poetic affinities. Visits to England, Spain and Italy, and study of the various national expressions of Art, along with a special study of Velasquez, enlarged the painter-traveler's new horizon. He began to pitch his landscapes in a higher key, his figures and portraits became impressions freely treated, and his style assumed distinct-

ness in 1888; "Deputation," "Forbidden Fruit" and "A Story in a Hay-loft"—in 1890—indicate how thoroughly he caught boyhood's love of adventure. The sweet pathos of human life he touchingly expressed in "Lullaby" and "Family Prayer"—both painted in 1893; its homely humor in "The Visit of the Clockmaker," 1894; and its dramatic aspect in "The Home-Seekers" in 1908.

In 1885, Reid had been made an



The Visit of the Clock Maker.

ly decorative aspects. The influences under which the Reids came in those art-teeming countries has permeated their work ever since—for, it must not be forgotten that, Mrs. Reid is an accomplished artist, too. Many excellent studies of still-life, flower-gardens, color effects—especially in Spain—remain to prove the value of those experiences.

Nevertheless, Reid has returned, from time to time, to his first manner—that of depicting Canadian life and character: his sequence of studies from boy-life is admirable — "Drawing Lots,"

Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy, in 1890, the distinction of Academician was conferred upon him, and, in 1906 he was chosen President of the Academy—the highest Canadian honor obtainable in Art. He served as President of the "Ontario Society of Artists" from 1888-1903. He is pleased also to call the attention of his friends to his work as an architect—this he regards as his chief recreation. It was a great relief to brain and hand to design, build, and decorate the little church at Otonago, in the Catskill

Mountains, and his studio-cottage hard by—as well as at least a score of summer residences for friends, among them that of Miss Maude Adams, the actress. For a number of these he has painted friezes and decorative panels, and has also designed much of their furniture. He once lectured before the "Ontario Association of Architects" on, "The Summer Cottage and its Furnishing," and he explained tersely his views on

cinol notice—"Music" and "Iris." The former—for which he was awarded a medal at the World's Fair, St. Louis—is a comely youth, life-size and nude, leaning gracefully, back to the beholder, against a stout pine tree, whilst he dreamily plays his pipe. He is looking across a stretch of still, blue water, and over the golden corn fields and verdant hills beyond. Painted in 1900, as a wing of a projected triptych—this



Family Prayer.

the union of the sister arts,—architecture, sculpture and painting—in the erection and adornment of edifices. "The work of Art," he said, "should not be a mere addition to items, but should in fact be the opposite—a unity resulting from the refinement of thought and the elimination of the unnecessary. . . . The purest form of Art is opposed to ostentation and pretence."

In Reid's studio hang among many other canvases, two which call for spe-

cial notice—"Music" and "Iris." The former—for which he was awarded a medal at the World's Fair, St. Louis—is a comely youth, life-size and nude, leaning gracefully, back to the beholder, against a stout pine tree, whilst he dreamily plays his pipe. He is looking across a stretch of still, blue water, and over the golden corn fields and verdant hills beyond. Painted in 1900, as a wing of a projected triptych—this

portrait-study, but it is treated in idealistic fashion, and the symbolical meaning of the "flag" provides the charms of romance.

The collaboration of Mr. and Mrs. Reid, in artistic output has been provocative of the super-excellence of much of their work. They have studied, and drawn, and painted together. Lovers of nature both, each has exchanged

decoration and unsurpassed in composition, color and poetic finish." He says, "I love to depict the pageant of Canada," and she replies,—"I love the gorgeous tapestries of Nature's bed"—referring to the fascination of the beautiful floral kingdom of Britain.

Reid holds that walls should, as a rule, be decorated with mural painting, and, for an example he painted



Landscape.

and blended harmonies and melodies in paint—their aim only being perfection. Mary Reid's brilliant miniatures, in red and gold, and her sympathetic series, in blue and silver, with their sentient atmospheres, are just those impressions which her husband has taken, and, dusting off some of their wealth of luminosity, has graded most effectively in his decorative schemes. Of her work it has been justly said, "it is poetic and it is beautiful"; of his—"He is a master in the art of pictorial

the "Glory" over the east window of the Ontario Chapel, with excellent effect. In an interesting paper, which, he contributed to the Canadian Architect and Builder, he says of mural decoration—"In our own time a movement has arisen, which is making itself felt among painters and sculptors, and is directing their attention towards the more adequate decoration of architecture. "He goes on to refer to the inception of the Toronto "Guild of Civic Art," which was incorporated

Fig. 4.

specially for the beautifying of the city and generally—in union with the "League of School Art,"—for the adornment of the walls of the public schools and buildings.

Reid has fully proved his ability and his liberality too, in the line of mural decoration by his series of six imaginative historical panels in the main corridor of the City Hall, and by his munificence in presenting his ex-

many private houses in Canada: among them "Morning," "Afternoon," and "Evening," in Sir Edmund Walker's library, in Toronto; landscapes, in Professor Short's Study, at Ottawa; and "Homer and his pupils," in the library of Queen's University, at Kingston, are the most important. "The arrival of Champlain at Quebec, 1608"—a large historical composition—is the property of the Government of the Do-



The coming of the White Man.

cellent work to the city. Of this series "The Settlers"—an Ontario fantasy—is reproduced here; it has for fellow "The Pioneers"—sinking out a farm. The effect of these frescoes is remarkable for the tasteful adaptation of their color-schemes to the prevailing greys and reds of the architectural features of the building. A notable part of the design is the inscription, in the borders, of names famous in Canadian history. Reid has executed mural paintings in

Fig. 5.

minion of Canada. Several' pastel studies for the Pageants of Quebec, in 1908, were reproduced in "The King's Book," which is a record of that picturesque Celebration of Canada's Tercentenary.

One of the illustrations of this article is "The Coming of the White Man"—a decorative composition, which has been exhibited several times, and always with success—it was one of the principal pictures of the last Toronto

Canadian National Exhibition. It is a Canadian story of the times of the precursors, and Reid has often rendered it. "My helpful model in the painting," Reid says, "was a Blackfoot Indian, with the portentous name 'Thunder Cloud'—a fine type of a decaying race and a very good fellow. In Reid's studio are many studies for friezes and decorative panels: one of them is entitled "Science"—a mural

ple, they have a delightful suburban residence, and they care little for the garish world around. Of anecdote and episode they are chary—indeed Reid has a great dislike for personalities; he lives for his Art and is a serious professor thereof. Few are his recreations—indeed he has no pastimes outside his studio,—but his spare energies he directs to the advancement of Art instincts in others. Younger men look to him for light and leading. He has



Forbidden Fruit

painting intended for one of the corridors in the City Hall, which is reproduced with this article. It has a special interest in as much as it was intended for a companion to a design, elaborated by another prominent and able Toronto artist—E. Wylie Grier, R.C.A., "Art"—the two painters worked in harmonious collaboration.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid are a happy cou-

pled office in almost every Art association in Canada and in many across the American border. His last appointment is that of Director of the newly reorganized Ontario College of Art, whose headquarters are in the galleries of the Normal School, Toronto, where he genially welcomes visitors and enlarges enthusiastically upon the splendid future awaiting Art in Canada.

Factors in Canada's Prosperity

These articles on the business and financial situation will be a regular monthly feature of Maclean's. The department is being handled by the associate editor of the Financial Post, the leading financial newspaper of the Dominion. The series will be of particular interest and value to business and professional men, for every phase of the business situation and the commercial development of Canada will be covered. In this article two factors which ensure the Dominion's prosperity are considered: railroad expenditure and immigration.

By John Appleton

Associate Editor of The Financial Post of Canada

DURING the latter part of January it was announced that so prominent a railway official as G. J. Bury, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, resident at Winnipeg, had left for a vacation of some weeks. His destination was the Orient. To visit the Orient in search of health means the expenditure of more time than usually embraced in the space of "a few weeks." It may be assumed without outraging the proprieties of reasonable assumption that Mr. Bury would be away from the centre of his very great activities for some months — say two months at least. This means that his plans for the coming summer have been completed, and before they are put into the process of actual execution, Mr. Bury desires to be in the best of health. Just about a year ago he was quoted very generally as saying that the Canadian Pacific Railway would spend in Winnipeg and the grain growing provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba all the money it could. More money was appropriated than could be spent. It is not generally appreciated that there are very definite limitations to the amount of money that can be spent economically. At the beginning of the year Mr. Bury met deputations and frankly stated that the

president of the company had furnished him with an appropriation bigger than the supply of labor and material would permit of his using. The deputations he received, and he is very approachable, sought more cars, more track and more trains. All these are needed now as they were then. A larger catalogue of legitimate wants could be drawn up and every want would have at its back the soundest justification. In providing all these wants, however, there are limitations. Generally speaking, the chief limitation has been money. That, however, does not bother the Canadian Pacific Railway to a point of embarrassment. Last year the limitation the company had to contend with was not cash but labor, material, and in a measure public obstruction. Of these the first was perhaps the most acute. Labor of the skilled kind, such as to lay out plans upon which millions of expenditure had to be heeded, was as much in demand as the \$2.00 a day manual labor without knowledge of the English tongue. In the face of these limitations many millions were laid out economically and these millions constituted one of the chief factors in the steadiness of good business conditions in the Western provinces during the past year.

What the business sense of the Dominion at the present time is concerned with is whether the Canadian Pacific will continue its policy of expenditure during the months ensuing. Circumstances point to even greater activity. Mr. Bury has submitted his plans to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and they have been approved. At the same time he has gone for a rest pending the season when the actual execution of these plans can be started. Meanwhile during February the contributions to \$104,000,000 of new stock will commence to roll into Canada from all corners of the earth. Everything points to greater activity on the part of the Canadian Pacific Railway during the present year than the company has shown in any past year in its entire history. More money is in sight to be spent than at any previous time. More money, let it be repeated, for the whole of Canada, not merely the Canadian Pacific Railway, than at any period of her development. But in the case of the great railroad of which we have been speaking, it has the money, and its directors and officers are already rolling back their sleeves with a view to bringing their system to a point of efficiency equal to the demands for transportation service.

Last year's expenditure of the Canadian Pacific was a material factor in lubricating the wheels of business in the Dominion. It does not require more than ordinary "horse sense" to perceive that the expenditures during the coming year will be equally as great—with the possibility of their being very much greater.

But as to the limitations in the form of lack of men and material of which something has already been said. During the course of 1912 the industrial plants that care for the needs of transportation companies have been very much strengthened. References are here made only to those of the Dominion. For the good of the Dominion as a whole—the business health of it—it is desirable that the industrial plant within its bounds should be well fed with domestic demands. They are better able to care for them during 1913 than

they were in 1912. If the railroad companies are going to spend as much in 1913 as they did in the preceding year, all these industrial plants will be kept very busy. In making plans for the year the business man would be quite justified in ignoring the "if" with regard to railroad expenditure and justified also in taking the positive ground that the railways are going to spend more this year than in any previous year.

Railroad expenditure is a great factor, but by no means the only one, to be reckoned with in gauging the trend of general business. If there is a more important one than railroad expenditure it is the immigration movement. In the early months of the year the extent to which capital expenditure will be made by the railways can be fairly well measured. There is no such definiteness as to what will be the outcome of the immigration season. Perhaps the best guide to follow is the immigration commissioner at Winnipeg. Mr. Bruce Walker, who holds that office, is of a very optimistic temperament. He is intensely enthusiastic and his zeal in immigration work is so persistent as to infect those with whom he comes in contact. Though this earnestness inspires doubt in the mind of the business man as to his figures and estimates, this has to be admitted: Mr. Walker's estimates in previous years have been strictly within the mark. For the present year he promises to land in Canada as many new citizens as he did last year. It is not necessary to rely entirely upon Mr. Walker, as to data upon which to base immigration figures for the year. There are other signs and tokens well worth canvassing by the business ear. No doubt but that many shrewd business men already realize the importance of the policy of the Canadian Pacific Railway in establishing direct steamship communication with Trieste. From amongst the agricultural classes of the countries tributary to Trieste, excellent settlers can be found and no doubt that fact has been well verified by the Canadian Pacific Railway before it entered

into serious consideration of establishing a steamboat service with that port. This means that there is to be no cessation, but an augmentation of the immigration activity of the Canadian Pacific. What that company finds it necessary to do will have to be done also by the other railroads. Building branch lines into territory sparsely settled entails the responsibility of bringing more settlers to that territory in order to develop enough business to make the lines pay.

Two factors then, of first importance in keeping well lubricated the commercial wheels of the Dominion are at present time throbbing with activity. The Dominion has its hands on the necessary money to carry on development work on an increasing scale, and its agencies in getting more settlers are as alert, and more effective, than at any

previous date. On these facts it is safe to base the conclusion that conditions during the present year will have in them all the elements of prosperity that characterized 1912, and in addition they will be stimulated by increased immigration and increased expenditure by the railroads. These larger movements are already financed and no money difficulties lie in their way. But that is not the case with the business man, generally, who has ahead of him a money market not too well supplied with offerings, and what money is offered commands a higher price. As to the future of money, that subject will be dealt with in the next month. But it can be stated now that, although money conditions are somewhat uncertain, that everything points to 1913 being a more prosperous year than its predecessor.

Canada's Manufactured Exports

Canada is not yet a large exporter of manufactures, but so far as we have developed that trade the United States is our best single customer. In fact she takes nearly forty per cent. of our total export of manufactured goods.

In 1911-12 we sold to the world manufactures valued at \$35,000,000; of which the United States took nearly \$14,000,000. On the other hand, this is a small portion of her imports of manufactures which reach about \$600,000,000. Moreover, we are purchasers of manufactures from the United States to many times our sales of that class of goods to her. We bought in 1911-12 \$342,000,000 from the States.

The chief item of manufactures which we export to our southern neighbors is closely related to raw materials. It consists of pulp and paper and amounts in the total to six millions and a half.

The Little House

The story of a tragic love—such is "The Little House." The love interest which dominates it is intense from the outset, and increases as the tale progresses through trial and tribulation and finally deepens into mystery. The scene is laid in India. Annette T. Johnson is one of the best known American fiction writers, and her work is always hailed with delight by readers.

By Annette Thackwell Johnson

THERE by the roadside, with a peepal tree on one side of the gate and a clump of bamboo on the other, surrounded by a garden typically Indian, lay the little house—quaint, silent, deserted.

Often on my early morning rides I had looked at it and longed to know its story. That it had one, I was sure. Romance had been there! Behind those fine old veranda pillars and out there in the garden, love had perhaps walked hand in hand with sorrow. Had it been worth while? What was the story?

I strove to forget it, but, whatever my resolve in the morning when we left our bungalow, with Bob's head firmly turned in the direction of the parade-grounds where fashion aired itself, before the ride was over we invariably found ourselves approaching the little house. Bob would slow down his pace to a walk, and I would look and look at the old deserted garden and the white pillared veranda—look and look, and wonder! Once I thought I saw the laughing face of a girl peeping out at me from behind the big bushes of jessamine; sometimes I imagined that I heard the sound of sobe. Always I felt the call—the call of the little house. Who had built it? How came it there, so far from the station where the English lived—five miles, at least, in the heart of the Doon? And then, why was it deserted?

The road leading to it was very beautiful, winding through five miles of

one of the most picturesque valleys in the world. Clumps of feathery bamboo and tallow trees bordered it; on either side lay prosperous-looking ten-plantations; above were the Himalayas, magnificently close. What a spot in which to dream—and love!

I pictured Her young, with dark, curling hair and deep, wistful dark eyes—graceful, dainty! She must have looked just so when she peeped at Him from behind the clumps of jessamine. She would laugh and dare him to chase her, and then she would run—I could see her, catching up her dress in front to keep from tripping. And He, when he would catch her—doubtless he made her very happy! But it had not lasted, for the bungalow was deserted now.

What was life like? I had no picture of him—nothing but the shadowy form of a man—stretching out his arms.

It was in March when I began to dream about the house and the garden. Always I saw Her walking with bent head, and hands locked in front—beside her an indistinct figure. I could smell the scent of the jessamine and the roses as she brushed the flowery aside and looked up at Him with piteous, suffering eyes. What was it? What was it?

One morning, as we approached the house, Bob stopped, and I *koihaied* (called). Obedient to my summons, from the back of the building appeared a decrepit gardener, whose presence on

the premises accounted for the thrifty condition of the roses, marigolds, and jessamine.

I explained that both my house and I were thirsty.

"If the *mem-sahib* will honor our habitation by descending," he salamed respectfully, "the *ayah* will attend to her, while I promise that the horse shall receive every care."

"How does it come that so deserted a place can boast of an *ayah* and a *mah*?" I inquired of the ancient woman who immediately presented herself.

"Ah, *mem-sahib*, we have been here these twenty-five years, taking care of the old place—just taking care of the old place; and she wiped her eyes with the corner of her *chudder*.

"I am so tired, *ayah*; may I sit down?"

"If the *mem-sahib* would so condescend," she responded eagerly. So in a moment I was ensconced in a large cane chair beneath the jessamine bushes, with the old woman at my feet. At last I was to hear the story of the little house!

"It was twenty-five years ago, *mem-sahib*," she began, "that we came out here—twenty-five years ago. It was lonely in this part of the Doon, but I did not care, for I had my birding—my *maame* babe! Yes, *mem-sahib*, she was very beautiful, and her voice was like that of a lark in spring;

"Her mother died when she was born (we lived then in the big bungalow near the parade-grounds), and her father, the *bars* *sahib*, employed me to take care of the motherless one. I was her wet-nurse first, and then, when my own baby died, I stayed on as *ayah* for the little miss. The doctor had given her up, *mem-sahib*, but I saved her!" And the old woman folded her arms triumphantly across her withered breasts that had been life-giving once, years ago! "She loved me also, *mem-sahib*, she was mine indeed, for had I not cheated death of her? The *sahib* noticed her sometimes, but not often: he mourned and mourned for the *mem-sahib*, her mother. . . .

"We were grand folk in those days, *mem-sahib*, and the *sahib* was invited out to many *bars* *khannas* (big dinners), but he always refused to go, and gradually people forgot him.

"Sometimes the ladies whom we met on the parade-ground would ask me to show them my baby, and they would kiss her and hand her back to me and say, 'A beautiful child, *ayah*! What a pity the *sahib* is bringing her up so badly!'

"That made me weep bitterly, and finally I spoke to the *sahib*. 'Behold, your lordship's daughter is growing up, six years old: she should go to school with the lady-*log*. I will speak to the *mem* at the Mission Ka-Ikal, if I am granted permission.'

"The *sahib* said, 'Is she indeed so old? Is she only so old? Is it not a hundred years since the light went out of my life?'

"But he let me do as I thought best, *mem-sahib*, and I made arrangements with the mission ladies for my lamkin to go to the Mission Ka-Ikal. The *mem* cried when I told her about my little miss, and came to see the *sahib*, who gave her money so that she would buy the Miss *Sahib's* clothes and send her away. For nine months every year I gave up the apple of my eye; but when she came home in the winter, so clever, I was so glad and proud that I forgot the bitter darkness of the nine long months when the light of the sun had been withheld from me. She would come dancing into the house throw her arms around me, and kiss me. She always brought me some gift. These heads, *mem-sahib*, and these anklets and bracelets"—touching them tenderly—"are all from her—my little miss.

"She used to tell me about the wonderful things she learned. My heart would become as wax when she explained about the big sea down Bombay way, and the stars, and about the Christian's God. *Mem-sahib*, that was the most terrible of all! It seems that there is a great fiery pit where wicked people are to be burned forever and ever! My Miss *Sahib* told me all about

it—and how careful she would have to be!

"'Ayah, I want to be good and get to heaven. You must, dear ayah' and she would kiss me and love me.

"I would laugh and put her head. It was hard for me to understand—these many paths out into the unknown!

"One day the *sahib* called me into his study. He was very white, and he sat there with a letter in his hand.

"'Ayah,' he said, 'I have just heard from the principal of the school where the Miss *Sahib* goes. She says that the child has done so well that she ought to be sent to England.'

"My bones turned to water within me. Sent to England! My birdling sent to England!

"But, ayah,' he went on, and his face became even whiter, 'I have no money. The British government has given me my dismissal, and there is almost nothing left.'

"Then the *sahib* put his head down on the desk and sobbed, as a broken man may.

"All the servants had known what was coming. The *sahib* had been taking opium for many months. The cook had already left, and the others were going.

"I fell on my knees before him, and begged him to let me stay with him and look after my little *missie baba*; but he did not seem to hear me, and by and by I saw that he was very ill. He could neither move nor speak.

"Then I ran out and sent for the doctor *sahib*, who came and helped us to lay the sick man on a bed. Then the doctor sent for a *Khabar* (telegram) to the Miss *Sahib*. By nightfall my birdling was with us again.

"She had become a woman, *mem-sahib*, a lovely woman. Only sixteen, and so wise! She went through her father's accounts and settled everything—all his debtors and creditors went to her, while her father lay and stared and stared at the wall. Sometimes his lips would move, but we were never able to make out a word.

"Among those who came to the house to see the Miss *Sahib* about her father's

debt was Rugbir Singh. Ah, *mem-sahib*, a lion among men! He was a son of one of the richest natives in the city; he had been sent to England to be educated. Yes, he was very fair. Handsome? Ah, if the *mem* could only have seen him! Six feet tall, with the shoulders of a god! And his eyes! Ah, when those eyes looked at a woman, *mem-sahib*, they burned two holes through her breast! He had been married young, and had three wives in his *zenana*, but he did not care much for them, and was always looking, looking, for something he had never found. He played cricket and polo a great deal with the *sahib* *bag*, for they liked him. He was a sight to restore the blind when he rode on his pony after the ball in the polo game, the end of his turban fluttering victoriously!

"I am an old woman, but even now I do not wonder that when my Miss *Sahib* first saw him she stood as if turned to stone; for as he looked at her his eyes seemed to send out flames that pierced her breast and wrapped themselves about her heart. That was the moment of their nuptials, *mem-sahib*. The gods had made them one!

"She gave him her eyes for an instant, and then she stepped forward. 'Will you see my father?' she asked. His only answer was, 'You!'

"I had learned to understand English, though I was never so impudent as to speak it, and I made up my mind that I would protect my little mistress. But when the gods arrange matters, who are men that they should strive? I strove—but to what purpose?

"He went into the room and helped her lift her father into a more comfortable position; then, after talking a little business with her, and looking at her a great deal, while the color came and went in her cheeks, he left her, and as he went I saw him kiss her hand.

"All evening she sat near her father, with the hand that had been kissed next her heart. What could I do? I was always there—that was all; but he was always there also, and as the *sahib* was deeply in his debt, no one could send him away.

"After three weeks the *sahib* died, and the Miss *Sahib* was left, so they said, with nothing at all. I had saved a hundred rupees, and went and dug them out of the ground and gave them to the little *miss*.

"The day after the funeral people began to come. A *seem* came from the cantonments and said that she would take my Missie *Sahib* as her nurse, only she must come without pay, just at first. Oh, *mem-sahib*, *mem-sahib*, I could have spat upon her for wanting my little lady to do *ayah* *kam* (*ayah's* work). Then the *pedri's* *seem* came and said:

"My dear child, accept the situation, by all means. It may be your salvation. You are too young and pretty to be alone in a world full of pitfalls for the unwary, and you must never see Rugbir Singh again!"

"My Miss *Sahib* turned very pale, and she looked at her and said, 'Why?'

"Because, my dear, he has three wives already, and you are a lady, while he is only a native."

"After the *pedri's* *seem* had left her, Rugbir came, and my little Miss *Sahib* told him with white lips that she would have to ask him to stop coming, because people were talking about her, and—*and*—

"Then he stopped her, *mem-sahib*. He took her in his arms and kissed her as a man might kiss a woman he has thirsted for since time began. She put her head on his shoulder and said that she would give up the world for him.

"My poor little *missie baba*! How little she knew what giving up the world meant!

"'Hui, *hai*, it was to be, *mem-sahib*, it was to be! They were mated before the gods; their eyes met and melted into one. He would look and look at her as if she were his lost self. He looked at her, *mem-sahib*, as women dream of being looked at, and as so few men ever look. His eyes were little points of light, glowing, boring, gripping down into her soul. He would talk to her, his arm around her, telling her wild, delicious things that sent little shudders

through her. She had never heard such things—so few women ever do!

"Well, *mem-sahib*, they tried to get married. They went to every *padri* *sahib* in the valley, asking to be married, but the *padri* *Sahibs* would become very angry, and say:

"How dare you think of such an iniquitous thing? It is impossible to marry a Christian girl to a heathen—a wretched native, with three wives already!"

"Then my Miss *Sahib* spoke up: 'If I were a *Rikh*, could I marry him, and be his legal wife?'

"'Yes—according to law.'

"Well, in that case, why can I not marry him now? I cannot become a *Rikh*, for I believe in the Christian's God. I am a Christian."

"You are a wicked woman," said the *padri* *sahib*, "and no Christian at all. Live with him, girl, if you want to—at the peril of your soul."

"The ladies, none of them, spoke to her; nobody came to see her; and Rugbir Singh's wives in the city were just as angry as the white ladies. You see, Rugbir never went near them any more.

"Then, after a month or so of dreadful misery in the station, her lover brought her out here. The house was an old canal bungalow, and he enlarged it for her use. They were very happy for a while. He would come home to her in the evening, and she would run to meet him; then they would walk down the path together, while he picked the roses for her. She taught him to play hide-and-seek about the jasmine bushes, and he would catch her. Ah, *mem-sahib*, those two were very near paradise in those days.

"Then, one evening, when he met her he saw that she had been crying. He took her down through the garden until they reached the well, and she sat there with her hand in his. At last she told him. Ah, ah, she was so young, my *lambkin*. Love had come to her as he comes to *few*, but she had to pay, *mem-sahib*, she had to pay! We all do." The old crane wiped her eyes with her withered hand.

"Well, she told him, and I, listening

back of the jessamine bushes, heard her with wonder.

"You see," she said, "as long as it was only you and I, it did not matter, but now, Rugbir, my dear, my dear, there is going to be somebody else: a nameless, fatherless child. For its sake, can you not give me your name? For its sake, darling! These people, yours and mine, will be as cruel to it as they are to me. Rugbir, make its path easier!"

"Then he kissed her—he ate her up with his eyes! He told her that he would sell his soul for her—that he would marry her. Surely in all India there must be some one who would marry them! He would go out of the Doon and fetch a *padri*, and his heart's delight, his own, would be herself once more. So they planned it all, sitting there on the curb of the well. By and by she put her head back on his shoulder, and together they watched the moon rise, while he kissed her fingers one by one, and then—her mouth.

"Ah, *mem-sahib*, I have had three husbands, but love such as that never touched me! As I watched them, my heart burned within me, and I called upon my gods to protect her, that she might not pay the full price of such happiness.

"I watched my lady very carefully those days, for Rugbir's three wives were very angry. I said nothing about it, but twice I found that poison had been put in her drinking water. Always I tested it upon the kittens we kept about the place. Once I killed a cobra in her bath-room. I feared for my lady, I feared—how I feared!"

"Finally, Rugbir decided that he must go to Sahranpur. He had heard that there was a native Christian *padri* there who might be persuaded to marry them. I suppose, *mem-sahib*, that he meant to make it well worth the fellow's while. He was going to be gone three days to fetch him.

"How happy and light-hearted my little mistress was when he left! She ran about, arranging the furniture and picking flowers. It was all going to be right, she said at last.

"I was to sleep in the house, to be near her, but after I ate my dinner that night I fell asleep on the floor of my hut. The other servants had the same thing happen to them. We had all been heavily drugged—two of the men died.

"The first thing of which I was conscious was Rugbir bending over me, pouring cold water on my face, and brandy down my throat, saying:

"*Ayah, ayah, wake up! Where—where is the *mem-sahib*?*"

"*Hai, hai!*" and the old woman bent upon her breast, "from that day to this there has never been any sign of our hearts' delight. A rumor spread in the city that she herself, weeping of Rugbir, had sent him away, and dragged us all, in order to have a chance to escape to England with a colonel *sahib* who used to admire her when her father was living.

"But we, her lord and I, knew differently. We hunted for her everywhere. He even searched the well. There was no sign or sound. For days he was like one mad. With outstretched arms, he walked the garden-paths, crying, 'My beloved, my beloved, where art thou, my own?'"

"He almost expected to have her suddenly appear behind some bush, and put her little hands over his eyes, whispering, 'Lord of my life, who is it?'"

"Within two months his hair and beard were white as snow, and they said in the city that he was mad. His wives wanted him to go back to them, but he never did, and they died without seeing him. The last one was buried only five days ago. They said say that in her delirium—it was cholera—she screamed to see an apparition, and screamed over and over again, 'Take her away, take her away! Who let her out?' What could she have meant, *mem-sahib*?"

"My master has paid me to watch here all these years. He comes but seldom now. It grieves him so, she says. He is to be here to-day, for the outside bedroom wall has begun to give way, and the workmen are to tear down part

of it, in order to repair it properly. I think I hear them now, *mem-sahib*, on the other side of the house. Let us go and see."

I rose, glad to change my position after listening to the old woman's story; and glad also to brush away some tears that had risen unbidden to my eyes. She was moaning, "*Hai, hai*," as grief-stricken eastern women do, when we took the path leading round to the deserted bedroom. Several coolies were there, two or three working with pick-axes under the direction of a majestic-looking native gentleman, a *Sikh* with white eyebrows and snow-white beard. Surely, Rugbir himself!

The *ayah* was commencing to salaman when suddenly her arm was arrested. What was that—that thing within the wall? Bricks and plaster had been re-

moved, and there in the aperture was something, a bit of cloth—terrible! I reeled with sick horror. A skeleton within the wall. Some one had been built up years ago. A bony hand protruded. Upon one finger was a ring placed there with solemn vows by Rugbir Singh when he was young.

The wall trembled, the ring slipped off and rolled to Rugbir's feet. He picked it up, looked at it dazed, then, shrieking, "My heart's delight, thou hast come back to me!" fell prostrate.

There was a terrible crash, and the whole wall crumbled to earth, covering the senseless man. Amidst the wild din of falling masonry and the uproar of human voices I heard the old *ayah*'s shrieks:

"She has paid, she has paid—to the full!"



FRIENDS

Little they know who say—"Two staid old souls,

Boring each other, for their days are long!"

Faith, and it may be that we act the roles

Assigned us, well—but ah, the world is wrong!

We have a pleasure in old-fashioned ways—

We love to tilt our chairs back from the fire,

And linger over tales of other days,

And each for each a new regard inspire.

Matches are cheap—a great pile by your chair,

Shows where your thoughts were when you told that tale,

While I smoked on, and filled the air

With rare tobacco fumes, the wife calls—"stale!"

Boring each other—Ah, the joke of it—

For when we part, sure it's reluctantly!

To fret for each, tho' quietly we sit

And watch the hours go passing silently.

—Amy E. Campbell.



SIR HUGH GRAHAM,
Proprietor of the "Montreal Star."

Sir Hugh Graham: Near Napoleon of Canadian Newspaperdom

One of the outstanding figures in Canadian journalism is Sir Hugh Graham, proprietor of The Montreal Star. His career has been of a most remarkable and successful character, consisting in the control of one of the leading publications of the Dominion and recognition of distinguished service in the form of a knighthood. The salient features of the career are set forth in this character sketch, which will be read throughout the country with interest and appreciation.

By Linton Eccles

AN OLD journalistic hand once told me that it took at least two generations to build up a really successful newspaper. If we are to accept that estimate as the rule, then Sir Hugh Graham must be the exception that proves it. Still, his achievement of establishing the Montreal Star and the Family Herald and Weekly Star had no mushroom characteristics about it. To give up over forty of your three-score years to one sole object is to set apart practically the whole of your life—which is just what Sir Hugh Graham has done. Therefore, so far as his own generation is concerned, he has done himself pretty well, as we, slangily, sometimes say.

To be looking forward to your sixty-fifth birthday, and to be able to look back along the years when you were working hard pulling two newspapers up to the fortune-making stage, is to contemplate something really attempted and something done. It is more than whispered on and around St. James Street that Sir Hugh clears a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year from his journalistic enterprises. And, though La Presse, the chief organ of the French-speaking masses of Quebec province, seems to have spiked the Star's claim to the biggest circulation, the Star's proprietor at least can reflect with commercial pride that he has built

up one of the best publicity propositions in the country.

There is a good deal of parallel about the careers of Hugh Graham and Alfred Harmsworth. That is why I have dubbed the former the "Near Napoleon of Canadian Newspaperdom"—for every Maunulay schoolboy knows that Lord Northcliffe, who started life as plain Alfred Harmsworth, just as Sir Hugh Graham started it as plain Hugh, is known as the Napoleon of Fleet Street. And I am not sure that Sir Hugh, although he affects to dislike publicity, in his heart will cavil at this comparison with the man who has helped so much to shape popular journalism in England.

The parallel is not only borne out in the achievement of the two men, it goes back to their origins and their early struggles for recognition. Both were country products and both came up to the city in young, impressionable years to show the citizens how to run it, or something like that. The proprietor of the English journal with the most extensive circulation in Canada was the son of a Scottish farmer, W. R. Graham, settled at Athelstan, in Huntingdon County, Quebec, which most Quebec and some Ontario farmers will tell you is a rich agricultural county. Hugh Graham was born on July 18, 1848,

and with a slice of the national tenacity of purpose his father put him to work on the farm with the idea, one supposes, of keeping him there. Then a little learning and the powerful attractions of the city came to quash the father's hopes.

Hugh had an uncle, the late E. H. Parsons, who published the Commercial Advertiser and the Daily Telegraph at Montreal. To the Metropolis, after some years at the Huntingdon Academy, the farmer's son came, and he was put upon a stool in his uncle's office at the age of fifteen to learn how to become an office boy. He must have learned quickly and to some purpose, for two years afterward he had jumped up to be general manager of the Daily Telegraph. However, the enthusiasm and ability of the strapping boss failed to keep the paper from going on the rocks that have founded many a promising publication before and since. The Telegraph was silenced, and Hugh Graham found a temporary refuge with the Gazette Publishing Company, which he left in a year or two as secretary-treasurer.

A temporary job it was bound to be, for the graduate from the farm to the newspaper profession could not be kept for long off the proprietorial perch. Before he had reached his twenty-first birthday he had completed plans with Marshall Scott to start a newspaper—The Star. No bantling in the Canadian newspaper world has had a more humble inauguration. An old employment office on Fortification Lane was the best place the two young men could afford as the birth-manger of their high hopes. This lengthy and gloomy alley, which was lengthier and gloomier still in January, 1869, forms a kind of back entrance to St. James Street, and whilst the Star's payrollers in these days of opulence have an uninterrupted view through plate glass windows, of the big business street of the Metropolis, there is something appropriate in the fact that the Star's back door even yet gives on to the old lane, where it had in the beginnings its front, back, and only entrance.

Scott and Graham had just as little money to play with as had Alfred Harnsworth, Arthur Pearson, George Newnes, Edward Lloyd, and a few other men who have made themselves along with newspapers and newspaper fortunes in the Old Country. It is said that the youthful Montrealeers sailed so close to the wind that they were compelled to empty the till of the scanty toll of coppers at night to ensure the putting out of an edition the following day. On more than one occasion it was a toss-up whether the paper should come out at all, and a loan from a business acquaintance or an advance in prospect of advertising space was not an unusual occurrence. Anyhow, the Star in its early days had a hard struggle for existence, and the lack of capital with the proprietors no doubt largely accounted for the poverty in appearance of the sheet they produced. It was a one-cent daily of eight pages, not much larger than half the present size, and looked after the "Town Topics" style.

The story goes that, years later, when he had been able to acquire the whole business, with its firmer foundation, new plant, and sure revenues, Sir Hugh bought up all the early copies of the paper that he and his agents could lay hands on. Possibly, these historic sheets may be some day presented to that city library which Montrealeers are still waiting for. Probably, however, these early Stars never again will see the light of day, even on a library shelf. Likely, they have been destroyed. Whether they have or have not been preserved, certainly you will search the Star office and the greater Montreal outside in vain for those adolescent issues.

After he had got past the early struggle stage Sir Hugh soon settled down to managing editorship. The business bump in that considerable head of his always has been better developed than the literary bump—and every executive journalist will tell you that business and not literary qualities make the successful newspaper. And opportunities, still more than common or garden com-

mercial ability, has a very big say in it, and the experience of any of the journalistic magnates mentioned in this sketch has confirmed it. If Sir Hugh Graham had not been an opportunist, a Montreal Star might have been in existence but decidedly not the Montreal Star of to-day.

Take the case of its relation to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church as a good instance. In the seventies the Witness practically reaped the circulation field in and immediately around Montreal; the Star gleaned what the Dougnll journal overlooked. The Lateran Council promulgated the doctrine of papal infallibility, and the Witness, as the Protestant mouthpiece, said its say against the doctrine in no hesitating fashion. As the result the archbishop of that time interdicted the paper. The circulation figures and advertising revenues of the Witness fell off in consequence, and the Star, which had left the fighting to its contemporary, stepped in and took a large part of both circulation and advertising. It was opportunism that paid, however the Protestants may have regarded the lukewarmness of the Star's sympathy.

But Sir Hugh Graham and his newspaper have not been always on the fence.

It may be stated here that as a general policy he has put the commercial side before the editorial and news side. Nominally a Conservative, he has actually kept his sheet clear of party affiliations, and on several notable occasions the Conservative party has had reason to resent the out-and-out independence of Sir Hugh. He speaks through his newspaper, and the proprietor's personal views have been preached forcibly and often in the printed page. In fact, Sir Hugh has impressed very strongly his personality upon the Star. His influence is seen sometimes in the very inconsistencies of the Star's advocacy, for when a policy has been dropped or a change of front has been made, it has been dropped or changed at the dictate of the proprietor, who, first, last, and

all the time, is his own boss and the boss of his staff.

Sir Hugh is fond of appealing to the popular opinions or prejudices of the average man. His opponents say that his methods echo those of William Randolph Hearst, but that is perhaps nearer the truth is that, after making a close study of human nature as he sees it in Montreal and keeping his study up-to-date, he has evolved a code of methods of his own. He likes to figure—through his newspaper, of course, for he is not very well known personally to the crowd—in reforming campaigns. Generally the Star's influence has been on the side of improving municipal government, and it is worth mentioning that Sir Hugh was one of the founders of the Good Government Association. In the agitation for a better street car service, the paper has lined up with the other journals, French and English. Sir Hugh has developed in the Star the news-editorial, that two-column front-page large-type feature that is commonly seen nowadays in the popular press. The Star's news-editorials, which are mostly written by well-paid members of Sir Hugh's staff, and sometimes from Sir Hugh's dictation, are not always supported by solid logical argument. Sentimental reasoning may easily take the place of more solid stuff, as renders of the Star's opinions on the Reciprocity and Navy questions might learn. Probably this is how the comparisons between Graham and Hearst or Harnsworth have come to be accepted as conventional currency by the man-in-the-street. This method of appealing to the crowd of course has its beneficent side, and the Star has used it successfully in raising several relief funds, notably that which secured from Canadians twenty-one thousand dollars for the sufferers of the great famine of India in 1897.

Whilst the Star scarcely could be called sensational when it is examined side by side with the "American" syndicate of journals, it has a sensational enough appearance when compared to other Canadian dailies. You can put its big headlines, its framing-up of news,

and its general make-up to that fondness of appealing to the average man which has underlined the whole history of the Star—which, for all practical purposes, is the same as saying the whole history of Sir Hugh Graham. He has shown himself quite willing to take his medicine when, as has happened, a little offender than once or twice, he has fought libel suits which have gone in favor of the plaintiffs, or, as in other cases, he has settled out of court other libel suits that were pending against him. The fortune he has made is a most comfortably sized one, but it would have been larger by quite a bit if he had not had to pay out heavily on fees to lawyers and by way of solatium to the wounded feelings and reputations of the people he has attacked in the columns of the Star.

He is a very chicken-hearted newspaper proprietor who has never felt or said anything strongly enough to run the risk of a libel action. Whatever else he is or isn't, Sir Hugh Graham is not chicken-hearted. Nor is he humdrum, by any means, in the fashioning of his paper and in the training of his men. He certainly has the news instinct very strongly developed. I am told that there used to be posted up in the reporters' room of the Star office of a generation ago, this notice:

REMEMBER

You are Nothing.

The Star is Everything.

That would stand as a good working motto for any progressive newspaper with a popular circulation, and it seems rather a pity that the notice was taken down.

Sometimes, it is said—and if there are too many "it is said" in this article, blame Sir Hugh's modesty and not mine—he goes round with his reporters on big assignments; which shows, at least, that his heart is still young in the game. In fact, contradicting the evidence of his white hair and the birth records, this big little man gives you the impression of being only as old as he feels—which is much less than sixty-four. But I am inclined to think that his outward seeming activity has a nervous, rather than a physical origin.

You will remember the storm in a teacup that hissed and howled over his head when a Liberal government, in 1908, passed up his name for a knighthood—decorative goods that nevertheless were duly delivered. Sir Hugh must regret in a way that his isolation as the newspaper knight has been broken by the elevation of the managing editor of the Toronto News.

The man who is the Star has at least one other claim to fame in that his reputation as an orator rests upon a single speech. It was made at the Imperial Press Conference, and it needed the combination conveyed in the first two words of the term to draw him out of his shell. He hates public speaking as heartily as Sir Wilfrid Laurier enjoys it, and it may be that he will stick to his determination never to make another oration. "What I Have Said," so far as Sir Hugh is concerned, he has said in the Star, and you must buy his paper if you are interested in his opinions. Which, as most of us will readily acknowledge, is good business. Sir Hugh is most decidedly a great believer in the value of advertising—in the Star.



The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of Maclean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

JUST as some learned critics continue to put forth and discourse upon the question: "Is there a Canadian Literature?" the while protagonists praise again the many essentially Canadian writings which have long since proved the permanent nature of their worth; so do people credited with discernment, align themselves in acknowledgment or repudiation of the claims of Robert W. Service for consideration as a poet, some of his critics commencing sagely upon the quasi-quietest aboriginal instincts even of the readers of this advanced age, answering to the appeal of the oft-times rough-hewn verse of Service, as accounting for the marvellous vogue of his verse.

Certain is it that Service with his volumes of poetry, like Ralph Connor's remarkable record of achievement in the field of fiction, has, with each succeeding book added to his laurels and strengthened his position in the world of letters. It is significant to note that the latest offerings of Connor and Service have headed the list of Canadian best sellers, first and second respectively, in both January and February. It is for the reason that "Corporal Cameron" maintained its position as the most popular book, that this month's sketch is of the author of the book coming second in the list of best sellers for the past month.

Robert W. Service came suddenly into

the literary time-light from the obscurity of the branch office of the Bank of Commerce at White Horse, Y.T., five years ago, upon the appearance of his first book, "The Songs of a Sourdough."

Service had written his earliest poems from pure delight in doing so and for the entertainment of his friends. To no degree whatever did he anticipate the acclaim with which they were subsequently received. As a matter of fact when Service sent the ms. to William Briggs, it was with the intention of himself standing the cost of publishing the book. The merit of the collection was speedily recognized at the publishing house, but it was only after the most careful consideration, that the house decided to assume full responsibility, there being a well-developed opposition to that course owing to the fact that previous to that time, volumes of verse had been negligible quantities as profit-bearers in the Canadian book trade. Within two years, forty thousand copies of the book were sold. Then came "The Ballads of a Chechako" which not only established a remarkable sales record for itself, but created still further demands for "Songs of Sourdough," to the end that, in five years, over 200,000 of these two books have been sold.

Following the appearance of "Chechako," Service turned his hand to fit-

tion. He had at different times, to his publishers and others, expressed the conviction that the great Canadian novel was yet to be written and apparently decided to himself essay its production. But, notwithstanding that it achieved a success far beyond that of the average novel about Canada or by a Canadian, and attained the rank of a best seller, it really contributed nothing to his literary fame and in fact it was feared by many that it would bring on a reaction even as to the attitude of the public toward his books of poetry. However, while the sale of his novel gradually dwindled away, the demand for "Sourdough" and "Chickadee" was steadily maintained and "The Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" has had a reception even better than that accorded his second volume.

"The Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," is a most appropriate title for a volume by Robert W. Service, for the writer himself has been a rolling stone and is at this moment executing "A Swing Around the Balkans," as witness the most interesting letters he is contributing to a Canadian newspaper.

Service is a native of England where he was born thirty-five years ago. The family moved into Scotland when Robert was of an age too young to even know that Caledonia was "a meet nurse for a poetic child." He received his education in Glasgow University. His rolling stone instincts asserted themselves fifteen years ago and the wanderlust directed his steps to Canada; but even this country's vast extent was apparently too narrow in its scope, because for five years he knocked about the cities and towns along the Pacific Coast from British Columbia to Mexico, living a most nomadic life and taking a hand in turn at practically all varieties of work. Finally he settled down, most surprising in one of his restless nature, to the prosaic occupation of a bank clerk, entering the branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Victoria.

Perhaps it was the itinerant feature of the career of a bank clerk that appealed to him. At all events he got his share of transfers, with comparatively short intervals, going from Victoria to Vancouver, then to Kamloops and eventually to White Horse, in the Yukon. During his stay in British Columbia, occasional verse from his pen found its way into the local press and although these efforts were not without merit, the statement will no doubt receive general acceptance, that the Canadian Bank of Commerce would not have given Canada this poet of international fame had he not been sent to White Horse, becoming "The Poet of the Yukon." He did his full share toward furthering Canada's claim of possessing a literature distinctively national in character and demonstrated that the rugged region of the extreme north is picturesque, and rich not only in the gold which brought people rushing from the four corners of the earth, but in those "deposits" which Service brought to light in his songs of the great lone northland.

In keeping with the nature of Service's verses, all breathing the spirit of God's great out-of-doors, most of them were written out in the open—many on the banks of the great Yukon River, accounting for the breath of the wild and awe-inspiring scenery and the solitude of the Arctic Circle which is in the very woof of his writings. Even after giving up the service of the bank two years ago, since which time he has given his whole time to his literary work, he continued to seek inspiration in the wild regions of which he wrote and spent last winter near Dawson, living in a picturesque little cottage nestling half way up the hill behind the city. Of the trip to Dawson he made 700 miles in a canoe by himself, by way of the Mackenzie River. In one letter to a Winnipeg friend, written in his cabin near Dawson, he wrote: "I am back in the Yukon and there's no

place like it. I like solitude and quiet and simplicity. I take things easy, read, dream, sing to my guitar, walk fifteen miles a day and write when the mood comes."

There are pieces in his new book

verses as a whole the critics who impute deliberate sacrilege to Service prove that they have failed to understand him.

It is the good things he gives us that are deserving of the most attention and



ROBERT W. SERVICE

which, considered individually, sound irreverent and profane others embody vulgarity, and to that extent the poet gets his just deserts in much of the severe criticisms his verses of this character have inspired. But, taking his

happily, as in the previous volumes, they are found in good measure in "The Rhymes of a Rolling Stone."

One of the poems, perhaps not the best in the book, but one of high merit well worthy of reproduction, follows:

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE LAKE.

I know a mountain, thrilling to the stars,
Peerless and pure, and pinnacled
with snow;
Glimpsing the golden down o'er coral
bars,
Flaunting the vanished sunset's garnet
glow;
Proudly patrician, passionless, serene;
Souring in silver steeps where cloud
surfs break;
Virgin and vestal—Oh, a perfect queen!
And at her feet there dreams a quiet
lake.

My lake adores my mountain well I
know,
For I have watched it from its dawn-
dream start,

Shining its mirror to its splendid snow,
Framing her image in its trembling
heart;
Glimping her graciousness of green-
ing
wood,
Kissing her throne melodiously mad,
Thrilling responsive to her every mood,
Gloomed with her sadness, gay when
she is glad.

My lake has dreamed and loved since
time was born;
Will love and dream till time shall
cease to be;
Gazing to her in worship half forlorn,
Who looks towards the stars and will
not see—
My peerless mountain, splendid in her
scorn
Alas! poor little lake; Alas! poor me!

In the foregoing sketch "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" has been reviewed. Readers will note by the following table, however, that "Corporal Cameron" heads the Canadian list of best sellers. As this book was the leader last month it was reviewed in MacLean's for February, and in consequence of its again leading this month, we have chosen Mr. Service's Rhymes for consideration as being second on the list:—

CANADIAN BEST SELLERS.

1. Corporal Cameron, by Ralph Connor.
2. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone, by Robert W. Service.
3. The Ling Patrol, by H. A. Cody.
4. The Net, by Rex Beach.
5. Their Yesterdays, by Harold Bell Wright.
6. Suzanna Sketches of a Little Town, by Stephen Leacock.

UNITED STATES BEST SELLERS.

1. Their Yesterdays, by Harold Bell Wright.
2. The Lady and Santa Sea, by Frances Little.
3. Corporal Cameron, by Ralph Connor.
4. The Upsie Tree, by Florence Barclay.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill, by Alice Higgin Rice.
6. Cease Firing, by Mary Johnson.



Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable references are made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

Motoring Books to the People

THE motor-car has long since left the class of pure luxuries and proved its utility, but in only one case, perhaps, has it become a peripatetic center of culture. Maryland has an energetic citizen in Miss Mary L. Titcomb, who has utilized the automobile to carry books to the people of Washington County, and in the first six months of 1912 it circulated 2,103 copies. Miss Titcomb was the librarian of Hagerstown and when she found that the dwellers of the mountains round about could not or would not come for books, she improvised a book-wagon—"a sort of cupboard on wheels something like an old-time New England meat-peddler's cart — to take the books into the steep places. "When Miss Titcomb drove up to the very doors," says a writer in *The World's Work* (February), "even the sturdiest caissons of literature gave in." But the wagon was small, the horse soon tired on the steep roads, it took four days to make a round, and even then many were not reached, for there are in this county 30,000 people spread over a territory of 500 square miles. So—

"Naturally, Miss Titcomb wished for a motor instead of the old horse and wagon. As usual it took destruction to bring about rebuilding. A train ran over the wagon and left nothing but splinters and hope.

"The hope was fulfilled, for the destruction of the wagon paved the way for the motor, which now carries volumes from Hagerstown, the fount of supplies, over twenty-four routes which cover Washington County. Its unique mission and the vital part of its work is to distribute books personally, so to speak, at remote doors. For the first six months of 1912 its door-to-door circulation record amounted to 2,103 volumes.

"The door-to-door work has led many a mountain-dweller to become a patron of

the book stations. There are sixty-six of them in the county besides the country schools; and the schools are likewise supplied by the book-motor. When it delivers books to the country schools, it carries along the school librarian, also, that she may get in touch with the teachers. But there still remains a tremendous amount of the original door-to-door work, which was the motive of the old wagon, so that in every sense it stands as a medium of communication between Hagerstown, the library centre, and every reader, man, woman and child, in Washington County. The centre possesses 23,000 volumes; it is something for one motor to stand between these and 30,000 country folk, bringing them in touch! This is its ambition and, to a great extent, its accomplishment. The record of circulation for the latter half of 1912 was about a third larger than for the former half. There is no danger of the motor giving out for want of funds, for it is now acknowledged as an established member of the library corps, and supported from the library's fund, which consists of an endowment aided by an annual appropriation secured to the library by act of legislature—\$1,500 from county and \$1,000 from city. So the motor has a secure basis, in an infinitely useful work well done. It means a wider mental vision in Washington County in the next generation."

Another promising venture, in Indiana, is a "Reading Circle" that has put into effect a scheme for supplying books and making people read. It distributes 25,000 books a year to the teachers of Indiana and 50,000 to the children. The history of the organization is thus sketched:

"It began years ago. It was the product of the great Chautauque movement which swept through the country, particularly the States of the Mississippi Valley, thirty

years ago. The suggestion came up in a meeting of Indiana teachers in December, 1883. The Indiana Teachers' Reading Circle was started and has been in successful operation ever since. Its board of directors select two books a year and from 12,000 to 14,000 teachers get both of them, which gives a definiteness and aim to at least a part of their reading.

"Out of this grew the larger work, the distribution of selected books to the school children. In 1887 a Children's Reading Circle was begun. It has since put into the hands of Indiana children more than a million good books.

"Every year twenty books are selected, suitable for all the grades of the common and high schools. A low price is secured from the publishers, and books are sold to the children and to the schools with only enough added to cover the cost of the work. The Circle makes no money. Its labor is for the public good.

"And it has accomplished immeasurable good. The million books that the society has sold have awakened and inspired the minds and imaginations of thousands upon thousands of country children in Indiana—

and grown people, too. They have led people who never read before to read not only these books, but to seek others. There are hundreds of little libraries in Indiana that have grown out of the collection of the Reading Circle's books. There are many schools that look upon the 'list of twenty' as much as necessities as desks and blackboards or text-books. The Circle's influence permeates the whole State and its fame has gone abroad.

"Not long ago Mr. J. Walter Duns, the secretary of the Children's Reading Circle, received a letter from a teacher in Havana asking how to organize such a circle, and at the same time came a similar letter from Alaska, and a third from the City of Mexico. There are many places nearer Indiana than there where a Children's Reading Circle would help to enlighten the coming generation and add to its pleasure and its power."

Methods like these, especially Miss Titcomb's, meet the needs of people "too indifferent, too hard-worked, to seek the traveling library stations, even though these were conveniently placed."

Edison on "How to Live Long"

THOMAS A. EDISON has solved another problem—"How to Live Long." He tells of his solution in a talk with Allan L. Benson, published in *Heart's Magazine*. The interviewer propounds his vital query first, when he inquires as to that he asked Mr. Edison how he was able at his age, to keep such hours—how he was able, at 67, to work 22 hours a day for 40 consecutive days.

"I'll have to go a long way back to answer that," he replied. "When I was a boy, I sold newspapers in Mount Clemens, Michigan. I had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to get my papers. My work kept me busy all day and most of the evening. At night I always had some experiments that kept me awake. Even at that age, I was fusing with electricity—trying to invent things. My father and mother never objected to my going without sleep and I seldom got to bed before midnight. Always felt fine, too—nothing was ever the matter with me.

"That nothing was ever the matter with me was largely due, I believe, to my grandfather and my father. My grandfather, early in his life, became fascinated with the

story of Louis Cornaro, the famous Venetian, who, by keeping to a very low diet, managed to live more than one hundred years. He, himself, ever after ate sparingly, and lived to be one hundred and four. No disease killed him, at that. He was perfectly well up to the time that he died. He simply became tired of life—lost interest in it. The truth of the matter was that the cells of which his body was composed were anxious to get away. So grandfather told the other children that he was going to his daughter's house to die. He went to her house, undressed, went to bed, and died! Nothing the matter with him—simply tired of life. And, my father died the same way.

"So impressed were my father and grandfather with the belief that the secret of long life lay in little eating that the idea was dashed into my head from my earliest boyhood. Morning, noon and night I was told to leave the table while still hungry. I do not remember whether, in the beginning, it was hard to do that, but, in any event, I soon became accustomed to it. My stomach is now very much shrunken because I

have used it so little. Dr. Janeway told me so a number of years ago. And eating holds for me absolutely no pleasure. I care nothing about it. I eat only because I want to live. When I have eaten enough to keep me living, I stop.

"As a result, my body is not poisoned with decaying, surplus food. My arteries are as soft as a child's. When I lie down, I go to sleep almost instantly—within a minute. It seems as if when I lie down my brain is automatically turned off. I have tried, sometimes, to think in bed, only to discover that I could not do it. I fall asleep. And, when I sleep, I do not toss and dream as do those persons who eat too much—I am dead to the world until it is time to get up. And, when I wake up, my face will not add water to feel swollen. I am awake—I am wide awake and ready for business as soon as I open my eyes. People who eat too much have heavy eyes when they awaken. Their eyes seem to be swollen a little and they don't really come open until cold water strikes them. My eyes are as light as feathers the moment that I open them.

"But the real reason why I can do with so little sleep is that a healthy man requires little sleep. There is no sound physiological basis for the common belief that every well man needs eight hours' sleep. We have been led into this error by the fact that sleep is one of our pleasures. The human tendency is always to over-play a pleasure about fifty per cent.

"I have no doubt whatever that eight hours of sleep is harmful.

"An invalid, or a semi-invalid, may require eight hours, but no well man does. People sleep eight hours merely because they have formed the habit of doing so. The body can quickly become accustomed to almost any habit. The body can adjust itself even to habits that hurt, like the whiskey habit. But it can as easily adjust itself to habits that help.

"Another Edison theory is that the clothing should be worn loose.

"Therefore, Edison never wears a collar that comes within half an inch of being as small as his neck. All his waistbands are large. Garters he will not wear at all, because they pinch the arteries in the calves of his legs. His shoes are as big as his feet and then some. Except in the coldest winter weather, he wears low shoes. He never laces his shoes high, and that is when he buys them. He then laces them so loosely that he can slip them on and off like slippers. During the few weeks

of the year that he wears high shoes he also laces them loosely. He says that no man begins to know the amount of sickness and discomfort that are caused by tight shoes and tight clothing.

"Mr. Edison has profound respect for the human body. The remark that he made about the body of his grandfather is indicative of that respect. He said the old grandmothers, though in perfect health, had lost the desire to live because the cells of which his body was composed were "anxious to get away." I asked him what he meant by "anxious to get away." I asked him if he attributed intelligence to the cells that composed his grandfather's body. He said he did. He said he attributed intelligence to the cells that compose the bodies of all animals.

"Not only are the cells intelligent," said he, "but many of them are of great intelligence. Take my thumb, for instance, which is composed of cells. Make an impression of it upon paper. That impression stands for Edison. Not another thumb in the world could make an impression like it. Then, let me push the face of my thumb with a knife, so that it will no longer make the impression that stands for me. What happens? Why, those cells in my thumb immediately set to work and do what no human being could do. They re-create every little line in my thumb so that it is precisely as it was before.

"Do you call that chance? Do you call it luck? I call it intelligence. The cells of the human body are constantly doing things that only intelligent cells could do. The cells of the stomach, for instance, are decomposing hydrochloric acid. I cannot decompose hydrochloric acid here in my laboratory. I don't know how. The greatest chemists in the world don't know how. But the cells that constitute my stomach know how. They have learned, somewhere. They are doing it every day. The stomach cells of the lowest human being are performing this miracle every day.

"The secret is in the immortality of the soul, but I do believe in the intelligence of the individual cells that constitute our bodies. It may be that the intelligence of a human being is the sum of the intelligences of all his cells—this idea has been advanced, but I do not know how truly. I feel certain only that the cells possess intelligence. So long as they want to live, so how they fight for life. When menared by small doses of poison like alcohol or opium, they first make violent protest. They shake the body to its very foundations. But if the poisoning be repeated, again and again, the

cells adapt themselves, as nearly as they can, to the conditions. They learn at least to live, if they cannot thrive, beside the poisons. That's what we mean by immunization. Until cells have become wholly or partly immune to certain poisons, a little of those poisons will kill the cells. But

give the cells an opportunity to adjust themselves by exercising their intelligence, and they can resist poison doses that would kill a dozen elephants. Not all poisons can be thus resisted, but give a healthy, intelligent cell a chance for its life, and it will make a tremendous fight for it."

The Kaiser as He Is

IN a sketch in *Munsey's Magazine*, Baron Von Dewitz gives some interesting impressions of "The Kaiser as He Is." To a close glimpse of the life of the Emperor is to be had in these parts of the story relating to his reading and correspondence. We are told at the outset that the Kaiser is a hard worker. He works harder and longer than the American business man. With true Prussian punctiliousness, he gets up at six o'clock sharp every morning, rain or shine. Immediately after a frugal breakfast he goes to work.

Before the imperial chancellor and his ministers make their law-bitten calls, to present a survey of the day's political outlook, his majesty has already put in more than a solid hour's reading of the principal German and foreign newspapers. Unlike other monarchs, he refuses to rest content with the official aspect of a matter; he also wants to know the unofficial side, what the people think.

Of course, the Kaiser cannot read all the papers. In order not to miss anything of vital interest, however, he has for many years maintained a small staff of trained readers, who operate in seven languages, under the searching eye of a Prussian officer, with specific instructions to cut and clip the essential news appertaining to questions and issues in which the monarch is specially interested. These cuttings are pasted on large cards and inserted in a loose-leaf portfolio of morocco leather, bearing the imperial arms. At precisely seven o'clock the officer presents the portfolio, from which the Kaiser proceeds to draw information, making blue-pencil remarks in the margins as he goes along; criticizing or approving the selections made. If a vital foreign article is encountered in a language not known to the emperor—who, by the way, speaks English and French like a native—it is translated on the spot and pasted in the portfolio; but Heaven help the reader who makes a mistake!

By thus systematizing and selecting his

newspaper and magazine reading, which comprises technical and scientific problems, as well as political, military, naval, and art topics, the Kaiser has reached a point where he is easily the best informed and best technically trained monarch on any throne. Again and again he has flabbergasted his cabinet ministers, who call and report after the Kaiser has taken his morning stroll in the Tiergarten Park, by evincing a much more comprehensive understanding of essentials than his ministers, even when the issue at hand was typically technical. At the time when the change from the reciprocating to the turbine engine was made in the German navy, it was the Kaiser, not his ministers, who furnished the technical arguments that won the day.

Besides his clipping bureau, the Kaiser insists on reading completely at least one German daily in the morning and one at night. His night reading, which is done when he is in bed, is of a more contemplative kind than his rapid morning survey of the news. Definite rules govern his night studies also. On his bed-table there must be an enormous paper-pad with a large blue pencil attached by a string. The light must fall on what his majesty is reading, and not on his face. Sometimes he orders a lot of extra newspapers and magazines in the morning, when he is especially interested in a certain investigation. If these "extras" are not on his bed-table, somebody is going to wish he had emigrated to America.

Exactly the same rules must be followed when the Kaiser travels. When he rises or retires in a chateau other than his Berlin and Potsdam residence, he expects to find everything in exactly the same order and position—and, what is more, he finds it so. If a personal history of Wilhelm II. is ever written, it must, in large measure, be founded on the micrographic remarks which he furnishes the huge paper-pads used during his nocturnal reading. Nobody is allowed access to this pad library, which

now amounts to several tall volumes, but certain particulars have leaked out. Curiously enough, in his pad cryptography the Kaiser employs both Latin and German letters—sometimes even for the spelling of a single word. He has a passion for abbreviation, and he omits a superfluous "e." However possible. These pad notes show that the Kaiser's intellectual machinery works at a high rate of speed. Thus he writes almost invariably "Infanteri," dropping the "e"; or he will say "Flieger Adler," instead of "Flieger der Adler."

Wilhelm II. is not only the greatest traveler among rulers, but also the most voluminous correspondent. He has two letter files—one devoted to letters on matters of state, to which the imperial chancellor has the key, and one for personal correspondence, to which nobody but the Kaiser has access. A letter of state is a very important document, and the cost of its transmission must be tremendous. Of course, postage is never used, as the massive must be carried and delivered by courier. The imperial couriers are selected from one of the flieger corps. Only officers, and preferably nobles, are entrusted with courier service. The messenger travels by automobile from the imperial palace to the train, or which he occupies a special car, and then by boat or automobile, as required, until the message is delivered.

In most cases the courier manages to beat the best mail time, and for purposes of state this time-honored method is admirable, as it insures absolute secrecy and removes the possibility of the imperial missive falling into wrong hands. Sometimes the messenger travels in disguise, and yet again he appears in dazzling state array, as when visiting a foreign court.

A letter of state is handwritten on the finest quality of parchment, which are attached the royal and imperial seals in eighteen-karat gold plaques. The Kaiser's personal stationery, on the other hand, is very simple. He prefers either a light brown rag paper, with a rough surface, or an ivory-finished white quality, almost as stiff as a card. The entire upper left quarter is occupied by the imperial crown and monogram, leaving only three-fourths of the space for correspondence.

As the Kaiser writes a large hand, it was found necessary to make the sheets very ample. Etiquette forbids that a royal letter should be folded, so the envelopes are of size to fit the sheet unfolded. The flaps of the envelope are not gummed, but are secured by an enormous seal of black wax.

The Kaiser's visiting-cards are likewise

huge—almost twice as large as those employed by the Duke of Westminster, who is said to hold the stationery record of the British nobility. His majesty prefers a stiff, ivory card, about the size of a cabinet photograph, furnished with a slate-gray border. The cards are inscribed in German characters as follows:

Wilhelm, Deutscher Kaiser, König von Preussen.

Not infrequently the emperor utilizes these cards for correspondence, but in most cases they are used simply to save his time. He is often asked to be present at several functions on the same day or hour. As the despatching of an aide-de-camp with an imperial calling-card is considered equivalent to a personal visit, it will easily be seen that the Kaiser manages to be omnipresent.

Wilhelm II. takes a good deal better than he writes; in fact, he is a natural-born conversationalist. He talks with ease, and, unlike most Germans, with characteristic brevity. The officer who manages his clipping bureau once showed him, with an ill-disguised sneer, the twenty-five-thousand-word message of an American President to the United States Congress. On the following day the officer found the pasted article on his desk. On the margin the Kaiser had written in blue pencil as follows:

Roll down to one sentence and serve on me.

As to the Kaiser's speeches they are seldom studied in advance, contrary to popular belief. Only when he must verify historical data, or needs statistical figures to back up his arguments, does he prepare his orations. If ideas occur to him before the hour set for the speech, he will jot them down on a slip of paper and keep them before him as memoranda while he talks.

His voice has a distinct and sonorous quality, which does not show to its best advantage until one hears him deliver a military command to an army corps, when all the commanders of all the regiments must hear what he says, in order to secure immediate execution.

On such occasions the Kaiser's tones penetrate like a huge-clash. His manner of speaking is dignified and sober, with an occasional sharp stop, a sudden pause, followed by a heavily emphasized sentence. At other times his intonation will change to suit the flow of his thought; but under no circumstances does he avail himself of oratorical tricks in order to gain his point.

One must not forget that Wilhelm is the proudest man in Europe. In his speeches he constantly sacrifices literary style to weight of subject-matter. The thing ever uppermost in his mind is to convey his ideas

in the simplest and clearest possible language. Not long ago he issued an imperial decree ordering that public documents should be written with less official verbiage and more common-sense language. It is well known that he refuses to listen to long-winded orators; even the preachers in the court church are under a time-limit.

Most of his public speeches have been made for the avowed purpose of maintaining the peace of Europe in order that Ger-

many might develop internally in commerce and industry. His great aim has consistently been to push Germany ahead on the path of progress and at the same time to build a strong navy, while maintaining the excellent standard of the army. During the twenty-four years of his reign he has pursued his purpose with genuine zest, and has personally aided in leadership wherever possible, even to the settling of strikes, and to mediation between hostile factions of Catholics and Protestants.

Will Japan Fight the States?

WHO invented the phrase "yellow peril"? Probably some ill-tempered journalist, who little imagined what a "winged word" he was sending forth on its travels. But the popularizer of the idea, as distinct from the phrase, rests under no sort of obscurity. He was none other than the German Emperor, who inspired, if he did not point, a symbolic picture of the Mongol hordes descending upon Caucasian civilization.

The idea was taken up by Mr. H. G. Wells in his prophetic, or prophylactic, romance, "The War in the Air." He showed eastern Asia taking advantage of a great war between Germany and the United States to prosecute the age-old feud between the East and the West; and he showed how aerial warfare, omnipotent in destruction but impotent for purposes of conquest and settlement, might easily throw the world back to a state of British barbarism.

This was not a prophecy what must be, but a forecast of what might be if mankind should allow invention to outstrip sanity and humanity. The warning was certainly not untimely; but the emphasis lay, not on the aggressiveness of the Asiatic, but on the suicidal folly of the European, writes William Archer in McClure's Magazine.

The "yellow peril" into which I will propose to examine is not that which buzzes in imperial dreams or points the moral of the sociological romancer. I leave China deliberately out of account. If China were to develop in the next half century as Japan has developed in the fifty years that he beheld us, she would be a new factor in the world-problem, the effect of which no one could forecast. It is idle to speculate on such remote contingencies. A very much narrower and more immediate question is all that here concerns us: Has American

anything to fear from Japanese ambition? Has Japan either the power or the will to seek aggrandizement in the North Pacific at the expense of the United States, or to challenge the Monroe Doctrine in Spanish America?

Briefly, I believe that she has no such will or power; and I shall now try to give reasons for that conclusion.

It is not unusual that Japan should have become something of a league to our easy imaginations. There are certain obvious facts, both in her present position and in her history, that may well seem to render her formidable. She has a rapidly growing population in a territory to which nature has set somewhat narrow bounds. She has just emerged victorious from a struggle with a vastly more numerous people, of far greater resources. She has shown brilliant military and naval capacity, and she is perfectly conscious of the fact—so much so that critical observers discern in her a few symptoms of the disease known as "swelled head." What more natural (it may be asked) than that, in seeking an outlet for her surplus population, she should be tempted to try a fall with another powerful but comparatively unwieldy opponent?

It must be owned that the first impressions of a traveler in Japan are apt to lend emphasis to these questions. The race seems to be overpoweringly, appallingly prelate. Nowhere in the world are children as much in evidence. Wherever you go, they seem to swarm out of the ground like ants. Even in the remotest country villages, you can not pause for a moment to ask the way without having a crowd of from ten to fifty children around you—close-shaven, ballet-headed boys in spotted jodan kimono, and almond-eyed little girls decked

out in squalid finery. Most of the children, too, are double-headed. Nearly all of the girls, and many of the boys, have infants strapped on their backs—pathetic little morsels of long-suffering humanity. Perhaps the least reassuring sight in Japan, to believers in the "yellow peril," is the ample and scum-sodden two-story schoolhouse which rises over the thatched hovels of the poorest village. Everywhere, too, you see drilling squads in the playgrounds, or meet long, serpentine files of schoolboys, with peaked caps and "divided skirts" of striped cotton, clattering along in their dog-manlike to some local patriotic festival. Both the intelligence and the military spirit of the people are being sedulously cultivated.

There is, then, in the impression that the Japanese are a people to be reckoned with. They come into the world with comparative ease, they bring with them nimble hands and brains, and they go out of the world with comparative indifference—all characteristics that help to make a nation formidable in war. Soldier for soldier, sailor for sailor, they may probably hold their own with any soldiers or sailors in the world. But there is, after all, nothing miraculous in their prowess.

The danger of a conflict between the United States and Japan lies, I am convinced, not on the Japanese but on the American side of the Pacific. The very fear of a "yellow peril" might conceivably lead to such action as national feeling in Japan would force her government to resent. For the Japanese are a high-spirited people, fully conscious of the position they have acquired in their wars with China and with Russia. They, no less than the Western world, are apt to imagine that there is something preternatural in their development during the forty-five years of the Meiji period—the Era of Enlightenment—and that nothing can stay their conquering career. Their patriotism is intense. It is founded on age-old myths which even men of culture scarcely dare to criticize.

Mythology apart, however, Japanese patriotism may, without fear of contradiction, make one rather remarkable boast: Japan is the only territory in the world that has never been conquered, has never (so to speak) changed hands, within recorded time. The dawn of history finds the ancestors of the present Japanese people in full possession of the country, at least up

to the Tatars Strait; and since then no foreign conqueror has ever set foot in the islands. It is not unusual, then, that the average Japanese should be at least as susceptible as his neighbors on the score of national honor; and a glaring affront to that susceptibility might possibly place the whole nation beside itself.

The government, it is true, is essentially oligarchic, not democratic, and the people, or their representatives, have no power to force the hands of their rulers. But even an oligarchy can not always resist popular clamor; and it is not inconceivable that, in spite of her wiser heads, Japan might rush into a war in which she could, for a time, make herself exceedingly unpleasant to the United States. The ultimate result could not be doubtful; but the quarrel which would be a disaster to civilization, in which Japan would have everything to lose, and no one would have anything to gain.

There is every reason why the American government should take a firm and uncompromising attitude on the question of Japanese immigration into the actual territory of the United States. Every country has a right to object to the presence in its midst of large bodies of unassimilable aliens; and the United States, above all other countries, has reason to know the evils arising from such proximity. On the other hand, it would seem that a policy of the utmost liberality might well be adopted in regions merely administered by the United States—regions which are not essentially "white men's Asia," and where a great mixture of Asiatic races already exists.

It would be a great misfortune if the historic chance which brought the Philippines under American administration were to create in the Japanese mind a legitimate sense of grievance. Though the United States is practically invulnerable to Japan alone, she might quite well prove a most disagreeable factor in a larger international complexion. If she fell into an habitually hostile frame of mind, she would certainly be tempted to fish in troubled waters and turn to her own advantage any embarrassment into which her otherwise unassailable neighbor might fall. By a policy of conciliation, then, on all points save those which affect the vital interests of the American people, the United States should aim at securing a friend, rather than a sullenly resentful enemy, on her Pacific flank.

The Hudson Bay Route

THE approaching completion of the Panama Canal and the enactment by the American Congress of a measure discriminating against foreign ships plying therein, have greatly strengthened Canada's determination to provide a railway to the shore of Hudson Bay and steamers across the Atlantic. When Sir William Van Horne some years ago declared that "Canada's hopper was too large for the spout," he doubtless foresaw what has since come to pass—the gradual increase of business by the St. Lawrence route until an almost unbearable congestion has made one alternative outlet inevitable; with the need for this alternative becoming rapidly intensified as the Northwest grows in population and importance, says P. T. McGrath in the *American Review of Reviews*.

The reason why this Hudson Bay project is advocated so warmly is that this bay itself, described by some as "the Mediterranean of the North," is the largest "sea" in the world and gives access to a region that promises to rival in the future the group of Northwestern States of the American Union. The area of the Mediterranean is 977,000 square miles; of the Baltic 580,000; of Hudson Bay 355,000. Its length is 800 miles and breadth 500, and, compared with the Great Lakes, it is a veritable ocean, for Lake Superior's area is only 31,400 square miles; Lake Huron's but 25,000; Lake Michigan's, some 22,500; Lake Erie's merely 9,000, and Lake Ontario's barely 7,340. The outlet of Hudson Bay to the Atlantic in Hudson Strait, nearly 500 miles long, with an average breadth of 100 miles, its narrowest width being sixty miles, so that this whole marine waste is a great land-locked sea, susceptible of development into a magnificent commercial waterway. The far-reaching expanse of continent which drains into it, formerly known as Rupert's Land, after Prince Rupert, the famous explorer, general and first governor of the Hudson Bay Company, has become the seat of what may far outstrip the empire of old and become the homes of peaceful and prosperous millions.

Indeed, Canada's public men are only now awakening to the value of the fishery, peltry, forest, mineral, and agricultural wealth of the Hudson Bay district, the area of which is estimated at 1,500,000 square miles, comprehending every variety of soil and climate. The bay itself yields the northern whale, so prized for its "whalebone,"

a single adult specimen being now worth \$15,000; the white whale, or grampus; the narwhal or sea-unicorn; the walrus; five species of seals; and thirty kinds of edible fishes. The peltries of the sea and shore have remained undiminished after nearly three centuries of slaughter, and the "Company" spends \$2,000,000 there every year in the purchase of fur alone—the most famous being the bear, fox, wolf, marten, caribou, wolverine, lynx, sable, ermine, martens, mink, otter, and the renowned beaver.

In the southern section landlocked is produced, in the west lies the fertile belt, with its teeming grain-fields, from which Canada has carved the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; and where latterly, through the introduction of ranching, products are being created which promise greatly to stimulate transportation agencies are long. The forest products include three varieties of pine, two of elm, ash, poplar, birch, and one of aspen, larch, spruce, fir. Smaller growths, suitable for pulp-making, abound also, and as the woodlands available in more southern latitudes become depleted these must be levied upon. The existence of such minerals as hematite and pyrite iron, copper, silver, gold, zinc, gypsum, antimony, asbestos and coal has been determined, and if the precious metal should be found in workable quantity there is likely to be an eastern Klondike established. The settlement of these lonely shores by thousands of settlers there as follows every new discovery of auriferous areas anywhere in the world.

In considering this Hudson Bay project more or less academically, as it has been viewed for many years past, all attention has been devoted to its use as an avenue for moving grain from Western Canada to tide-water, for conveyance to foreign markets, while little notice has been given to an equally important phase of the problem—the utilization of the route as an outlet for imports for western commerce. In the great wheat-growing belt all the immense prairies are being covered with settlers at the rate of hundreds of thousands annually, the whole of whose requirements, except what they raise from the land, will have to be conveyed to them by railroads. The establishing of a Hudson Bay route will ensure to these growing communities and to others yet unborn an alternative such as, for instance, the Mississippi River affords to the communities which are reached

by water carriage along its banks; and even with the handicap of the ice pack for some months, there ought to be possibilities of enormous expansion in this region. The manufacturers in the Maritime Provinces should be able to place their products in Western Canada by this means at rates at present unapproachable. Mr. Butler already quoted, calculates that coal from Cape Breton can be conveyed to Port Nelson for \$3.75 a ton and landed by rail to Saskatoon for \$4 more, whereas coal costs quite 80 there now. An immense trade in fish from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland could be more profitably conveyed there steamers plying there every summer, and when we cross the Atlantic and consider the proposition in relation to British and European manufacture generally, it will be at once apparent that enormous quantities of articles destined for the Western Provinces could be more profitably conveyed there by way of Hudson Bay than otherwise.

The advantages of the Hudson Bay route, as stated in discussion thereon, are many. From Liverpool to Port Churchill via Hudson Bay is only 2,046 nautical miles, or but nineteen more than from Liverpool to Montreal via Belle Isle Strait, and as the rail had between Winnipeg and Montreal is 1,494 miles, while that between Churchill and Saskatoon is only 580 miles, this route will effect an average shortening of the distance from the Western wheat fields to the Atlantic seaboard of 914 miles. It has been calculated by Mr. Butler that the Hudson Bay route will mean a saving of about five cents a bushel over wheat going to the Atlantic seaboard, or \$3,000,000 annually on an export trade of 35,000,000 bushels via this route; provided insurance rates are the same. In cattle shipments there would be effected, it has been said, a saving in freight of 20 cents per 100 pounds, as well as a lessening in deterioration; because with colder weather in the more northern latitudes, it should be possible to carry cattle, meats, butter, eggs, etc., under much more advantageous conditions than via Montreal.

Yet another fact in favor of this route is the inability of the Canadian railroads, even at the rate they are progressing, to handle the annual output of the West in farm products. Every fall for the past twenty years, there has been, according to western authorities, a grain blockade, that of the past year having been perhaps the worst on record, and there is no immediate prospect of any decided improvement, because the area under cultivation is being enlarged even more rapidly than increased railroad facilities are being provided. It

is declared by capable students of the problem that even with the double-tracking of the western railroads it will be impossible for them to move the annual grain crops henceforth and it is pointed out that in the autumn of 1911 and again in 1912, the Canadian authorities had to apply to the American government for permission to forward train loads of wheat through American territory. It is likewise questioned whether, when the Panama Canal is opened it will be profitable to haul western grain across the Rocky Mountains and ship it to Europe via San Francisco; and it is argued that the onus may for it to go would be via Hudson Bay if that route was feasible; so that the whole issue turns on this point: "Is it feasible and can the railroad and steamships be made self-sustaining?"

With regard to the railroad there is, admittedly, so dispute as to its being a fairly simple engineering project. Construction work is already under way. The line will run from The Pas, the farthest point on the Canadian Northern Railway, and contracts for the first 225 miles of the line were awarded in August, 1911, to the J. D. McArthur Company, while in July, 1912, a contract for the second section, seventy miles, was awarded to the same company. The whole line to Port Churchill will be 477 miles and to Port Nelson 410, and the third contract has to await the decision of the Canadian cabinet as to the terminal, which will likely be Port Nelson, because of the shorter haul and cheaper harbor works. The report of the engineer who surveyed the route showed that the railroad could be built cheaply but effectively and a "four-tenths" grade secured, but that expensive harbor improvements would be necessary at either point. The estimates were—

	Port Churchill	Port Nelson
Construction of railway	\$1,351,000	\$ 8,982,000
Buildings, power plant, etc	1,709,000	1,648,000
Two elevators (each four million bushels)	4,669,000	4,690,000
Terminals	329,000	326,000
Engineering and contingencies	1,737,000	1,477,000
Harbor works and dredging	6,875,000	5,065,000
	\$25,783,000	\$21,493,000

Mr. Butler, recognizing that the period of navigation would be short, estimated

that by working sixteen trains a day each carrying 4,000 tons, there could be moved to tidewater at Nelson in thirty working days, allowing for accidents and delays, 64,000,000 bushels of wheat, or about one-fifth of Canada's western crops in 1914 or 1915, when the route is expected to be in operation. The reason he allows only thirty days is that grain cannot be moved till the harvest time, and for the same reason he says: "I assume that ships can be secured wherever there is sufficient business offered. It is apparent that at least nine to ten days would need to be loaded, or say 135 to 150 to do the business—allowing two trips to each

ship. Any additional business taken to the bay would have to be stored until the following August—nine months."

The only remaining questions, then, are whether Hudson Bay and Strait can be navigated for a sufficiently long period each year to insure the removal of this grain or the greater portion of it; whether the risks of the route through the ice, fog, and compass variations are such as to discourage shipping; and whether the insurance rates over such a route can be kept at least as low as those on the St. Lawrence. These questions are still unanswered after thirty years of discussion and inquiry.

The Auto and Its Mission

IN the February Scribner's Herbert L. Towle writes interestingly of "The Automobile and its Mission." In the course of the article he declares: Fifteen years ago the automobile was only a traveller's tale and the hobby of a few crack-brained experimenters. Five years ago the automobile factories of the United States produced about 100,000 cars. This year about 500,000 cars will be built, whose total value will exceed \$600,000,000. One city alone will produce 300,000 cars—one factory 250,000.

In 1905 the lowest practical price for an automobile was \$900; to-day a better one costs but \$900. Cars equal to those costing \$1,500 and \$2,000 five years ago, cost \$1,200 and \$1,500 to-day; and \$900 buys a car better than the \$1,200 car of the earlier date.

In 1908 about 300,000 of our citizens owned automobiles; before summer there will be an automobile for every 100 persons. In 1908 our export motor business was not worth mentioning. Last year it exceeded \$25,000,000.

Five years ago this country had but a sprinkling of motor-trucks. They were poorly built; their advantages were doubtful; the only thing certain was the enormous latent demand. To-day there are some 40,000 motor-trucks giving satisfaction to 15,000 owners, and the percentage of growth in this business exceeds that in the pleasure-car field.

To-day the invested capital in the automobile business in this country alone rivals that of the United States Steel Corporation. Most of the employees are skilled, most of them work in modern wholesome factories, and all are well paid.

Five years ago the automobile was a transcendent plaything—thrilling, seductive, desperately expensive. Its oldest devotees could view with patience neither abstinence from its charms nor the bills which followed surrender. To-day, the harrowing alternative is mitigated at both ends. The bills are less and some of the excitement has worn off. Neighbor Brown, who sensibly refused to mortgage his house to buy a car in 1908, is now piling his family into a smart little black-and-red-car, and is starting out on a four-day run to the Water Gap and return. And you know that he can do it now without the mortgages.

You yourself have seen the Water Gap, have explored every sunny road and leafy by-way within a hundred miles of your home, have seen the speedometer needle hang at 50 or 60, and have come unscathed through adventures which, when you think of them in cold blood, bring a creepy stirring to your spine. Your present car is good, but not showy; you keep it in a little garage behind your house and use it soberly—you and your family—nearly every day; and your motoring costs about half what it did five years ago. You seldom drive now for the mere pleasure of driving; yet your car is as much a part of your daily life as your walk to the office.

What does it all signify? This tremendous industry that has grown up almost overnight and has made itself so necessary that a million owners of cars are giving food and roofs and clothing to another million—wage-earners and their families—for supplying them with the new means of locomotion—what does this new industry portend? How many more people are going to buy

cars? Are automobiles a permanent development or a temporary fad? If permanent, how do they justify themselves—in mere pleasure, which a few can afford but none cannot, or in genuine service? Are they at bottom a liability or an asset?

Neighbor Brown, the discernment, cannot teach us much. The bicycle, twenty years ago had just as fervid votaries, but to-day the bicycle is used chiefly for getting about. How is it with you, the seasoned motorist? If you had no car, in what respect would your life and your family's be changed?

You and I—all of us—used to choose our homes for their proximity to train or trolley. A mile from the station, half a mile from the trolley, was our immutable limit. The gates of Paradise would not have tempted us further. Rents soared; the lucky first owners of land near a new transportation line retired from business and lived in luxury on the fruits of their good fortune; still we cheerfully paid tribute, and dotted the map with little islands and ponds of high-priced real estate. Houses were expensive and a nuisance, and we did not know that we might become each his own motor-man.

But to-day your home is in a suburb, handy for the motorist but otherwise dependent on trolley service. Were it not for the automobile, your wife's need of companionship would compel removal either to the city or to a more costly house of high-priced real estate. Houses were expensive and a nuisance, and we did not know that we might become each his own motor-man. But to-day your home is in a suburb, handy for the motorist but otherwise dependent on trolley service. Were it not for the automobile, your wife's need of companionship would compel removal either to the city or to a more costly house of high-priced real estate. Houses were expensive and a nuisance, and we did not know that we might become each his own motor-man.

Without the car she would have to shift for herself. And the children, who can already hear the lamentations when they learn that they have seen the last of Green Pond, and that these Saturday picnics by the babbling Wanauke River will be no more. You moved to your country home after you began motoring. Dare you say that the change was for the worse?

Providence may have no car—as yet. But you have friends living five miles away by road. To visit them by rail, you must go half a mile to the station, ride ten miles to a junction, wait an hour, and travel a dozen miles more to a station half a mile from their home. How often do you see your friends?

Or are you a nature-lover and a busy man. The city stifles you and the daily ordeal of strap-lugging is a horror. Yet your wife declares that she will be "buried

alive" if she goes where houses are more than a hundred feet apart. She has a right to her view, too. How shall years and here be reconciled?

Or you have children. Shall they be reduced to "tag" on the streets and in a three-branded apartment, or shall they have green grass, a sand-pile, trees, and a swing? Or perhaps you are a farmer, seeking means to relieve the monotony of farm life and hold your sons from the dangerous lure of the city.

For hundreds of thousands of families the automobile is at last supplying the hapless of answers. Bridging as it does the gap between rail and trolley and the horse, at a possible cost less than that of the latter, it has added threefold or more to the habitable areas outside of our cities. Double a certain radius and you quadruple the enclosed area. Make three miles your limit and the area becomes nine. Think what this will lead to in the course of a generation or two, and you will realize the transformation which the low-cost automobile is working.

What has wrought this change? Not merely improvements in mechanism, though those have been essential. Rather, it is the ingenious reduction to both first cost and expense of maintenance to figures which a few years ago seemed utterly impossible. For a dollar a day and a little spare time any one who will may now keep a small but serviceable car and use it daily and for week-ends. For five or six hundred a year one may have a "real car" with sliding-gear transmission and all the similitude of luxury, and if it is used only for week-ends, not for daily business trips, a few dollars a week will cover the expense even of such a car.

At the other end of the scale one may purchase a high-grade car of thirty or forty horse-power at a price materially lower than five years ago, equipped with electric horn, electric lights, engine-starter, and other conveniences then unthought of; and this car will be so well built, so durable, and so simple to manage that the high-greatest of the steering-wheel—the chauffeur—is now only worshipped if one has a stable of several cars. Even chauffeurs demand the ritual of the check-book less often, and sacrifices and burnt-offerings of wrecked cars are seldom required.

Let us suppose a case. Your city house is worth, say, \$6,000. Included in your recreation budget are \$100 for theatre, \$150 for vacations, and \$50 for club dues. You can add a new suburban home, with an acre of ground and a garage, for \$7,000. The

difference in rental will be, at 8 per cent, \$100. Adding the theatre, club, and vacation expenses, you have \$400 to apply on a new programme.

The country house is a mile and a half from the village, and your wife or son will go to the station with you and drive the car home. Six miles a day, plus week-end trips, will make about 4,000 miles a year. A fair average for gasoline, oil, tires, and repairs is five cents a mile for a \$1,200 car—\$300 for the year. Depreciation, if averaged over four years, will be about the same. Insurance and extras will amount to perhaps \$50.

Thus far, the saving and expense about balance. Whether they do so in practice will depend largely on the outlays for commutation, extra fuel, and servants' wages. But one thing is certain; you will

spend only a fifth or a tenth as much as doctors! I could name men who date their first real grip on business from the time when they began building up their physical energies by motorizing—conservative motorizing, mind you, not extravagance in either speed or spending.

The logic of the situation points to the growth of motor economies. It is the exceptional city family that removes ostriches to the farming hinterland, and in most cases distance from transportation has hitherto produced an inferior neighborhood. That latter condition is visibly giving way to the new order; already the cities have many automobiles "commuters," and in every large suburb the morning and evening trains are met by scores of motor-cars. In a few years they will be hundreds.

Railroad Slaughter in United States

A SERIES of articles is being run in Pearson's Magazine which is calculated to prove that the railroads of the United States are little more than a tottering makeshift. It is held that they "endanger our lives every time we ride and they levy an unneeded tax on everything we eat and wear." Commonly we think our railroads are the best on earth. They are not by a long shot. Our railroad systems have gone to pieces. They are inefficient and unsafe."

The article, which is written by Charles E. Russell, goes on to prove these contentions. Hardly a day passes without its story of railroad disaster; fifteen wrecks, great and small were reported on one system in fifteen days; on July 3 and 4 forty persons were killed in but two wrecks. The United States, in fact, in the matter of railroad slaughter, beats the world. It is because the railroads are dangerous and are becoming more dangerous. Certain it is, at any rate, that it is not due to the speed of trains; for average express train speed Great Britain is first, France is second, Germany is third, and the United States is fourth. As a matter of fact it would seem that the speed of American roads is a fake,

for, says this writer, "seventy per cent. of our express trains travelling over 400 miles reach their destination behind time despite threats to the engineers, who are blamed for accidents due to making up time." Why, purports the writer, "can we not run fast trains as safely as they are run in England, Germany and France? Defective roadbeds are some of the reasons, poor rails, rotten ties and old wooden cars are some other reasons." Other causes mentioned include inadequate engine systems and under-manned lines. And what is the reason for all of these defects? Possibly the article itself suggests an answer in this reference:

"Why do our magnificent railroad systems have had ramshackle, defective rails, inadequate signals? Well, maybe there is more money in selling stock which requires dividends to 'support the market.'" And what is the remedy for it all? Again, in quote: "We have come to the end of our present railroad system; whether we like it or do not like it we have come to the end of it; we need, not regulation, but revolution. And we are going to have revolution."

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Once upon a midnight dreary
while I struggled weak and weary
O'er a ledger

full of bad accounts that made me sad and sore
While I nodded, body swaying,
dreaming debtors bad were paying
I awoke by someone saying,
saying at my office door-

"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more."